CHATTERBOOK of PRETTY STORIES

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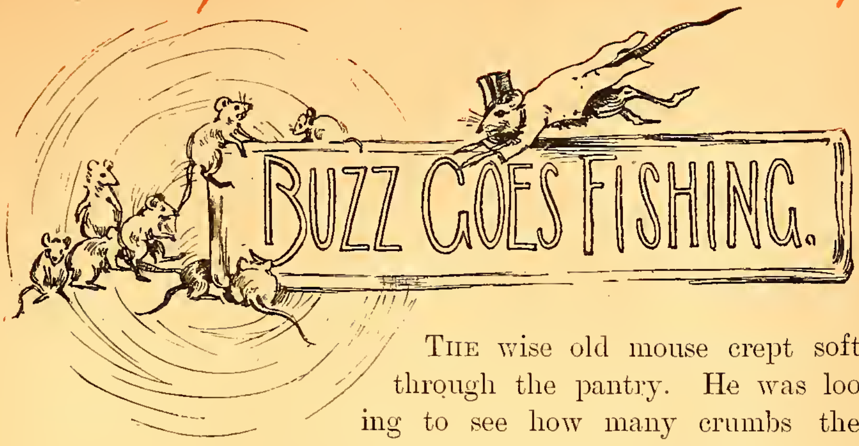


BUZZ GOES FISHING.

The wise old mouse crept softly through the pantry. He was looking to see how many crumbs there were. Besides, there might be an apple pie on the shelf.

A water barrel stood in the corner. A stream from the spring came bubbling through a pipe. It fell into the tank with a tinkle that pleased the mouse.

It made him think of chestnuts dropping from the tree. He peeped behind the barrel to see if a nut had tumbled there.

Just then, in ran Buzz, the cat.

"Oho!" purred Buzz, as he leaped into the middle of the floor; "I shall have that nice dinner at last."

"You think you are handsome, don't you?" squeaked the mouse from behind the tank.

Buzz was crouched right in the way to his hole. The stupid cat purred with pride.

"Yeaow! yeaow!" he said. He knew he was a beauty.

"There's a cat in this barrel," tittered the wise old mouse, "that's twice as pretty.

Buzz was vexed. He forgot about his dinner. He wanted to see that cat. He leaped upon the edge of the barrel.

"Te-he-he!" squeaked the mouse.

"What a lovely cat!" purred Buzz. "I would like to make his fur fly."

Poor, foolish Buzz! He did not know it was his own face he saw in the water.

"That cat can eat you up," chirped the mouse.

Buzz lost his temper. He screamed with anger, and sprang at the image in the water.

Splash! "Me-ou-w, ye-ou-w!" went the cat.

"Que-que-que!" laughed the wise old mouse, as he scampered to his hole.

Aunt Patty heard the noise. She came running in, and fished the poor cat out.

Buzz had no dinner that day.

In the kitten school, after this, this line was set in the writing books: —

BUZZ GOES FISHING.

"To catch a cat in the water, you must wear fins."

Buzz had no fins, and he caught a cold in his head. Every time the wise old mouse saw Buzz he sneezed.

UNCLE FELIX.

But poor Georgie fell in the snow with a cry of pain. The sleigh had struck him, and hurt him cruelly.

He tried not to cry, but sobs broke from his lips. Elky tried to lift him out of the snow, and the tears streamed out of his eyes.

Georgie had to stay in bed a whole week. Elky came to see him every day, and you may fancy how fond he was of Georgie.

Somebody asked, "Why did Georgie risk his life to save Elky?"

When Georgie heard of it he said he was glad he did it. It was bad enough for Elky to be deaf and dumb without being lame, too.

And really, now, little boys like Georgie make the heroes of the world. The happiest people are those who take pains to help others, and save them from suffering.

KHAM.

THE JOURNEY TO GRANDPA'S.

HOO — oo — oo!
  The train is coming,
With long, wild shriek,
  With roar and humming,
With panting breath,
  Outstreaming wide.
It stops. "All aboard!"
  If you want a ride.

Choo — oo — oo!
  At first 'tis slow,
Then fast and faster
  Away we go!
Past fly the fences
  In endless lines,
And under our window
  A river shines.

THE JOURNEY TO GRANDPA'S.

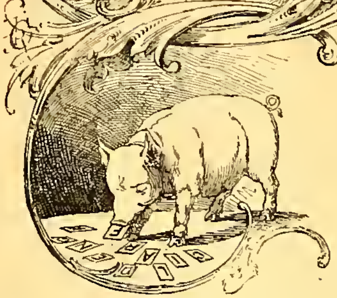
Whirr — rr — rr,
  Rattle the wheels!
The horses scamper
  Across the fields;
And in a low cabin
  Door there stands
A group of children
  Who wave their hands.

Hoo — oo — oo!
  Is it still far?
Ah, no, the bell rings,
  Here we are!
"Why, dear, dear
    grandpa,
  Is that you?"
"Yes, how do you do,
    child?
  How do you do?'

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES

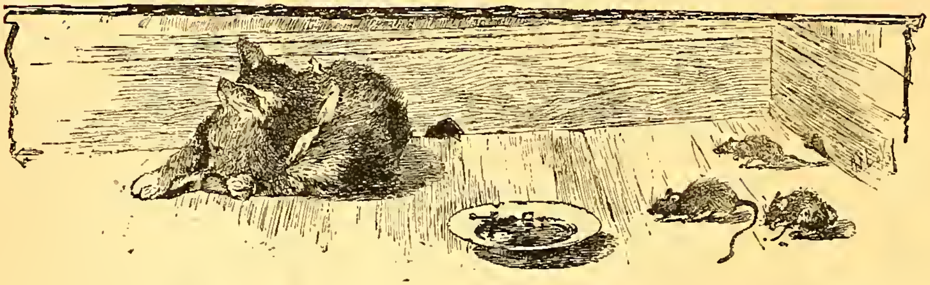
GRANDPA'S WELCOME

A Little Pig.



Over on the park there is
a little pig;
He can play a fiddle, he can dance a jig,
He can tell his letters, and spell his name out, too.
Now, isn't that enough for a little pig to do?

EMMA L. DOWD.



THE BEST DOG.

Bert and Tommy had been reading stories about intelligent dogs. Then they began to talk and guess which would be the best sort to have. They could not agree, so they thought they would ask their grandfather's opinion. They ran to him, both asking the same question, "Which is the best kind of a dog, grandpa?"

He put his newspaper down and took his glasses off, and answered slowly, "That kind that will be true to a master and stand by him no matter what happens." Then he said, "I have read and heard of many dogs doing wonderful things, but I never really knew but one that would make the hero of a story. He was a homely yellow cur that nobody would have paid a cent for."

"Oh, do tell us about him!" said Bert and Tommy together.

So their grandfather folded his paper and went on talking slowly: "Once I was travelling on a road through a country full of hills and hollows. It was a snowy day in winter, with a high wind. I was hurrying along to get out of the storm, when a little dog jumped up in front of me, barking with all his might.

"I tried to drive him off, but he howled and hung on to my coat in such a way that I began to think he was begging me to help him. So I stopped, and then he ran back a few steps and stood waiting for me to come.

"I followed him, and looking over the bank by the road-side I saw a man partly buried in the snow. I went to him and found that he had slipped on the ice and fallen down into a deep gully, where he lay with a sprained ankle.

"I helped him up, but he could hardly move, for he was old and feeble and benumbed with the cold. In a short time I saw a boy in a wagon driving in our direction. I shouted to him, and when he saw what had happened he said he knew the old man and would take him home.

"We lifted him into the wagon and made him as comfortable as we could.

"The little dog had stood near looking very serious and anxious till he saw that his master was in a safe place. Then he went wild with joy, frisking around and licking my hands to thank me. Then he scampered off after the wagon as fast as he could go. Now, I call that the right kind of a dog."

"So do I, grandpa," said Bert; and, "So do I," echoed Tommy.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

"He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran towards home.

"Then I was very angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," added Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a good deal of sport.

"After a while I took a shingle for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me.

"O Uncle Phil!" said Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head, and it struck him right over his eye."

"O Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down stream; but no men were near to help me.

"But, as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. And when I was safe on the bank I saw that it was Roy. He had saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried, and asked him to forgive me."

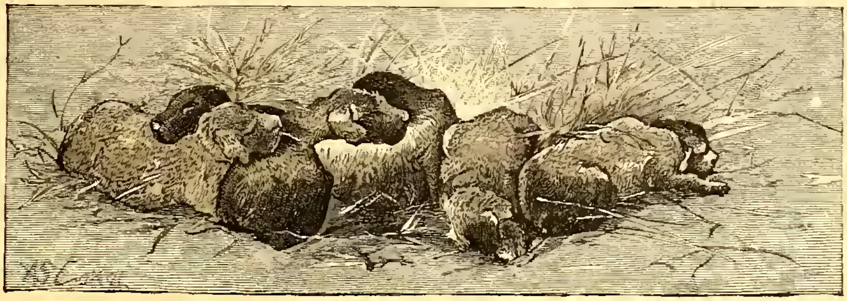
"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil, — "the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you never will be."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

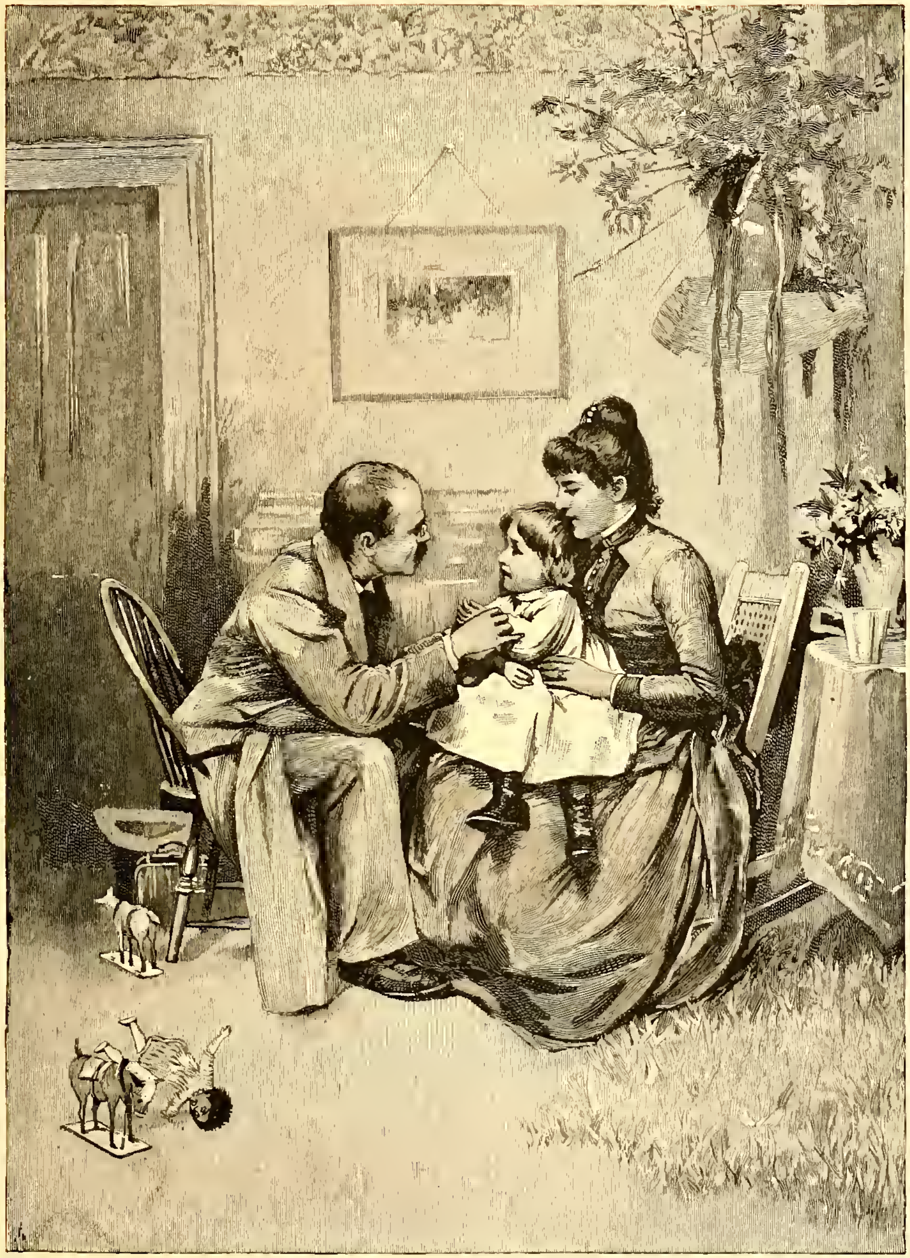


MEDICINE.

HERE comes the doctor! Hark, the
bell has rung!
Let me feel your pulse. Put out
your little tongue.
Bring a silver tea-spoon, with
orange marmalade.
Sprinkle in this powder. There,
the dose is made.

Take it like a hero. Do not
even stop to cry.
You think you cannot take it?
Now, just suppose you try.
Well done, my little Trojan! You
took it like a man.
If you never say you can't, you
will always find you can.

ANNA H. WAYNE.



MEDICINE.

A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS

"I TELL you, neighbor, I shall be obliged to move, I really shall! Mr. Crab's goings-on are too much for me. I shall give him a month's notice this very day!"

"What is the matter?"

"Why, matter enough, I should say! You know I had already had this lodging for some time, when old Madam Whelk died. She was a quiet old lady, and never moved about much, and we suited each other perfectly. She inside the shell, and I outside, we were both contented. 'Miss Actinia,' she used to say (she was very dignified, and never called me 'Anemone,' though I really like it better than the scientific name), 'Miss Actinia, nobody need ask for a quieter lodger than you are.' And I always replied, 'Madam Whelk, the lodger that could give trouble to such a landlady as you, ma'am, must have little self-respect or good breeding.' Ah, well! those were peaceful, pleasant days. Then the good old lady died, and one day, while I was lamenting her loss, here comes this fine Mr. Crab, scuttling about and making a great noise, and evidently thinking a deal of himself.

'Shell to let, I see,' he says, poking one of his great claws into the house. 'Have you any prospect of a tenant, ma'am?' (This was to me, if you please, as bold as a squid!) — 'No, sir,' said I. 'The owner of the house is lately dead, and left no orders about letting it.' — 'Oh, ah!' says he. 'Then I'll occupy it for the present, I think, — just to take care of it, you understand. It's very bad for a shell to stand empty — very bad, indeed,' and in he scuttles, and there he stays, and has stayed ever since; and since that day, Mrs. Cowrie, I have scarcely known an hour's peace. What with scuttling in and out, and scratching and kicking and going through antics that you cannot imagine, ma'am, without seeing them, I am so shaken and knocked about, that I don't know whether I am on my base or my feelers. It actually prevents me from getting a meal sometimes.

Only yesterday, a nice shrimp was on the point of settling down on my crown, and I was keeping as still as a sponge, when — clash! rattlety-bang! Mr. Crab came scuttling into the house, shaking me so violently that the shrimp took fright instantly and made off. So I lost my dinner; and something of the kind happens nearly every day. Remonstrate with him? My dear, I have remonstrated with him again and again; but one might just as well remonstrate with a torpedo. 'I disturb you?' he says. 'Dear me! Really now! Why don't you move, ma'am, if that is the case? The whole sea is before you!' and then he rubs his odious claws together, and makes more noise than ever.

Now, Mrs. Cowrie, I have decided that I must go; and in choosing a new lodging, I shall certainly not choose a shell again, but shall find a good, steady place on some rock. No one can be fonder of society than I am, ma'am: but there are all kinds of society in the sea, and I, for one, draw the line at crabs.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

BABY'S FIRST PARTY.

She enters with a modest air,
My little débutante, so fair,
So full of childish graces.
'Tis Heaven's blue within her eyes,
Which look up with a shy surprise
To meet the unknown faces.

Of lovers brave, and true, and bold
She has her share, as I've been told,
All seeking for her favor.

BABY'S FIRST PARTY.

She brings all true hearts to her feet,
My little maid, so fair, so sweet —
Heaven from all evils save her!

The white lids droop and shade her eyes
Like fleecy clouds o'er summer skies.
A sob that from her heart is —
What grief to one so young can come?
She only murmurs, "Take me home,
I think I don't like parties."

MARY OGDEN.

That Sly Old Gobbler.

Toot! toot! screamed the engine. Ding! dong! rang the bell, and away the cars started.

Papa, mamma, and the twins, Bessie and Jessie, were going to grandpa's to spend Thanksgiving. "Going to eat the old turkey-gobbler," Jessie and Bessie said.

Grandpa and grandma lived on a farm way off in the country. Last summer when the twins were there, the old gobbler would chase them whenever he got a chance. So grandpa had told them that if they came at Thanksgiving time they might eat him.

When they reached Pleasantville, there was grandpa in his big sleigh to meet them. After he had kissed them a dozen times, and had tucked them under the great fur robe, one on each side of him, he said, —

"So you have come to grandpa's for Thanksgiving; don't they have it in the city?"

"Oh, yes, grandpa!" they both exclaimed together, "but they don't have gobblers; we have come to eat him; don't you 'member?"

"Yes, yes, I remember!" replied grandpa; "but I guess some other little foxes have picked his bones before this. When I went for him this morning he was not to be found."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Bessie and Jessie, looking ready to cry, "shan't we have any turkey, grandpa?"

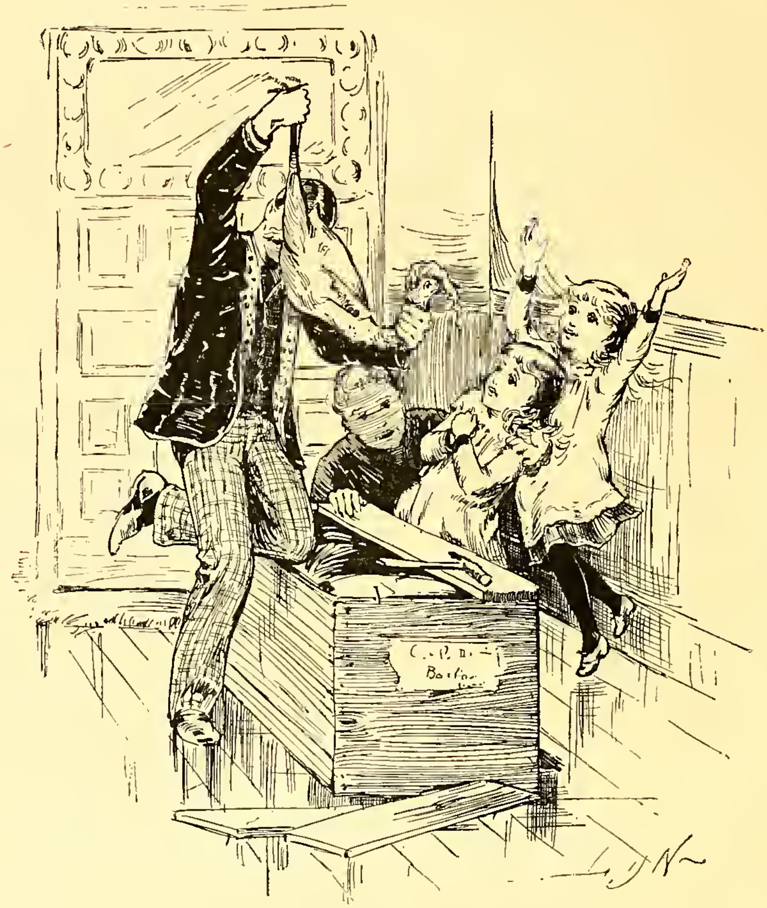
"Well, I reckon you won't starve. You just take a look into grandma's pantry when you get there, and see what you think about it."

Sure enough, when they sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner, there were roast turkey and chicken-pie, besides a lot of goodies. They had just began to taste of them, when from out in the yard came a familiar noise.

"Hark!" said grandma.

"Well, I declare!" cried grandpa, as they all rushed to the window.

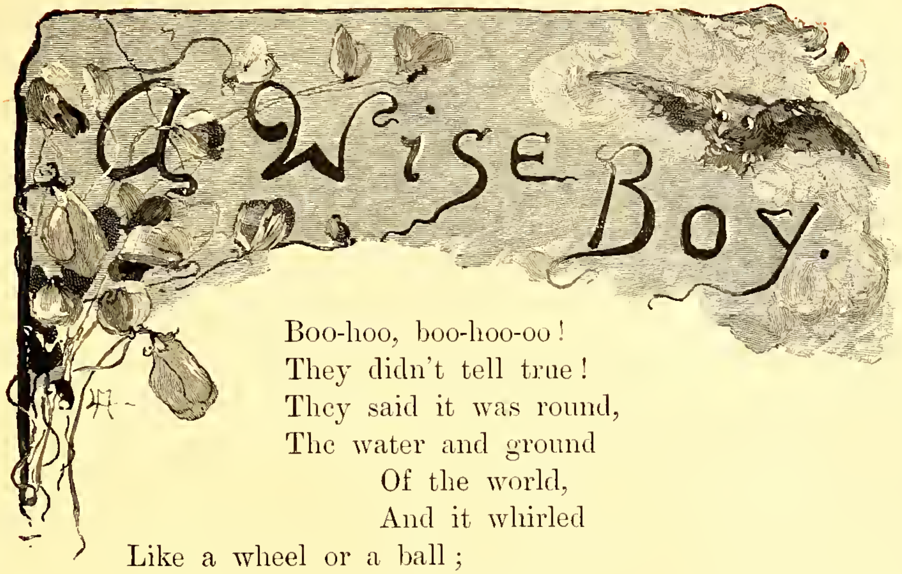
What do you suppose they saw strutting around as proudly as a king? That old turkey-gobbler!



"So," laughed grandpa, "you have saved your neck this time; but wait a bit, Bessie and Jessie shall eat you yet."

Two days before Christmas the expressman brought a big package directed to Bessie and Jessie, and the first thing they found in it was the old gobbler all ready to be roasted.

STELLA T. JOHNSON.



A Wise Boy.

Boo-hoo, boo-hoo-oo!
They didn't tell true!
They said it was round,
The water and ground
Of the world,
And it whirled
Like a wheel or a ball;
And the folks didn't fall
From the bottom at all!
And they said they could stop,
Work and play,
Night and day,
Just the same as on top;
So I thought I would try,
And I climbed up here high
To the top of this ball —
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo-oo!
They didn't tell true!
And I know I shall fall,
For I slip
At each tip,
And I'm sure I shall slide
Off over the side,
If it turns any more,
And fall, bang! to the floor.
So come, somebody, do;
And come quickly, please, too!
O kind sir, don't you see
I'm as scared as can be?
Take me quick, or I'll fall —
Take me down where 'tis flat —
For the world
Is not whirled,

A WISE BOY.

And the world is no ball,
Oh, I'm sure of that! —
    Oh — thank — you —
    Boo-hoo-oo!
They didn't tell true!

C. S. P.

SMELTING ON THE ICE.

JOHNNIE went one day smelt-fishing with his Uncle Bob. He had never seen fish caught in winter, and was slow to believe it, because he liked to think the fishes were asleep all winter under the ice.

As far as Johnnie could see, up and down the river, there were small houses, not nearly as large as his grandma's kitchen, built on the ice.

Some of them stood alone; others were in groups, making quite a little village. They seemed to be made of boards. A

few were painted, and had one window and a chimney, but the most of them were without paint.

Uncle Bob said they were not homes, but shelters for the fishermen during storms or severe cold.

It seemed to Johnnie that the ice was full of holes, and dozens of men were busy with their short lines and poles, drawing up the fish.

Uncle Bob and many of the others used what they called the "double gear;" that is, a wire bent in the form of a bow, with a smelt-hook attached to each end. The bow was fastened by a line to a short rod or pole. With one of these rods in each hand, when the smelting was good, the angler could often catch four fishes at once.

Johnnie did the very first time he drew up his lines, and he was so excited that his Uncle Bob had to come and take his fish off the hooks for him.

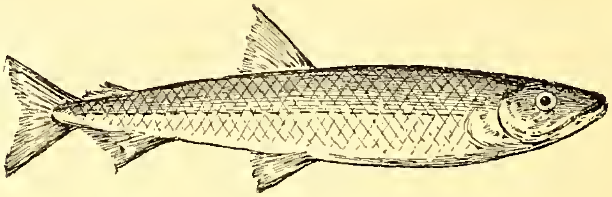
He put them in the small basket he had brought, and dropped his lines a second time. To his great delight he drew up four more.

Leaving hooks and basket, Johnnie ran to tell the good news to Uncle Bob.

"You should have brought your basket, Johnnie," his uncle said. "I saw an eagle just now, over there among the trees. They are so hungry for fish at this season of the year that sometimes they are bold enough to steal those we have caught, when they have a good chance. Yes, there he is now! Run, Johnnie!"

Johnnie ran, and Uncle Bob ran and shouted, but the eagle got to the spot first, picked up the basket in his claws, and went sailing with Johnnie's eight fishes up into the air.

LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.



WILLIE'S SANTA CLAUS.

One Christmas eve Willie McAllister got very sleepy toward bedtime; but he told his mother that he did not want to go to bed until he had seen her hang up his stockings for Santa Claus to fill.

"Very well, Willie, we will fix them now," she said. She drove two nails under the mantel-piece in the nursery and hung Willie's little stockings on them.

"But, mamma," said Willie, "Santa Claus can't get out through the register, and he must come down the chimney!"

"Never mind, Willie," laughed his mother, "I am very sure Santa will find a way to get in."

But Willie was not satisfied, and after his mother had gone down-stairs he got out of bed. He seated himself upon the broad sill of the nursery window, so that Santa Claus would see him, and not forget to come in and put something in his stockings.

Very soon Willie's little eyes closed, and when his mother came up to bed she found him perched upon the window fast asleep, and carried him back to bed.

The next morning Willie's stockings were full of good things; and, besides, there was a brand-new sled, a pair of skates, and other useful toys on the floor under them.

When Willie saw them he clapped his hands and was very happy indeed. Then he looked very wise and said to his mother: —

"Mamma, I don't believe Santa Claus would have come in if he hadn't seen me at the window. I think all little children that live in register houses ought to let him know it."

G. KETTLEWELL.

NINE LITTLE SPARROWS.

NINE wee coats of dun and gray,
Nine small birds that, come what may,
Such dear little saints, so sober, so sad,
Surely they could not, no, never, be bad!

NINE LITTLE SPARROWS.

Quaint little Quakers all, steady and trim,
Withdrawn from the world of folly and sin.
With pure thoughts of love and a heavenly mind,
With peace and good-will to all the bird-kind.

But look again now, and oh, what is this?
A dissolving view gone was that picture of bliss.
Those sad little birds of a moment ago,
Those solemn wee saints that were all in a row,

Are all engaged now in a terrible fight
With bill and with claw and with no thought of right,
And nine shrill cries rend the still, still air,
And nine little birds "don't care what is fair."

They prove, now, alas! they're birds of a feather.
These nine little birds that flocked there together,
Are nine small sparrows of lowest degree—
They were making believe they were good; ah, me!

IRENE E. JEROME.

SYVER'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

SYVER is a little Norwegian boy. His parents are very poor. His home is a rude sod house away up in Dakota. There are no trees, little or big, for miles around. How could he get a Christmas-tree?

Well, one day when his father came from the town, he brought Syver a bare branch from one of the trees by the river-side. To make it look green the mother wound it all over with green tissue-paper, and then tied on dried grasses here and there, so that it looked quite pretty.

But what could be found to put on the tree? Syver's good mother had been saving for it all summer. The red paper that comes around soap she cut into rings and strung on the boughs. Some little tin tags from plug tobacco were strung together and looped on. Prunes and raisins were wrapped in tinsel paper and hung here and there.

But the one thing which looked like an ordinary child's Christmas-tree was a candy bear which the little fellow gazed upon in perfect bliss. The whole thing cost maybe ten cents, but Syver was as happy as if it cost ten dollars.

AMELIA A. FROST.

THE LITTLE KING'S KINGDOM.

In the hush of the Christmas night he looks
Out on the world from his bed of straw;
The wise men have knelt with their offerings meet,
And laid them down at his dimpled feet;

THE LITTLE KING'S KINGDOM.

The angels have trembled and trilled their song,
All mystic and holy it swelled along;
But now in the silence the little King looks
Where the night-shadows quiver and wave in awe.

Beyond the night-shadows and on and on,
Past broad, sparkling streams, o'er the fathomless deep,
Through fair smiling valleys where wild blossoms blow,
And over the realm of the wonderful snow,
From his manger of straw looks the little King;
Not a whisper the glorious tidings to ring
Beyond the night-shadows and on and on
Through the kingdoms that laugh and the kingdoms that weep.

His mother bends over and kisses his brow
And turns her brave eyes to the all-seeing blue.
The kings of the earth have a crown and a throne,
The little King's curls are his crown alone;
But through the night-shadows and on and on
He sees his own kingdom in darkness and dawn.
His mother bends over and kisses his brow,
And the little King smiles in her face so true.

Oh, where may the little King's kingdom be?
Others are ruling with might and with strife,
In garments of purple, in glitter of gold,
In the flash of the sword and the banner unrolled,
Through the night-shadows and on and on,
In the glint of the moon in the streak of the dawn.
Oh, where may the little King's kingdom be?
'Tis the kingdom of love and the little King's life.

LOUISE R. BAKER.

CHRISTMAS IN THE FAR NORTH.

The preparations for Christmas dinner were nearly made. The plummy mince-pies, the frosted cakes, the tarts, pickles, jellies, king turkey on his platter, stuffed to bursting, and puddings rich with raisins and spices, all ready to be cooked next day, filled the pantry with such delicious odors as to make little Tom's mouth water when he peeped in to take a last look.

Mamma was very tired, and Aunt Kitty undertook the task of helping Patty, Flossie and Maud and Tommy and Ned hang up their stockings and take care of baby Bob.

They were all up at last in a solemn row. While Bobby was going to sleep, they gathered about the glowing fire to talk.

"Do you suppose the children 'way up in the North where there isn't any sun these days" — began Patty.

"An' it snows all the time, an' the Bory Alice puts out all the stars, an' the dogs drag 'em on sleds," Tom hastened to add, to let Aunt Kitty see that he remembered what she had read to them the night before.

"Drag the stars on sleds!" shouted Patty in derision.

"He meant the children, dear," interposed Aunt Kitty, to nip a small riot in the bud. "Go on, Patty."

"Well," continued Patty, with a severe eye on Tom, "do you s'pose the children there have as nice times on Christmas as we do?"

"I guess so, in their way," said Aunt Kitty. "I've read that at their Christmas the people all gather in the very biggest snow hut in the village. Then the priest prays for all the fat reindeer and seals they can eat through the whole year, and for their skins to make warm trousers and boots.

"The girls and boys dress just alike, you know I told you, only the skirts of the girls' jackets are longer than those of the boys'. Odd-looking things they must be, too."

"I should think so!" sniffed Patty, smoothing down the soft ruffles of her white frock.

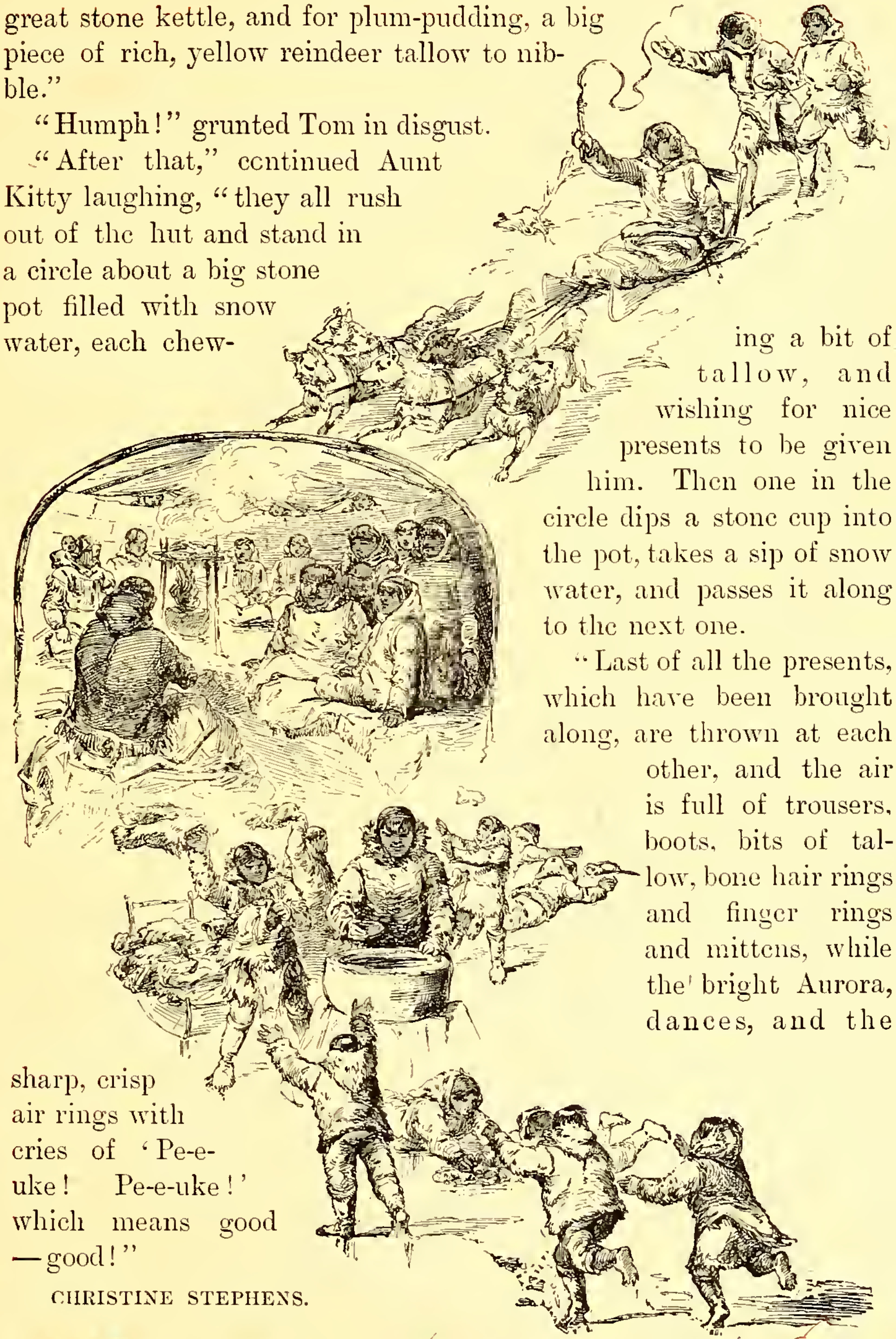
"Then they have a great feast — their Christmas dinner. But instead of turkey, they would have reindeer and seal boiled in a great stone kettle, and for plum-pudding, a big piece of rich, yellow reindeer tallow to nibble."

"Humph!" grunted Tom in disgust.

"After that," continued Aunt Kitty laughing, "they all rush out of the hut and stand in a circle about a big stone pot filled with snow water, each chewing a bit of tallow, and wishing for nice presents to be given him. Then one in the circle dips a stone cup into the pot, takes a sip of snow water, and passes it along to the next one.

"Last of all the presents, which have been brought along, are thrown at each other, and the air is full of trousers, boots, bits of tallow, bone hair rings and finger rings and mittens, while the bright Aurora, dances, and the sharp, crisp air rings with cries of 'Pe-e-uke! Pe-e-uke!' which means good—good!"

CHRISTINE STEPHENS.



" MERRY CHRISTMAS."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A HORSE and a goat were lately grazing together in a field in England. They belonged to the same master, and had grown to be fast and true friends to one another. The field was open to the road and bordered only by a low hedge-row, and it sometimes happened that a lot of cruel, idle boys from the town close by saw fit to amuse themselves by throwing stones at the poor, little, harmless goat, while some more cruel than the rest tried to hit it with a stick. The horse they did not dare to attack; but although they left him in peace, whenever he saw his friend thus ill-treated, he left off grazing, and however far off he might be, came racing and galloping across the field to drive away its enemies. But, alas! they always came back; and when this had gone on several times, the horse lost patience, and evidently made up his mind to give them a lesson that they would not forget in a hurry. So the very next time the young ruffians appeared and began teazing the poor goat as before, he galloped up to the rescue, and suddenly seizing with his teeth one of the lads by the collar of his coat, flung him bodily over the hedge into the road beyond. What a hero he must have been to the goat ever since! MRS. A. M. GOODHART.

WHAT CAME IN A BAG.

I TOOK little Lucy in my lap yesterday afternoon, and this is the story she told me, and I know it is true: —

"My papa brought me here to grandma's house," said she, "because my mamma was dead, and papa said I must come. I didn't want to come, and I didn't want my mamma to be dead.

"When we got to the station, grandpa was there to meet us. I thought he would be horrid. You know some old people are horrid; but grandpa isn't. He had a stove-pipe hat on, and that made him look very nice.

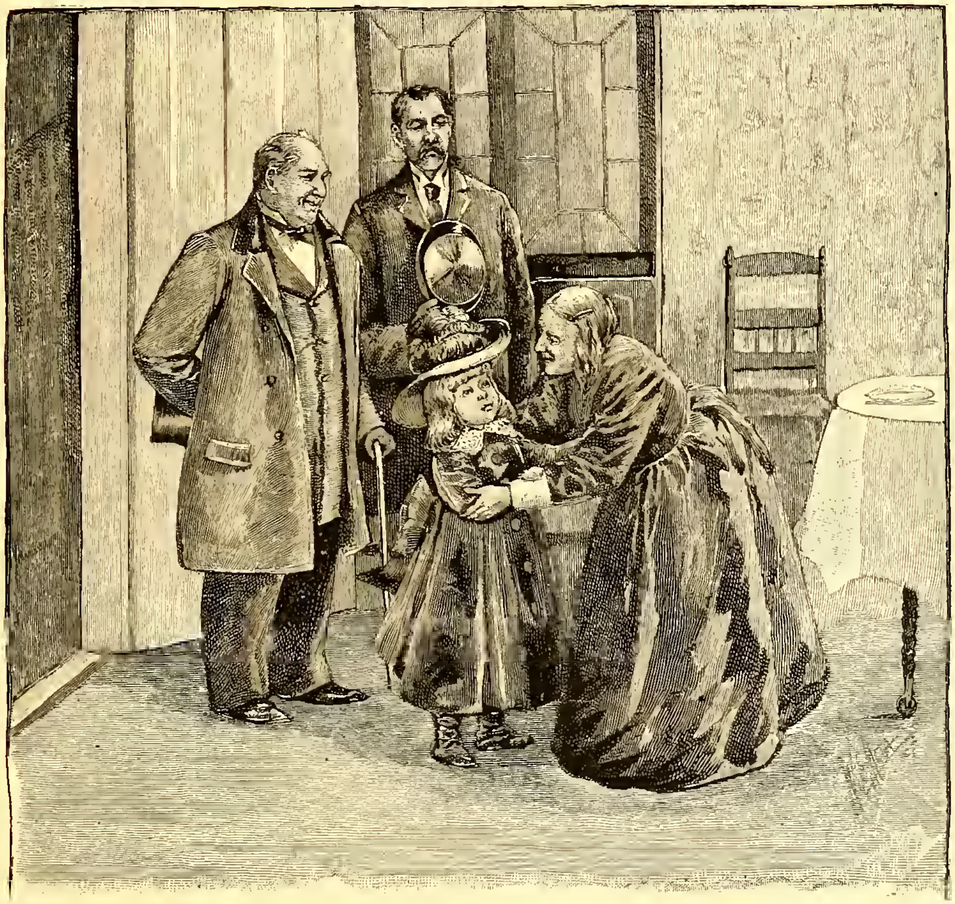
"I did not know where we were going, but we rode to this house and stopped. I liked the house, because there was a yard around it, and there were red roses climbing up to the windows.

"I never saw my grandma before, but she looked as nice as grandpa. She is very old, though, — ninety-five, I think. [This was a mistake of forty years or so.] But she is the best woman, and grandpa is the best man, and I like to live here. Only I could not help crying when papa went off and left me; yes, I cried as much as half an hour.

"Well, after that I had the toothache. It was the backest tooth in my head, and it ached and ached. Grandpa said I must go to the dentist. I did not like to. I was afraid; but he said, —

"'Now, you go with me, Lucy, and I will write and tell your papa you are a brave girl.'

"So I took hold of grandpa's hand, and went with him, for I wanted to be a brave girl.



"The thing the dentist pulled with was as sharp as the point of the head of a pin; but when the tooth came out it never ached any more.

"And then grandpa wrote a letter to papa, and papa was so pleased. He said he would send me a present in a bag, and it

would come that day to the post-office, and we must go right off and get it.

"There, you can't guess what it was! No, you never can guess! How I laughed, and how we all laughed! It was in a great strong bag. There, you turn your head around so. Do you see that little beau-ti-ful doggie sitting in the window, with a blue ribbon on his neck? Well, that's my doggie! His name is Tiny, and he came in that bag. Yes, he did! He never died at all. He breathed all the time just the same, and when we took him out of the bag he was as alive as could be, and wanted some bread and milk.

"Wasn't it funny? Grandpa said, 'Now, Lucy, are you glad you were a brave girl?' And I told him I was glad, and papa was so good, and I was willing to go to the dentist again, for it didn't hurt much.

"But grandpa said I need not go again; he said it was no use to pull out my teeth when they didn't ache.

"And besides, I don't want any more dogs, you know! What do I want of more dogs when I have Tiny?

"Tiny, come here! He licks my hand and tickles me so I have to laugh. Did you ever see anything so dear and sweet and nice? Isn't he beau-ti-ful? He's all mine, too. And does he look as if he came in a bag?"

SOPHIE MAY.

SCAMP GOES TO THE CIRCUS.

My master took Alexis, Buttercup, and The Twins to a place they call the circus, to-day. Of course I went too. It was a funny place. We went in a hole, where a man took the tickets. It was a hole in a great big cloth wall. My master said it was a tent, and that the hole was the door. A funny door, I thought.

When we went in, the man said, "Be careful, don't let the elephant eat that pug dog!" He meant me. My master laughed, and so did the twins; but they are little things and don't know better. Inside, my master let me down out of his arms, and Buttercup held the string to my collar. There was sawdust on the ground, and I found a ginger cake in it, and ate it.

There were all sorts of animals in the cages. Some cats and dogs, with lots of hair around their throats. My master said they were tigers and lions, but I thought they looked like cats and dogs. Then we saw a big something with a pump-handle to its nose. It would lift the pump-handle, and Alexis and Buttercup put cake in one end, where there was a hole.

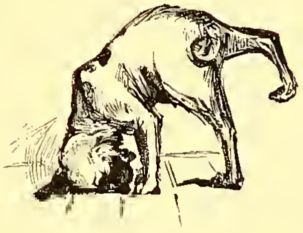
My master said the big thing was an elephant, and the pump-handle his trunk. I always thought trunks were square boxes. When I heard it was an elephant I got behind The Twins, because I was afraid it would eat me. The man at the hole said it would. After we got through looking at the elephant, we all went into another tent.

I was so tired I went to sleep, and only awoke when the dogs came into the middle of the tent. My, how those dogs did behave! My master said they were trained to do tricks. Alexis said he would teach me. I don't want to know, for I am afraid it would make me very tired to do all the things those dogs did. But to-night I am going to try and stand on my head as one of the dogs did. I wonder if pug dogs can stand on their heads?

JOHN S. SHRIVER.

christine

"I got behind The Twins."



"I wonder if pug dogs can stand on their heads?"

"They were trained to do tricks."

SCAMP GOES TO THE CIRCUS.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The tree that had served in the parlor,
The pride of the girls and the boys,
Festooned all over with pop-corn,
And hung with candies and toys,
With its gifts taken off from the branches,
Was being removed the next day,
While every child in the household
Was watching its journey away.

Then Lilian said to the others,
As they met by the door of the hall,
"Let us carry it down to the garden,
And stand it up there by the wall;
And then we can play when we want to
That Christmas is coming again."
"Oh, yes, let us do so!" said Lucy;
"All right!" echoed Charley and Ben.

With chorus of shouting and laughter,
The tree to the garden they drew,
And placing it straight in a corner,
They festooned the pop-corn anew.
A telephone must have been near them
That understood what they had planned,
For the news of what they were doing
Spread quickly abroad in the land.

And soon from the west came a sparrow,
And another soon came from the east,
While flocks from the northward and southward
Arrived to claim shares of the feast;

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

And chickadees came from the thickets
In sprightliest holiday mood,
With pigeons from neighboring farmyards,—
And how they all chattered and cooed!

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

"Oh, now for some fun!" said the children,
Delighted their coming to see;
"We'll fix up a lot of nice presents
And hang for them round on the tree!"
Then packing their bundles of titbits,
With merriest clamor of words,
They played Christmas over and over,
In ways that just suited the birds.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

Mabel's Shower-bath

MABEL ROSS was visiting her grandma one summer. On a rainy day, when she could not go out, grandma and she went up in the attic to get some rags for a rug. While grandma was making selections from the old garments, Mabel was prying curiously into all corners, as children delight to do. Presently she exclaimed, "O grandma! what is that tall box with a door and holes in the top?"

"That is an old shower-bath," said grandma.

"What is it for?" asked Mabel.

"Well," replied grandma, "when I was a small child, my nurse used to stand me in there and turn the water slowly on through the holes in the top, and that was my shower-bath."

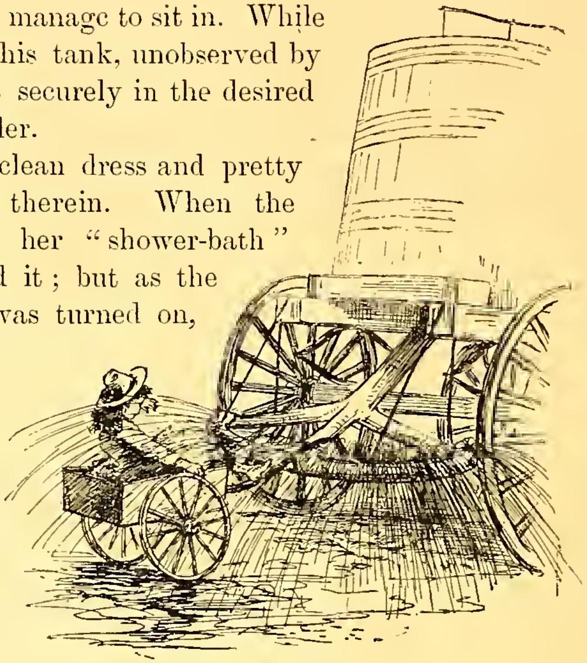
"Oh, how nice," said Mabel; "may I take one some day?"

Grandma said "Yes;" but the next day Mabel's father came to take her home.

When telling her playmates about the nice times she had at grandma's, she always ended by regretting that she couldn't take the shower-bath.

One day she was out in the yard, and saw the water-cart go by, sprinkling the streets. "Oh," she thought, "if I was only under there, it would be 'most like a shower-bath."

She knew that when the sprinkler came back the driver would stop at the brook across the way to refill. Obeying an impulse, Mabel ran to the stable and got her brother's tip-cart, which she could just manage to sit in. While the driver was refilling his tank, unobserved by him, she tied the tip-cart securely in the desired position under the sprinkler.



Forgetful of her nice clean dress and pretty hat, she seated herself therein. When the driver started his cart, her "shower-bath" began. At first she liked it; but as the full force of the water was turned on, her clothes were wet through. People stopped along the street to smile at this strange sight, and the little girl became aware that she was an object of merriment. She felt ashamed, and seeing her brother Tom among some boys on the sidewalk, cried out to him to come and get his tip-cart.

"That's two words for yourself and one for the cart," said Tom. As the driver halted just then, he untied his cart, and, at Mabel's request, dragged her home in it as fast as he could.

A very "dripping-wet" girl stood in the back entry making an explanation of her appearance to her mother, with downcast eyes, a little later. Mamma was a little vexed, but forgave her, after a slight reproof, in memory of the shower-bath she was to have taken at grandma's.

VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.

A Queer Party

Jack was going to a party! He was dressed in a rich velvet suit, of the very finest quality. No grand frilled shirt could have been whiter or prettier than his. For a neck-tie he wore a bow of ribbon of a most becoming shade of blue. His collar was handsome enough for a prince. Was Jack, then, a petted little boy?

No; he was only a spoiled dog! He had been invited to a real party, though. His invitation came in a pink envelope, and was written in the very latest style.

A queer old lady had sent out cards for a dogs' "At home." Fifty pets — terriers, pugs, and poodles — were invited.

When the time came, the proud fellow was taken in a carriage to the lady's house. He sat alone on the back seat, and felt very important riding thus at his ease through the streets.

When he got there it was a little late, so he was sent right into the dining-room. There he found all the dogs airing their best company manners. They sat in chairs around a table, which was spread with a fine damask cloth, and adorned with lovely flowers. The guests had white napkins tied round their necks, and their food was served upon costly china. Yet — would any one believe it! —

though they thought they were very polite, they all licked their plates, and put their noses into their bowls of milk.

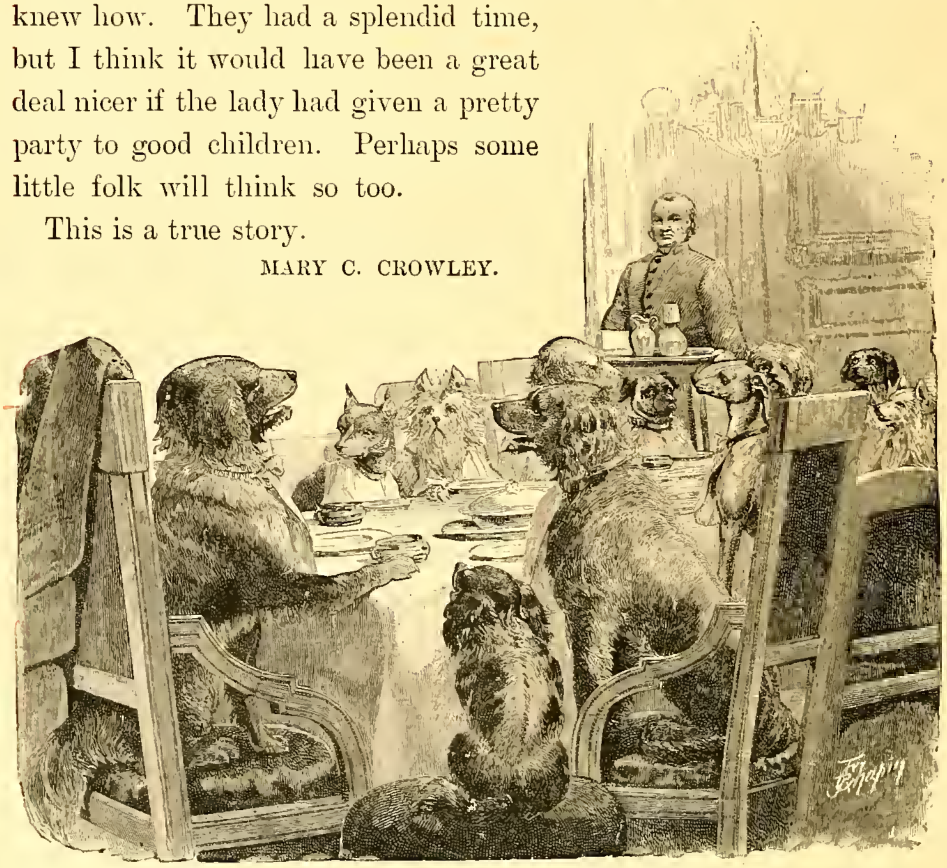
When Jack entered they bowed gravely to him, and some of them bow-wowed. He was soon good friends with them all. After the feast he made a fine speech, which met with much applause, that is, with much wagging of tails and many yelps of delight.

Later they romped in the halls. Then they all had paper hats and bonnets put on, and they looked very funny bobbing about. In a large, vacant room at the rear of the house several live rats were let loose, so that the terriers might have the sport of catching them.

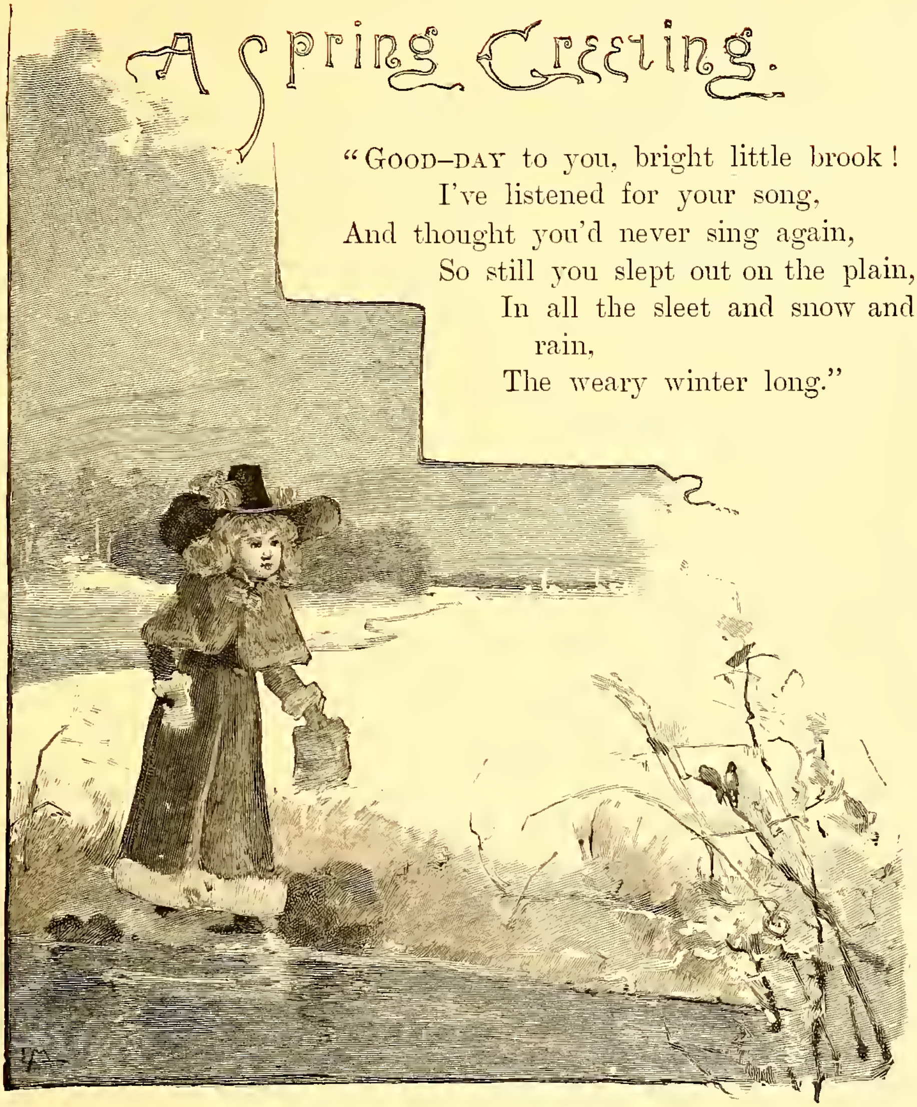
When it grew dark all the dogs said good-by, as well as they knew how. They had a splendid time, but I think it would have been a great deal nicer if the lady had given a pretty party to good children. Perhaps some little folk will think so too.

This is a true story.

MARY C. CROWLEY.



A Spring Greeting.



"Good–day to you, bright little brook!
I've listened for your song,
And thought you'd never sing again,
So still you slept out on the plain,
In all the sleet and snow and rain,
The weary winter long."

"Good-day to you, glad little child!
Under the ice and snow
I've sung all to myself, my dear,
A song as happy, sweet, and clear
As this is, tho' you could not hear
One whisper from below."

GEORGE COOPER.

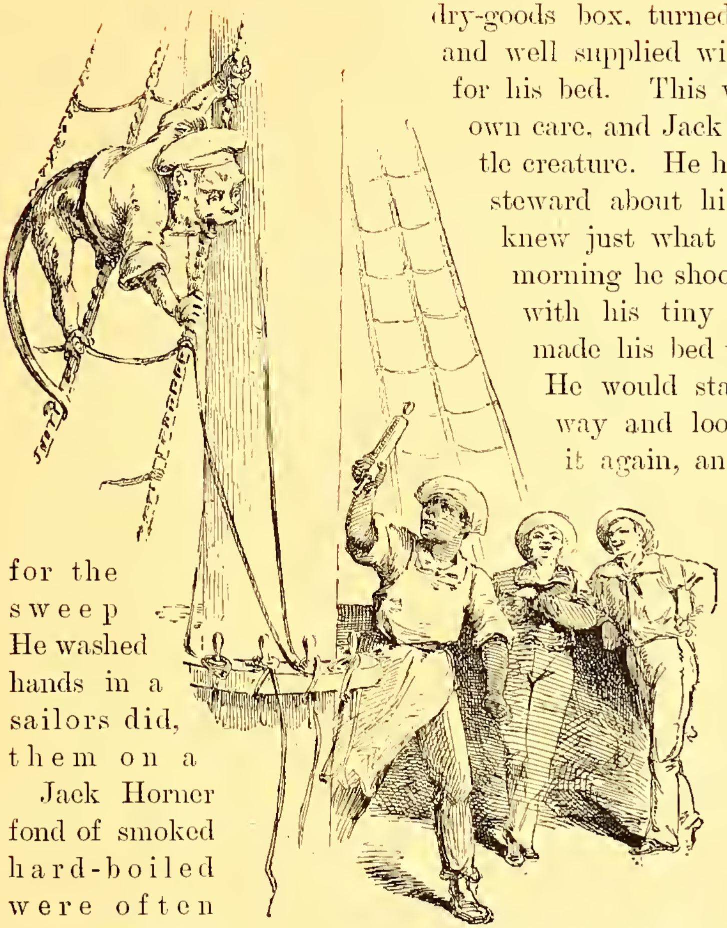
Jack Horner

Jack Horner was a little monkey who lived on ship-board. He wore a sailor's jacket of scarlet flannel, and a cap to match, and was very proud of his costume. He looked like a dwarf old man, for he was brown and wrinkled, and his black eyes peeped out beneath shaggy eyebrows and crinkly gray hair.

Sometimes when the cook was out of sight, he would jump on the flour-barrel and powder his head like a miller.

The cook scolded, and shook his rolling-pin at him. But in a twinkling Jack was up the mast. There he would sit in safety, grin and chatter, and shake his head and paws to mimic poor old Cato, while the sailors roared.

Jack went where he pleased about the ship, but his own corner was a large



dry-goods box, turned on one side, and well supplied with clean straw for his bed. This was left to his own care, and Jack was a tidy little creature. He had watched the steward about his work till he knew just what to do. Every morning he shook up the straw with his tiny forepaws, and made his bed to suit himself. He would stand off a little way and look at it, shake it again, and pat it down. Then he would run for the broom, and sweep out his cabin. He washed his face and hands in a basin, as the sailors did, and dried them on a towel.

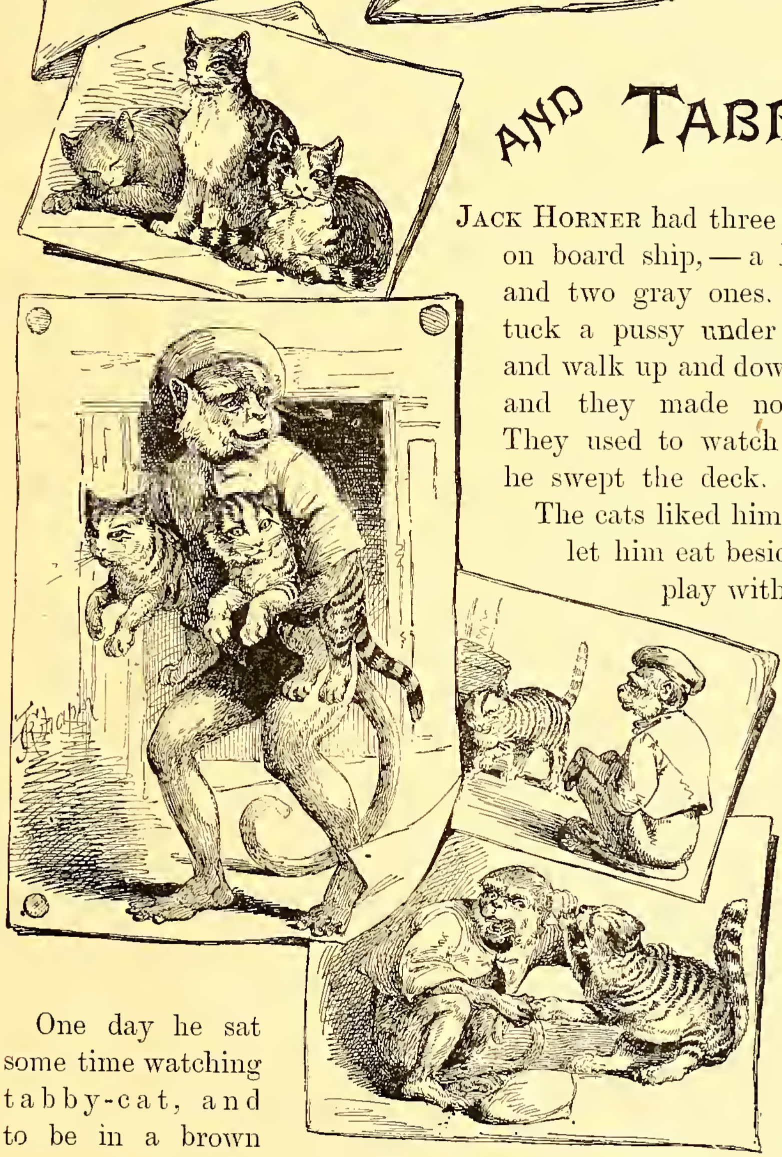
Jack Horner was very fond of smoked herring and hard-boiled eggs. They were often given him for breakfast. But he was not as honest as he was tidy, and would sometimes snatch a herring or an egg, if no one were near, and run off to his state-room to eat it. One morning he burned his fingers with an egg, and for a long time afterwards would not take one even when offered him.

Twice a week there was sago-pudding with cinnamon on it for dinner, and Jack was always on hand for his share. He would take his saucer in one paw, his spoon in the other, and eat as the sailors did. Sometimes there were raisins in his pudding, and then Jack was pleased. He would pull one out with his finger and thumb, hold it up, and chatter about it in great glee.

At Christmas the sailors filled a stocking for him with nuts and apples and lumps of sugar, and he had mince-pie and plum-pudding.

And you see in the picture how this little Jack Horner looked, sitting in a corner with his scarlet cap and jacket on, eating his Christmas pie.

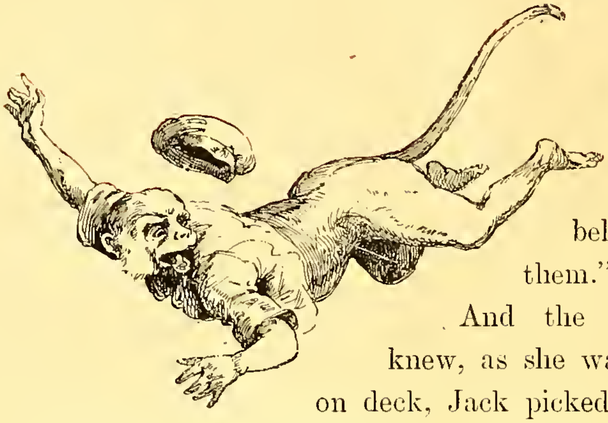
JACK HORNER AND TABBY.



JACK HORNER had three friends on board ship, — a Maltese cat and two gray ones. He would tuck a pussy under each arm, and walk up and down the deck, and they made no objection. They used to watch him when he swept the deck.

The cats liked him, and would let him eat beside them, or play with them; but if he held them when they wanted to get away, they would scratch him.

One day he sat still for some time watching the old tabby-cat, and seemed to be in a brown study.



"What can be in pussy's paws to make them hurt so?" he said to himself. "I mean to find out. I believe she has pins in them." He leaped upon her. And the first Madame Tabby knew, as she was taking a quiet walk on deck, Jack picked her up in his arms, and began to look for the pins.

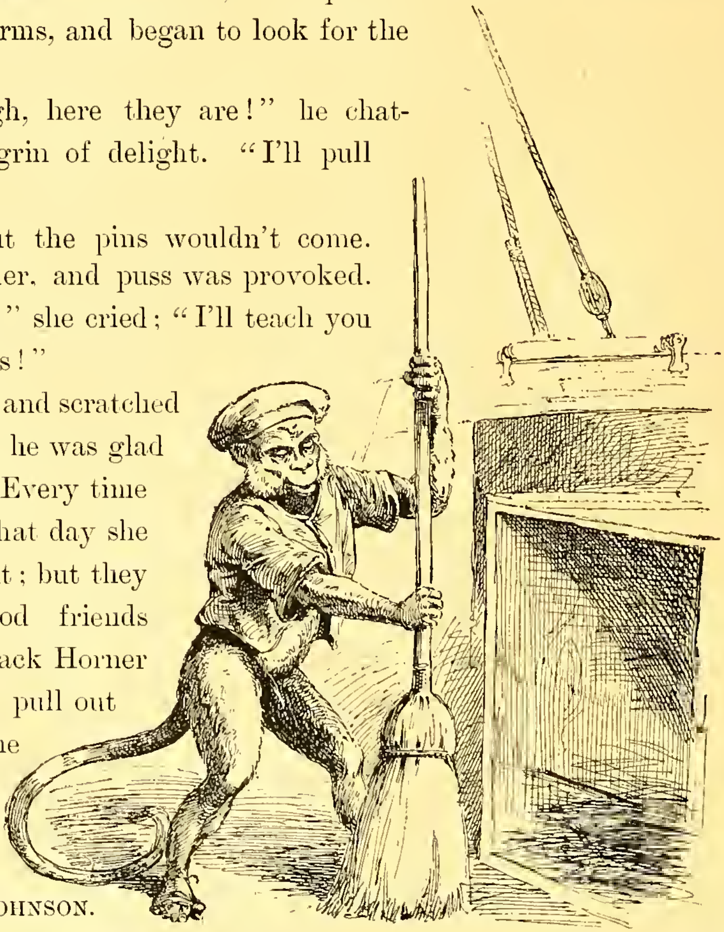
"Sure enough, here they are!" he chattered, with a grin of delight. "I'll pull them out."

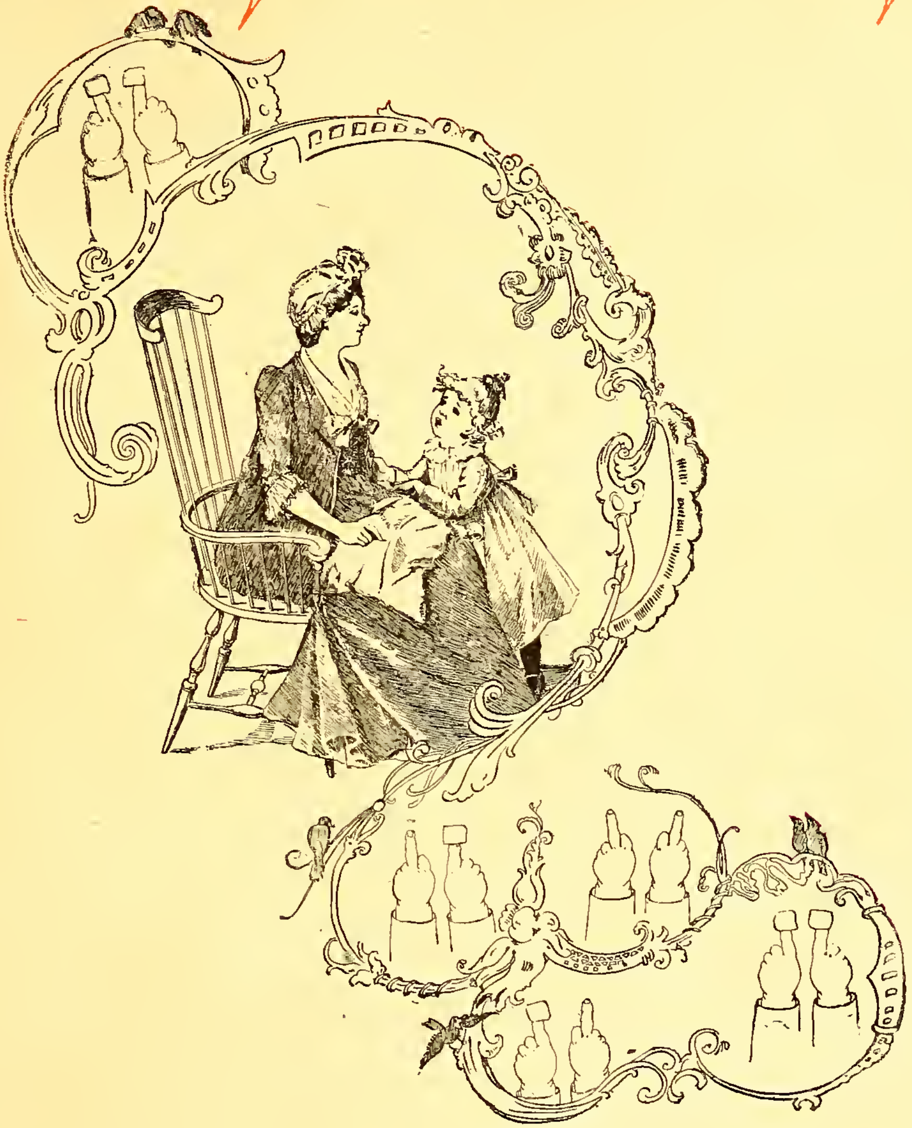
He tried, but the pins wouldn't come. He pulled harder, and puss was provoked.

"Mew, mew!" she cried; "I'll teach you to pull my paws!"

And she spit and scratched and bit him till he was glad to let her go. Every time he passed her that day she growled and spit; but they were soon good friends again. Only Jack Horner remembered to pull out plums when he had a chance, but never pussy's pins.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.





TWO LITTLE FINGERS AND TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

On two pink finger-tips two bits of paper see ;
The two pink finger-tips dance on mother's knee.
(One dimpled hand now quickly raise, one finger tightly close,
Another finger open out ; one bit of paper shows.)

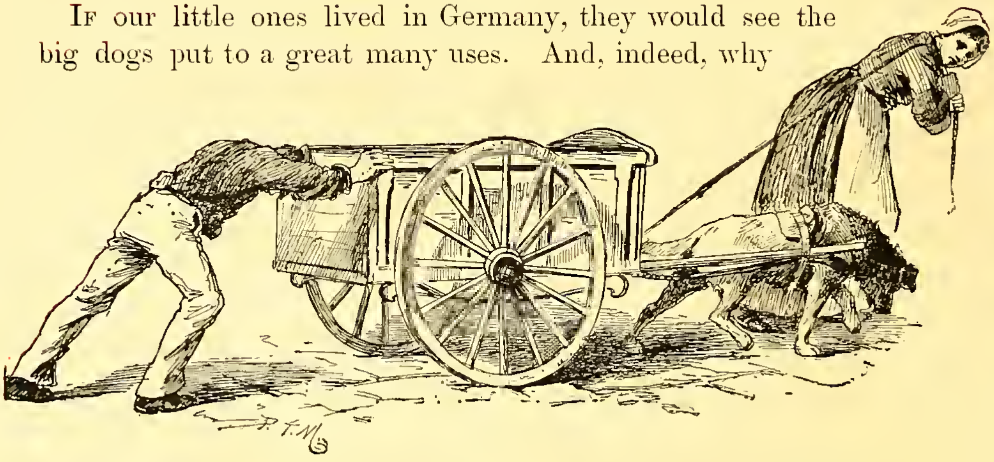
On two pink finger-tips one bit of paper see;
The two pink finger-tips dance on mother's knee.
(The other hand now quickly raise, one finger tightly close,
Another finger open out; no bit of paper shows.)

Though both have gone they need not stay,
They can come back the selfsame way;
Stick fast the papers so they'll cling,
And while they dance this song you'll sing:
Two little blackbirds sitting on a hill,
One named Jack and the other named Jill.
Fly away Jack! fly away Jill!
Come back Jack! come back Jill!

JULIA P. BALLARD.

A SERIOUS RUNAWAY.

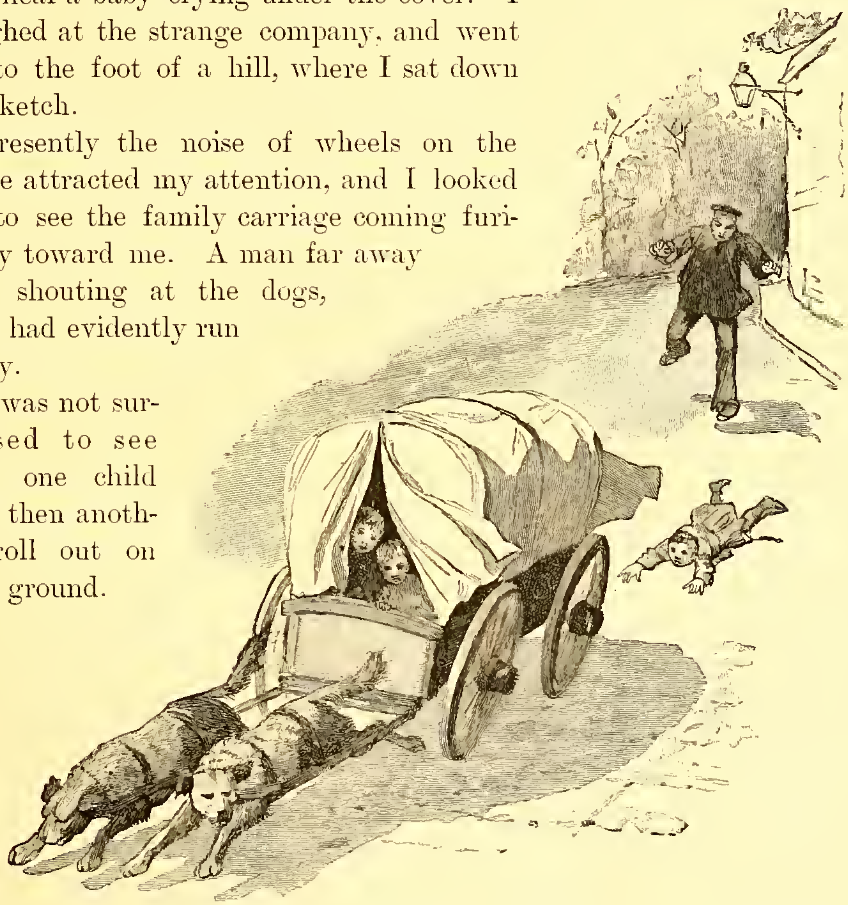
If our little ones lived in Germany, they would see the big dogs put to a great many uses. And, indeed, why may not a dog earn his food as well as a horse? Sometimes, of course, there are cruel masters, and large loads are drawn by poor little creatures that have to strain every muscle.



Walking along a country road one day, I passed a family carriage, stopped before the door of an inn. It was about as large as a big sofa, and had a canvas cover like those vehicles we used to call gypsy wagons. Harnessed before it were two shaggy yellow dogs. I could see several children's heads peeping out, and hear a baby crying under the cover. I laughed at the strange company, and went on to the foot of a hill, where I sat down to sketch.

Presently the noise of wheels on the stone attracted my attention, and I looked up to see the family carriage coming furiously toward me. A man far away was shouting at the dogs, who had evidently run away.

I was not surprised to see first one child and then another roll out on the ground.



Just before they got to me the whole thing was overturned. In my anxiety to save the baby, I made the discovery that there were still four boys and a grandfather inside!

Do you wonder that the little dogs wanted to prevent any one else getting in?

S. M. H. G.

Bobby buys a very gorgeous Valentine.

A LARGE-SIZED VALENTINE.

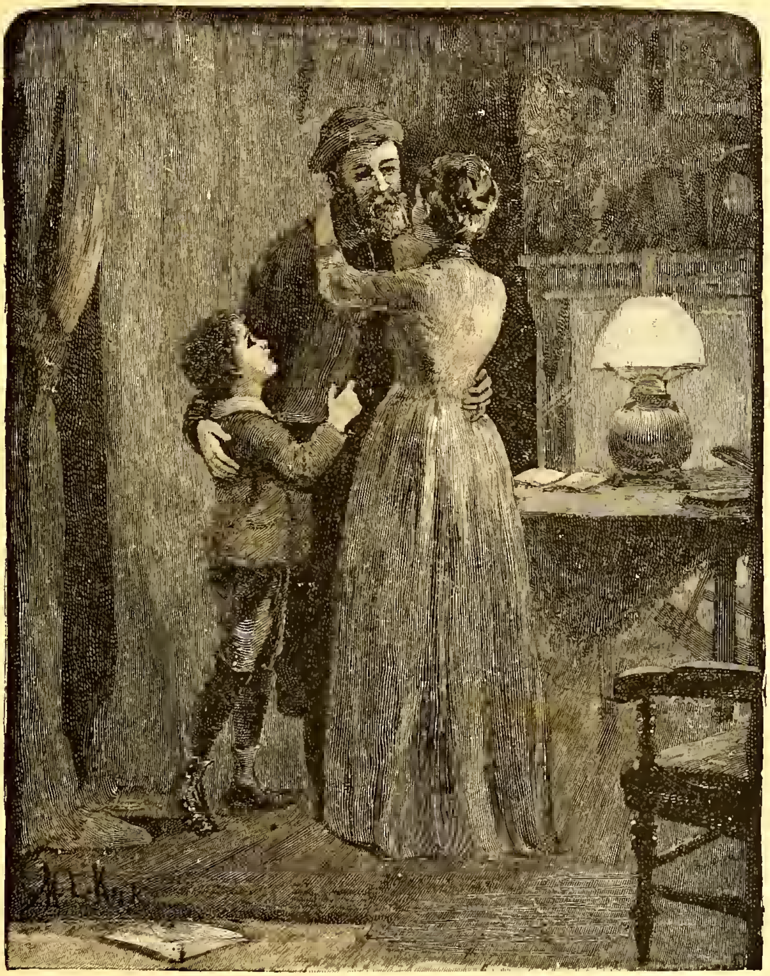
A GREAT many valentines were being planned and purchased by the small boys of Bobby Le Page's neighborhood. After much anxious thought, Bobby decided to buy only one, and that a very pretty one, since it was to be sent to his own mother.

"For you see," he argued with himself, "every one else is sure to get plenty without mine. Mamma has nobody but me to think of her, since it seems as if papa is never coming back."

Having acted upon his decision by buying a very gorgeous valentine, the poor little boy felt almost sure that it would give his sad young mother as much pleasure as it gave him. Yet he doubted it a little too. One day he asked her, in what he thought a very sly way, if she expected any valentines; and she answered with a burst of tears, —

"No, dear; I've given up expecting my Valentine."

Then, knowing she meant his father, whose name was Valentine, and who had never been even heard of since he sailed away on his own ship more than a year before, Bobby felt very much discouraged about his effort to cheer her. Just for a little while he wished he had divided his money in valentines for the boys and girls.



But when the old saint's day came round, his spirits rose again, and he was very full of glee while he slipped that big square envelope under the front door.

It was after dark when he put it there, and he intended to pull the bell wire from the inside just as soon as his mamma gave him the chance.

But it did seem that evening as if mamma would never give him the chance.

He waited and waited, and was just beginning to despair, when ding went that bell wire without a single touch from Bobby.

"Can that be the postman?" said mamma.

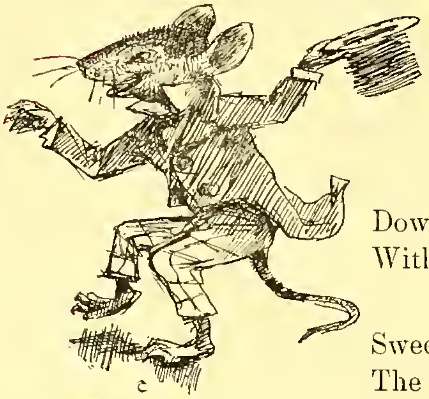
"Or the new milk-boy," said Bobby, opening the door as he spoke, and then standing still and staring, for it wasn't either the postman or the milk-boy. It was a big man with loving brown eyes just like Bobby's, and an eager, tender smile upon his lips.

"Papa!" screamed Bobby.

"O Valentine, my Valentine!" sobbed mamma. In another moment they were both in his arms. In the joy of having this large-sized Valentine with them again safe and sound, even Bobby forgot all about that smaller one, which had cost him twenty-five cents of good American money.

HESTER VICKERY BROWN.

MR. RAT AND MISS PUSSYCAT.



BRIGHT, bright, in the moonlight
night,
Glistened the eyes of Pussycat
White.

Down, down, like a sly old clown,
With peakéd nose, came Mr. Rat Brown.

Sweet, sweet were the grains of wheat
The naughty thief was coming to eat.

Cold, cold was the heart that tolled
A knell for the old marauder bold.

Soft, soft was his step aloft,
And as he crept, he laughed and coughed.

Blind, blind, he does not mind,
He dreams not of the foe behind.

"Fat, fat, a charming rat!"
Murmured the hungry Pussycat.

"Keen, keen are my claws I ween,
A plumper rib I've never seen."

MR. RAT AND MISS PUSSYCAT.

Spring, spring, as if a wing
Had grown upon the furry thing.

Howl, howl, and groan and growl,
She startled all the barnyard fowl.

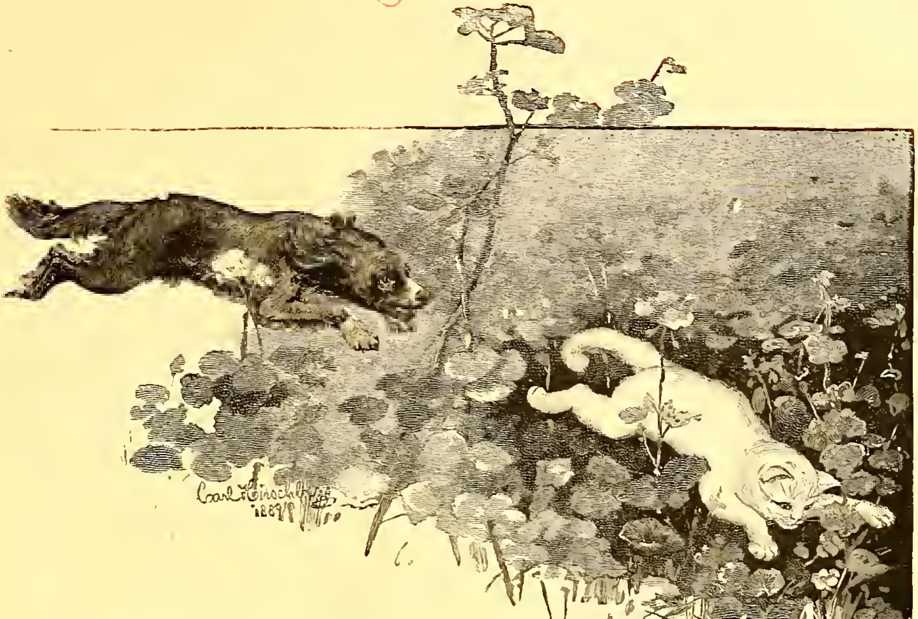
Bite, bite, in vain you fight,
Miss Pussycat, your foot is tight.

Lap, lap, close by the trap,
He grins and eats, that sly old chap.

Glare, glare, she tore her hair,
And spent a night of wild despair.

Bright, bright, the stars that night
Twinkled and laughed at Pussycat White.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.



FLOSSY'S LEAP.

RUFUS and Daisy lived in the country. Their papa had a beautiful house with grounds and stables, kennels and aviaries, and they had many pets.

Among these was one in especial, — a large and handsome setter, called Dan.

He was a splendid hunter, and a gentle house-dog. While their papa could take him on long tramps for quail and partridge, Rufus and Daisy could lay their hands on his shaggy back, and feel sure that he would not hurt them.

One day Rufus amused himself by teasing Daisy's favorite cat, a lovely soft, white snowball, called Flossy.

Two great tears gathered in Daisy's eyes. Rufus, who loved her very dearly, made up his mind that he would stop teasing Flossy.

But just then Dan appeared on the scene, and Rufus could not resist calling out, "Seek him! seek him!" Before the words were said, Dan had dashed after Flossy right into the geranium beds.

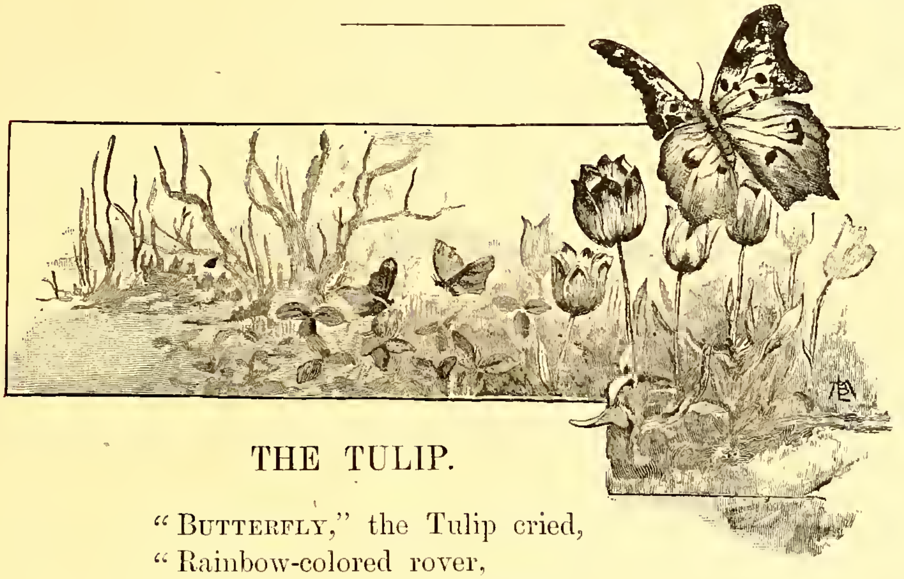
FLOSSY'S LEAP.

The two great tears stood still on Daisy's cheeks, and Rufus was indeed frightened at the mischief he had caused. But Flossy turned to meet her pursuer, and with one quick leap landed on his back.

Then Rufus and Daisy burst into a hearty laugh, for Dan rushed wildly around the garden, trying in vain to get rid of his unwelcome burden. Flossy had fastened her claws firmly into his shaggy back, and nothing could persuade her to let go until papa came to the rescue.

After this little adventure, you may be sure that Dan, as well as Rufus, let Flossy alone forevermore.

AUNT ISA.

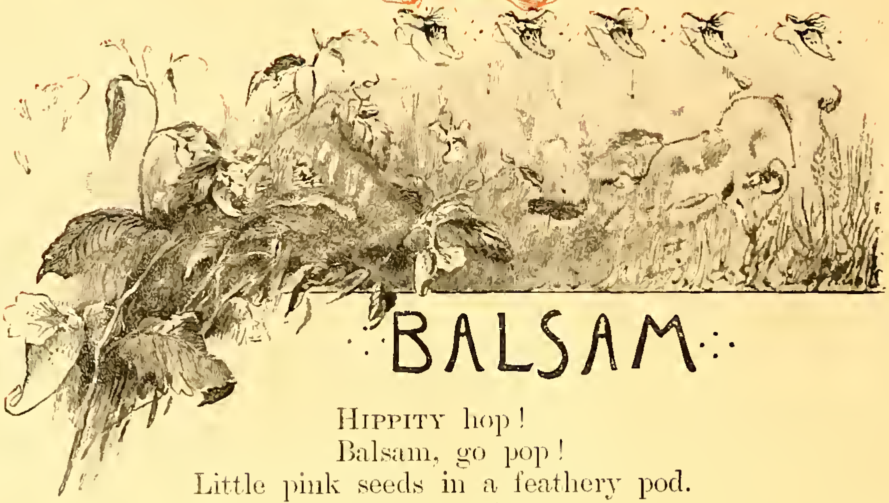


THE TULIP.

"BUTTERFLY," the Tulip cried,
"Rainbow-colored rover,
Come and nestle in my cup!
Leave that humdrum Clover.
Her dusky red and dingy white
No beauty lover can invite;
But from my scarlet robe, you see
The queen of beauty reigns in me."

Butterfly spread light his wings
And hovered o'er the flower.
"Nay! what," he cried, "may tempt me here
Through any summer hour?
'Tis honey that I seek, my dear,
And Clover has it, pure and clear;
While in your gaudy painted cup
I find not e'en a tiny sup."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



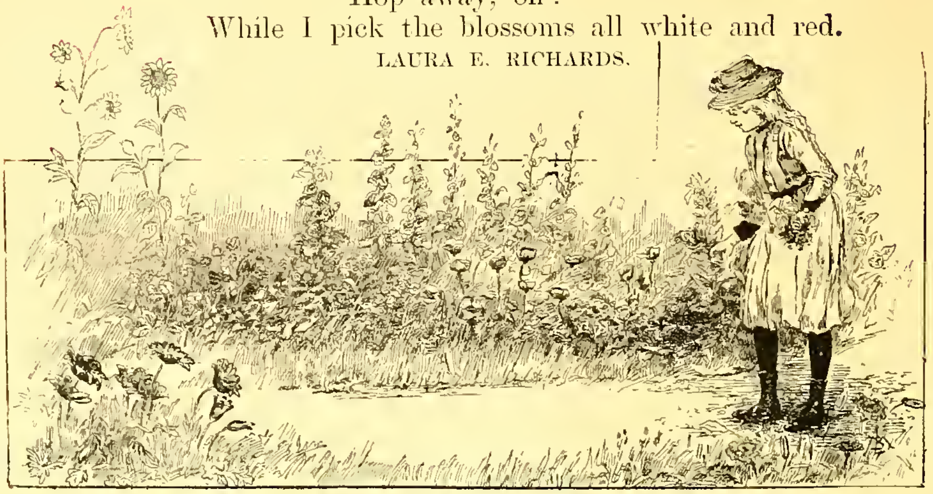
BALSAM

Hippity hop!
Balsam, go pop!
Little pink seeds in a feathery pod.
Off you go!
Hop away so!
Make us new balsams under the sod.

Hippity hop!
Balsam, go pop!
Little pink eggs in a velvet nest.
Never a chick
Their shells shall prick,
But never mind; these eggs are the best.

Hippity hop!
Balsam, go pop!
Little pink pigs in a furry bed.
Off you go!
Hop away, oh!
While I pick the blossoms all white and red.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



The Thief.

If you could have seen him — that
saucy blue-jay!
When I was out playing at marbles to-day
He grabbed my carnelian, and flew
right away.

As he was just passing, his eyes
gave a blink —
He chirped and was off with it
quick as a wink;
He thought it a nut or an acorn,
I think.

I suppose he has carried it up to his nest,
Expecting to give to his babies the best
Of that beautiful nut, and himself keep the rest.

I've laughed till I scarcely can speak a straight word,
To think of the jolly good joke on that bird!
The very best one that I ever have heard.

And I could forgive him for what he has done
If only I could have looked on at the fun
Of his trying to crack it, and finding it stone.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

GOOD-BYE WISE OLD MOUSE.

"Uncle Felix, what became of the wise old mouse? Did Buzz eat him at last?"

"Now Lily, my pet, why do little girls ask hard questions? I do not know truly what became of the mouse. But I heard a story."

"Oh, do tell it, Uncle Felix!"

"Well, here is the story.

"One fine night the wise old mouse was sitting on the fence. He had heard that the moon was made of green cheese. He wished to taste for himself.

"While he was planning how to get from the fence to the moon, along came Fee-Fo-Fum.

"Fee-Fo-Fum was an owl, and had the finest nest in town. He was a night-policeman, too.

"He pounced upon the mouse with joy, and carried him to his house in a tree.

"'There, children,' hooted Mr. Owl, 'I have brought you a good supper. Now I must be off again. Too-whit, too-whoo!'

"Then the owl flew away.

"The little owls were very glad. But the wise old mouse was not. He sat sadly scratching his head.

"At last he thought of something.

"'How handsome you are!' he squeaked to the youngest owl. 'And what a pretty gray coat you have on!'

"The silly owl was delighted and began to titter.

"'I should like to try on your coat,' chirped the mouse. 'I think it would fit me very well.'

"The owls thought how funny it would be to see the mouse in the little owl's jacket. They all hooted with glee.

"Then the silly young owl took off his coat. The wise old mouse quickly slipped it on, wings and all.

"The little owls were not strong enough to fly; but the mouse knew how to kick with his legs. So he flapped the wings of the owl's jacket very nicely.

"It made the owls laugh; but the wise old mouse jumped from the nest and flew to his hole.

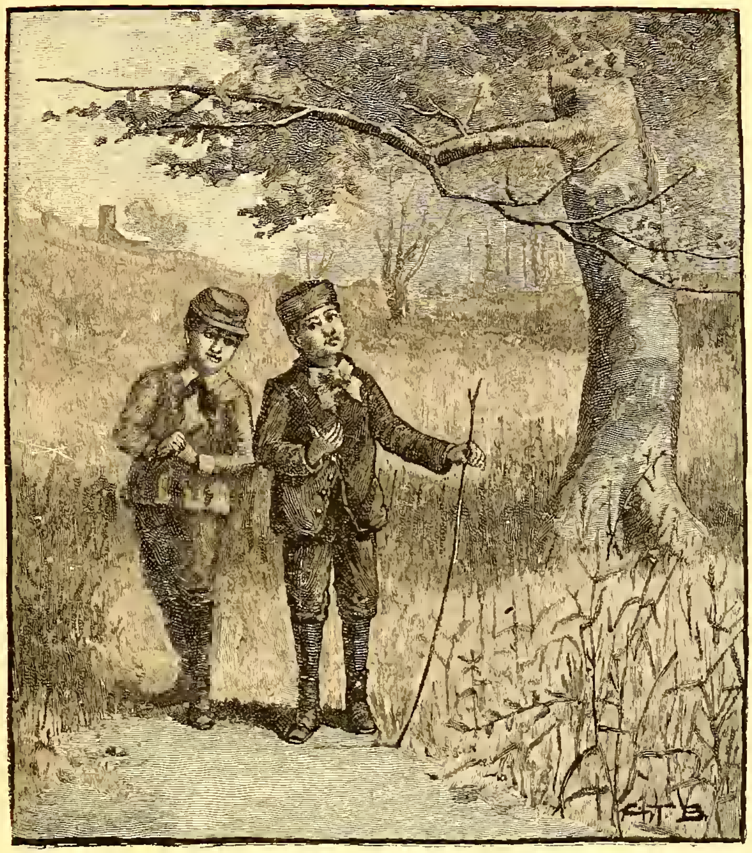
"The little owls kept supper waiting a long time, but the mouse did not come back."

Here Uncle Felix began to nod.

"But what became of the mouse?" cried Lily.

"Excuse me, Lily; I nearly forgot. They say the wise old mouse liked the owl's jacket so well that he kept on wearing it. Then he became the great-great-great-ever-so-great-grandfather of all the bats."

UNCLE FELIX.



LENDING A HAND.

Not far from one of our large cities is a pretty place called Roselands. It is a bright, cheerful little town, without the noise and dust of the big city near, and has plenty of sweet, pure air direct from the mountains.

In this lovely place lived two little friends and neighbors, Rollie Shaw and Sanford Hunt. Grand good times they have together; they especially like to take long walks, "exploring for adventures," they say.

One day as they were walking, chattering and planning what they meant to do when they were men, they came to a colored woman heavily burdened. The boys thought it must be "moving-day" with her. She had a small trunk, an umbrella, two straw hats, a satchel, and a bottle of ink.

Rollie was a polite and fearless little fellow, and stepping up to the tired-looking woman, he said, "Can't we help you?" The woman stopped, and smiling pleasantly at the little boys, accepted Rollie's offer very gladly. She told them she was very anxious to get to the nearest horse-car line, quite a distance away, as she must be in the city as soon as possible.

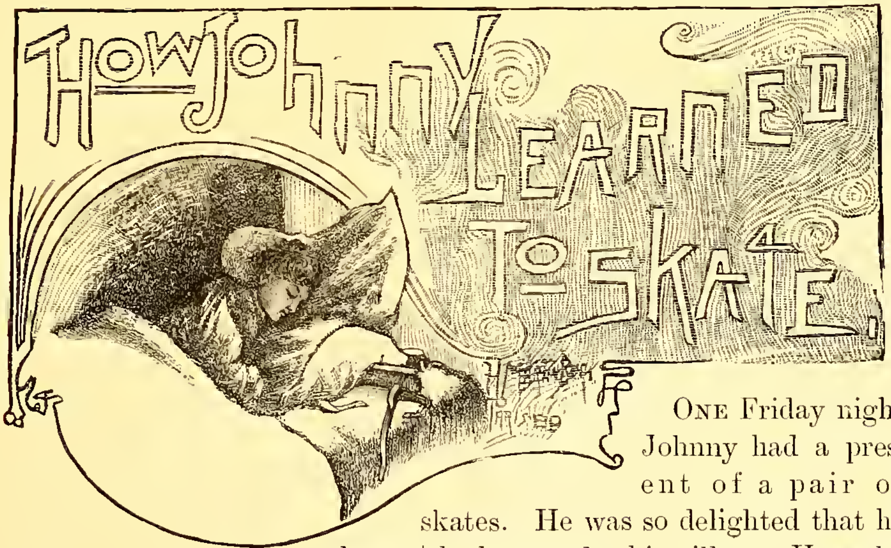
She gave the boys the trunk to carry between them, keeping the other things herself. Sanford, who was as kind as Rollie, but more bashful, stepped up quickly and took one handle of the trunk, Rollie taking the other.

After awhile the woman seemed to think the trunk might be too heavy for the children, and she told them to wait while they made an exchange of loads. She gave Rollie the hats and the satchel, and Sanford the umbrella and bottle of ink, taking the trunk herself. Then the funny party moved on until the horse-cars were reached. A car coming about that time, the woman got on, thanking the boys pleasantly for their help. Just as the car was starting she dropped into Sanford's hand a ten-cent piece. The boys were surprised, not expecting to be paid. They soon had the money changed into ten pennies — five apiece.

When they told the story at home, Sanford's brother Will said, "Very likely some day you'll be a big express company like Adams';" but I wonder if any express company was ever started from such good feeling, and with so little thought of money.

LUCY SOUTHWORTH HUNT.

HOW JOHNNY LEARNED TO SKATE.



ONE Friday night Johnny had a present of a pair of skates. He was so delighted that he slept with them under his pillow. He woke in the morning feeling as rich as a king. Everything was happening just right, for it was a holiday. The pond below the garden was frozen hard, and the weather was pleasant. His mother was going off to town to stay till night with Aunt Sarah. His father was to take her there and then return home.

Before they started papa strapped on the new skates and left

Johnny on the little pond, saying, "There, that's a safe place for you. Now learn as fast as you can."

So Johnny skated and skated. He fell down a great many times during the forenoon, but still he was very happy. His small sister Jeannette came out to slide, and his grown-up sister Lucy watched them from the window. Lucy was the housekeeper now that the mother was away.

By and by somebody brought a note from their father. He was detained by business and should not be back till night. When Johnny heard this he told Jeannette that he should stay on the ice all day. If he took his skates off he knew he could not put them on again.

At noon Lucy tried to get him to come to dinner, but he refused to leave the pond. "Papa told me to learn to skate as fast as I could, and I'm bound to do it," he said.

"But papa didn't think you'd stay out all day," said Lucy.

As he would not come for any dinner, Jeannette carried some to him. He sat down on a rock that was in the middle of the pond and took a good rest while he munched bread and pie.

He stayed on the ice till night. When he took his skates off, his feet were so cramped and cold that he could not step, and his father had to carry him into the house. His mother warmed him with pepper tea, rubbed him with hot flannels, and put him to bed. He was covered with bruises that made him ache all over. But he did not complain. He went to sleep feeling perfectly satisfied, because he was quite sure that he had learned to skate.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

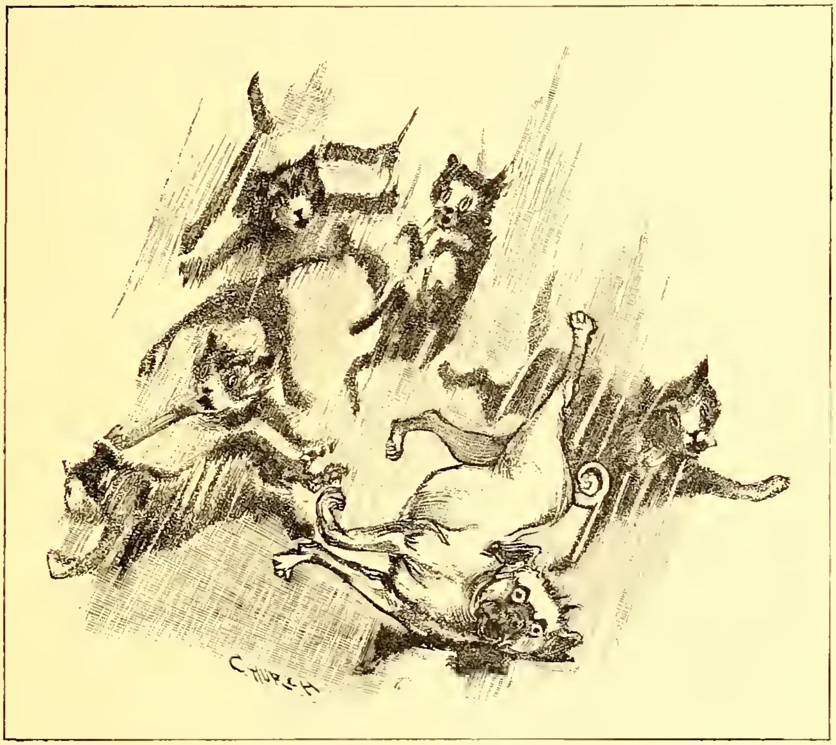
HOW SCAMP SAW IT RAIN CATS.

I once heard my master say something about raining cats and dogs. Sometimes I wish it would rain dogs, for I am awful lonely, and would like to have another pug dog to play with.

I guess the nearest I ever came to seeing it rain cats was to-day. You remember I wrote something in my diary about Buttercup, my master's little niece, — how I went driving with her and ran away and a big dog got after me. Well, to-day Buttercup and the twins — they are Buttercup's sisters — came to spend the summer with me. It is funny they should come to see me, a pug dog, and I really think they came to see my master's mother.

When they got out of the carriage each twin had a kitten under her arm. Buttercup carried a cat. But she dropped it when she saw me, and kissed me, — yes, right on the end of my black nose. They had hardly arrived before Martha Brittan came along carrying a bag over her shoulder. Martha is a colored woman who lives near us in the country. When she reached the front porch of the house, she put the bag down, and there was a funny noise inside it.

"Please, ma'am," she said to my master's mother, "I have brought all the five cats home again; Master Alexis told me to keep them for him last winter."



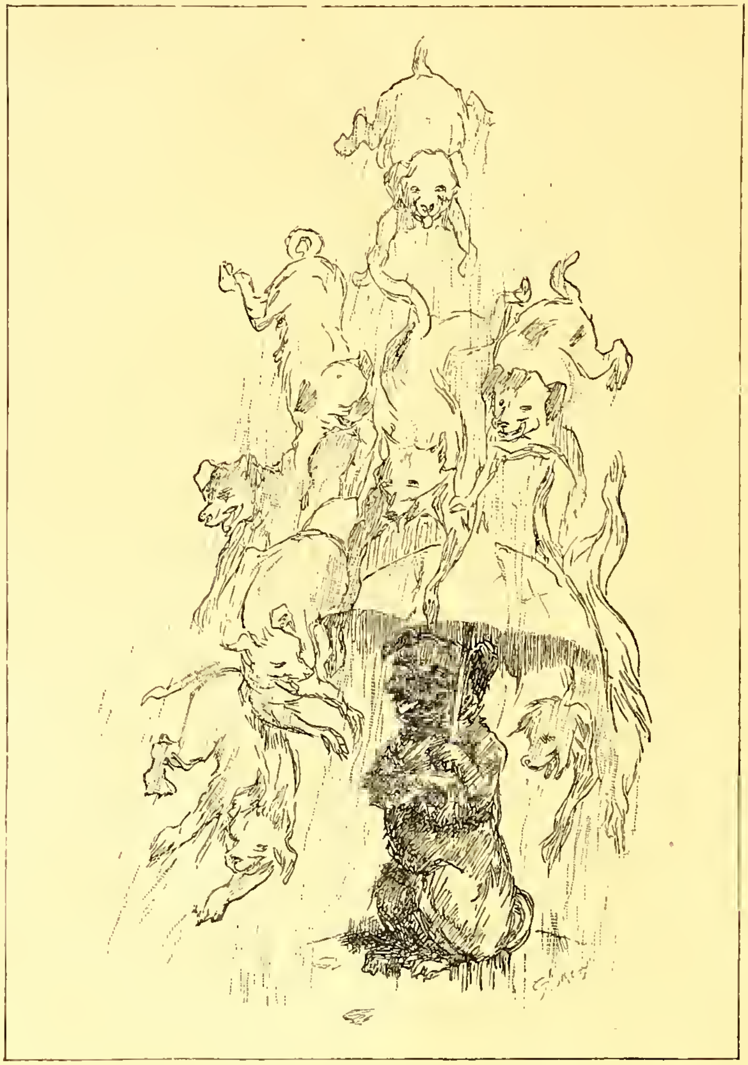
Oh, I was glad to hear that, for the cats were kittens last summer!

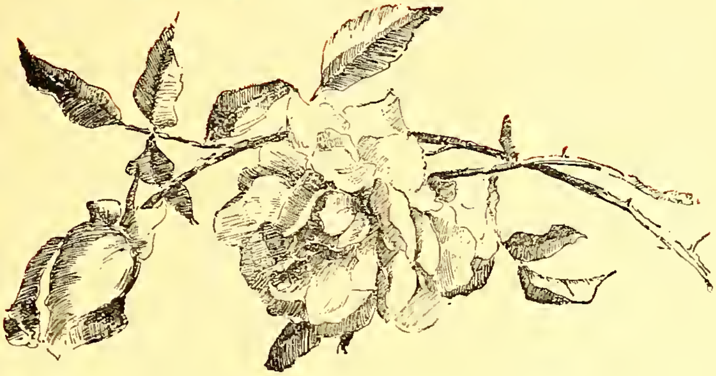
I used to have lots of fun with them. I stood on my hind-legs to see if I could look into the bag. Just then my master's mother said, "Martha Brittan, just you carry those cats back home again; I have enough trouble with Scamp and the twins, without five cats to bother with."

I don't know if she scared Martha or not, but I do know just then the bag flew open and all the cats jumped out.

My! what a fuss they made. The twins dropped their kittens out of their arms. I was so frightened I fell over on my back. I am sure it rained cats then. Next thing I knew Martha was going home with her empty bag, and Alexis, Buttercup, and the twins were chasing the cats. Of course I went too, but we never caught them.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.





MOLLIE'S LITTLE LESSON.

"Oh, how the sun shines!" said Mollie, as she got out of bed on a spring morning.

"I know the little wild-flowers are peeping up in the grove. I know just where the darling little anemones and the bluebells grow. And there are violets, too. Oh, dear! I don't want to go to school."

Mollie finished dressing, and looked over towards the grove.

"I don't believe I'm very well. I wonder if I don't look pale."

She went to the glass, and was sorry to see how rosy her round cheeks were.

"But I don't feel very well, anyway."

She put on a doleful face, and kept it so until she sat down to breakfast. It was hard work not to smile when her little kitty ran frolicking over the floor after a marble.

"What is the matter, Mollie?" asked her mamma.

"I don't feel very well, mamma. I think I'd better not go to school to-day. I need a little fresh air."

Mollie looked more doleful than ever, as she passed up her plate for some beefsteak and pancakes.

"If you are not well, my dear, you can only eat oatmeal," said mamma.

Mollie did not like oatmeal; but she thought of the anemones, and made the best of it.

"I think you had better lie down," said mamma, leading Mollie upstairs. "And you will be more comfortable with your clothes off."

And before Mollie had time to think, there she was in bed that beautiful morning!

"Can't I have my picture-books or my paint-box?" she asked.

"No, dear, not till you get well."

Oh, what a long morning it was! The sun shone, and the birds sang, and Mollie wished with all her heart that she was on the pleasant way to her pleasant school.

When dinner-time came mamma brought her some toast, though she was hungry for roast mutton.

"Can't Hetty and Tom come into my room?" she asked, when they returned from school.

"No; you must be kept quiet," said mamma.

How she hated the quiet. She thought she would never again want a rest. As she had a great deal of time, she began to think that she had tried very hard to feel sick, but it was not quite true that she had been.

She told mamma so when she came to hear her prayers.

"Whenever you are tempted to tell what is not true, dear, think of this long day in bed," said mamma, kissing her.

As mamma went downstairs, she smiled to herself, saying, —

"I think my dear little girlie has learned a lesson."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

HOW ARTHUR WAS LOST.

"Here, Hattie," said Mrs. Brown, as she was going out one afternoon, "I am going to the store, and you must amuse little brother until I come back. You may have your playthings on the piazza, but be sure that he does not go down the steps. I won't stay very long."

Hattie was a faithful little sister, and had often taken care of her

HOW ARTHUR WAS LOST.

brother. As he was three years old, his mamma felt that she could leave home for a few minutes with perfect safety.

She was away, however, longer than she expected. When she returned, she found Hattie sitting on the steps, crying as if her heart would break.

"O mamma! mamma! Arthur is lost! I have looked for him everywhere, and I cannot find him."

"I told you to keep him on the piazza," said mamma.

"I did keep him there, but he would not play with the blocks, and I went in to get the tin soldiers for him. He came into the hall with me, and I shut the door; but he opened it, for when I came out the door was open and he was gone. I ran down the street and called him, and nobody has seen him;" and Hattie sobbed again.

Mrs. Brown asked some of her neighbors to help her in the search for Arthur, and in a short time the boys and girls were running in all directions. The police were notified, and despatches were sent to all the stations, but nothing had been seen or heard of him.

Mrs. Brown returned at the end of an hour, hoping that Arthur might have found his way back in the mean time. She began to cry, too, when Hattie said, "O mamma, we shall never see him again!"

Mrs. Brown went upstairs, and sitting on the bed said half aloud, —

"My Arthur, my poor little baby!"

"What you want, mamma dear?" said a voice close beside her; and there on the bed, just awaking from a nap, was the lost child.

He felt sleepy, and when he came in with Hattie he had climbed upstairs. Throwing himself on the bed, he dropped asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, and no one thought of looking in the house for him.

M. A. HALEY.

PANSY.

WOULD you know what German children
Call this flower dear and sweet?
"Little Step-mother," they name her,
And they tell her tale complete.

PANSY.

Here's the foremost middle petal;
That's the step-mother herself.
And her daughters two beside her,
Just like her each pretty elf.

See, behind, two other petals,
On which different hues are shown.
These are the step-daughters, always
In the background, and alone.

So, to German children, Pansy
Tells her story o'er and o'er;
And they listen, and they sing it
In a little song once more.

But I love our own name better,
For it sounds more heartsomely.
Sweetest Pansy, dearest Pansy,
She shall always be to me.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE KIWI–KIWI.

"Wouldn't a bird look funny if it didn't have any wings?" said Puss. She and Johnny were sitting on the porch watching some robins. The robins were hunting worms in the grass near the porch.

"A bird wouldn't be a bird if it did not have wings," cried Johnny.

"Oh, yes it would," said Uncle Fred. Their uncle was sitting in a large chair near, reading his paper. He had heard what they said.

"I can tell you about a bird that has neither wings nor tail," went on Uncle Fred.

"O Uncle Fred, you never really saw a bird like that!" cried Puss.

"Indeed I did," replied her uncle. "I saw such a one when I was in New Zealand. It is called the kiwi-kiwi, or apteryx, and is a very queer bird indeed. It would make you laugh to see one."

"It makes me laugh to hear about it," said Johnny.

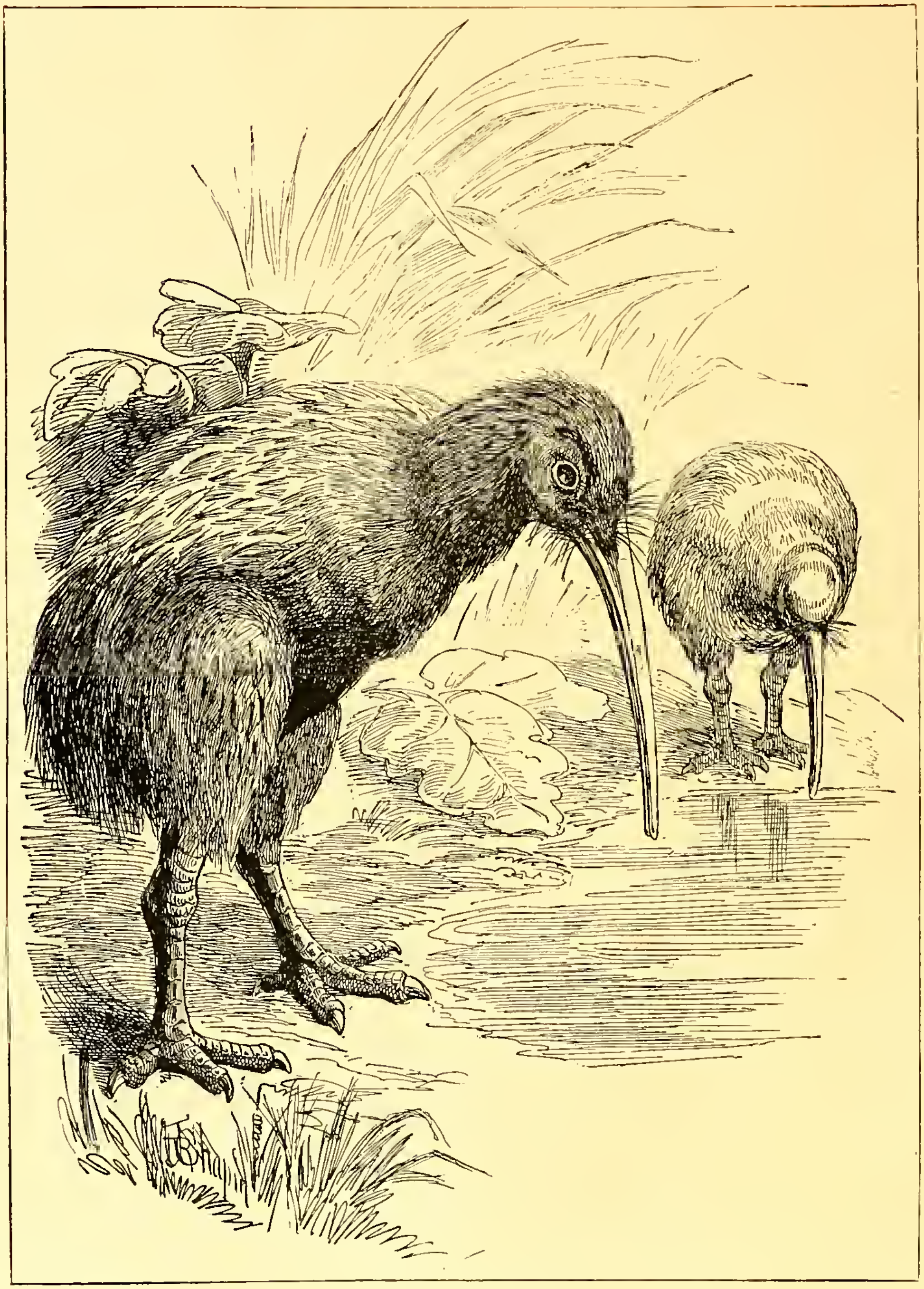
"How large is it?" asked Puss.

"About as large as a full-grown hen," said Uncle Fred. "Its feathers are very soft and pretty. The New Zealanders use them to trim their dresses.

"The skin with the feathers on it is used to make the mantle of a chief. No person of a lower order is allowed to wear one.

"The kiwi has a very long beak. When it is resting it puts its beak down on the ground. Then it looks like a ball on three legs.

"The bird is a fast runner, and the natives pursue him at night with spears and torches.



THE KIWI-KIWI.

"It does not move about much in the daytime. It is a night bird. It lives on worms, and uses its long bill to dig them out of the ground."

"And don't it really have any wings or tail?" asked Johnny. He could not quite believe a bird could live without wings or tail.

"No," said Uncle Fred, "hardly a sign of either."

"My!" but it's a queer bird," said Johnny; and Puss thought so too.

FRANK HOLTON.

MISTAKEN.

It was almost dark. George and Carl, two little cousins, were hungry. Carl's mamma had given them each a buttered biscuit, but they went into the kitchen to see if they could find something else.

"Let's put some mince-meat on our biscuits," whispered Carl.

"All right," whispered George; "where is it?"

"In a little wooden bucket. Don't you know what mince-meat comes in?"

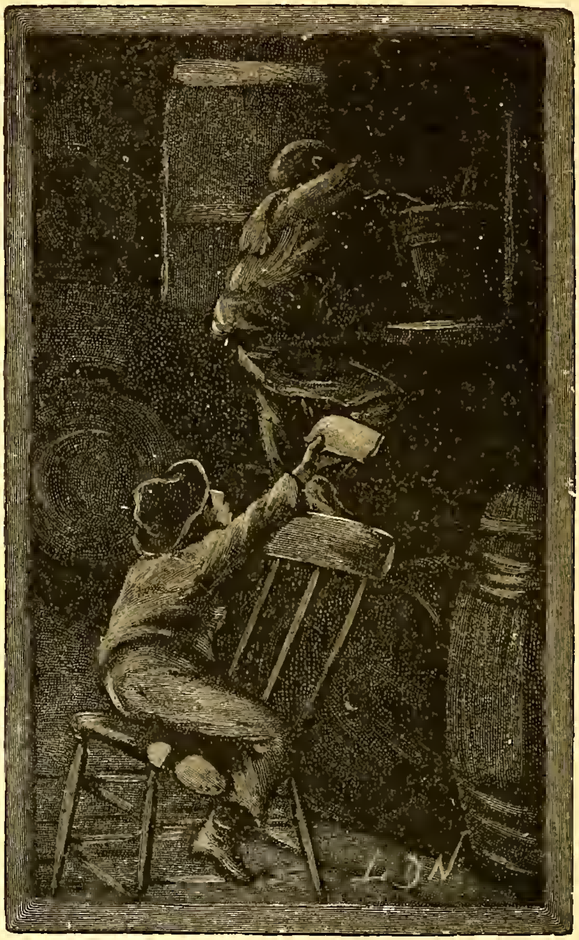
"Oh, yes! I remember now. But whereabouts is it?"

"I think it's on the safe," whispered Carl, allowing George to explore, as he was the tallest.

"Let's light the lamp," said George, rubbing his ankle where he had hit it on a box.

"Oh, no!" said Carl; "mamma don't allow me to light lamps, and she could see the light through the cracks. We must mind our mammas."

"I don't know where your mamma keeps her old mince-meat anyhow," growled George, as he fumbled among the things on the safe, standing on the top of a chair-back. "My mamma keeps her things in order so I can find 'em in the dark if I want to. Hello! here it is. Give me a knife, quick! My! it makes my mouth water just to dig the knife in!"



"Now, George, I want some on my biscuit."

"Hush! I haven't tasted it yet, and I'm company. Don't your mamma teach you any manners?"

"Well, anyway, give me some before you get down," pleaded Carl, almost crying.

"Wait till a fellow gets one taste, can't you?" and George stuffed his mouth full.

Then what a fuss there was! Down he jumped from the chair, dropping bucket and knife, and spitting and wiping his mouth.

"What's the matter?" asked Carl, forgetting to whisper.

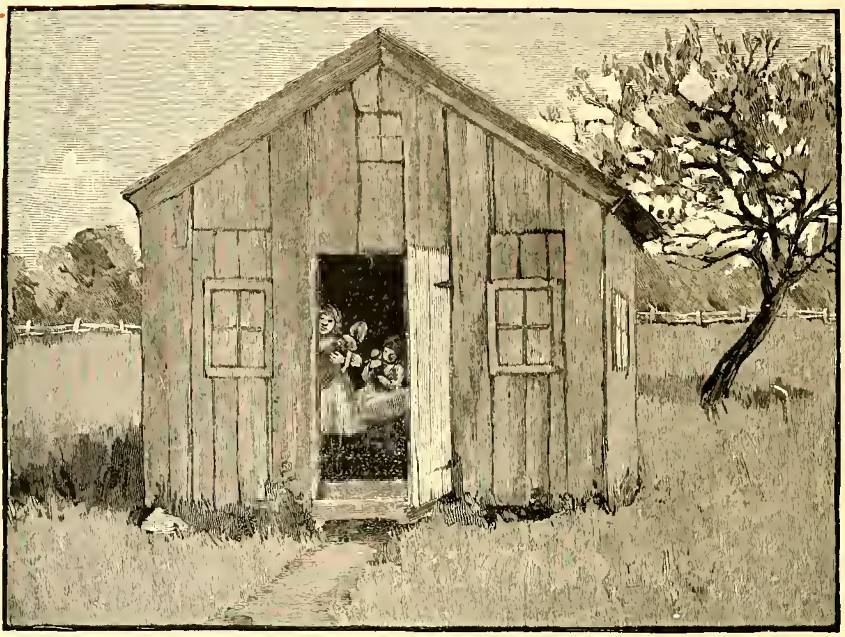
"Matter!" screamed George. "Why couldn't you tell a fellow? That's dirt in that bucket!"

"I believe it is," admitted Carl. "Mamma planted some syllabubs — no, lily bulbs — in one of those buckets."

"Hush! Run, Carl, here she comes!"

But after all, Carl's mamma didn't scold or punish the children much. She just said, "When you want anything you ought to ask for it, and I will give it to you — anything except mince-meat."

M. B. ANDERSON.



STRANGE HOUSES.

A TRUE STORY.

When Florrie was eight years old, and her sister Katy six, their father built them a large playhouse in the yard. It had four rooms, furnished very nicely, and the little girls were much pleased with it.

They called themselves Mrs. Dale and Mrs. White, and for a long time they played in their new home every day with their dolls.

But one morning when their mother went out to call them to go on an errand for her, she could not find them. They were not in their playhouse, and their dolls were all lying in a heap under a lilac bush.

Their mother looked for them at the spring-house, in the orchard, and down by the brook ; but did not find them.

As she came past the stable, however, on her way to the house, she heard their voices. She went in, and there were the two little girls, each on the back of a horse.

"O mamma!" said Florrie, "we are having such a nice time! Jerry's stall is my house, and Tom's is Katy's, and we visit each other."

The horses were very quiet, and did not seem to mind having the little girls crawl over them; but you may be sure their mother took them down very quickly from their strange houses.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

TROTTY'S SEWING.

A TRUE STORY.

MADGE and Edith were each making a present for their Aunt Kate's birthday. When Trotty saw them sewing she felt like working, too, and asked Aunt Florrie if she couldn't make a pincushion for Aunt Kate.

"I'll sew it all myself," she said.

"Very well," answered her aunt, laughing a little as she looked at Trotty's fat little fingers, which never yet had used a needle except to string buttons.

Aunt Florrie had a large box of silk, satin, and velvet pieces which she had collected for a crazy-quilt, and she let Trotty choose from them the colors she liked best. Then she cut the pieces into twelve small squares, threaded a needle, and told Trotty to go to work.

Trotty sat down on the floor, and laid the pieces on her lap in four rows, just the size she wanted the top of the cushion to be. Then she began to sew, taking very deep stitches. It was hard work for the fat little fingers to draw the needle through, and the thread would have come out with every stitch if it had not been tied in.

But at last Trotty said the pieces were all sewed, and she hoped Aunt Kate would like the cushion, for it was such hard work to make it.

"Hand it to me," said Aunt Florrie, "and let me see how you have done it."

But Trotty found she could not take the work from her lap.

"O Aunt Florrie!" she cried, "it's stuck to me; it's all sewed down!"

And sure enough, when Aunt Florrie looked she found that Trotty had sewed the pincushion-cover tight to her clothes. Every stitch had gone through to her white-flannel skirt.

"Now, what can we do?" asked Trotty. "I can't go 'round with a pincushion-cover sewed to me."

"We'll have to cut the stitches," said her aunt.

"Then all my nice sewing will be wasted," said Trotty; but when she saw there was no help for it, she let the scissors be used.

"Now you can sew the pieces together again," said Aunt Florrie.

But Trotty could not be persuaded to work any more.

Aunt Kate received the tidy and the needle-book on her birthday, but nothing more was ever heard of Trot's pincushion; and the twelve little squares found a place at last in the bottom of the family rag-bag.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

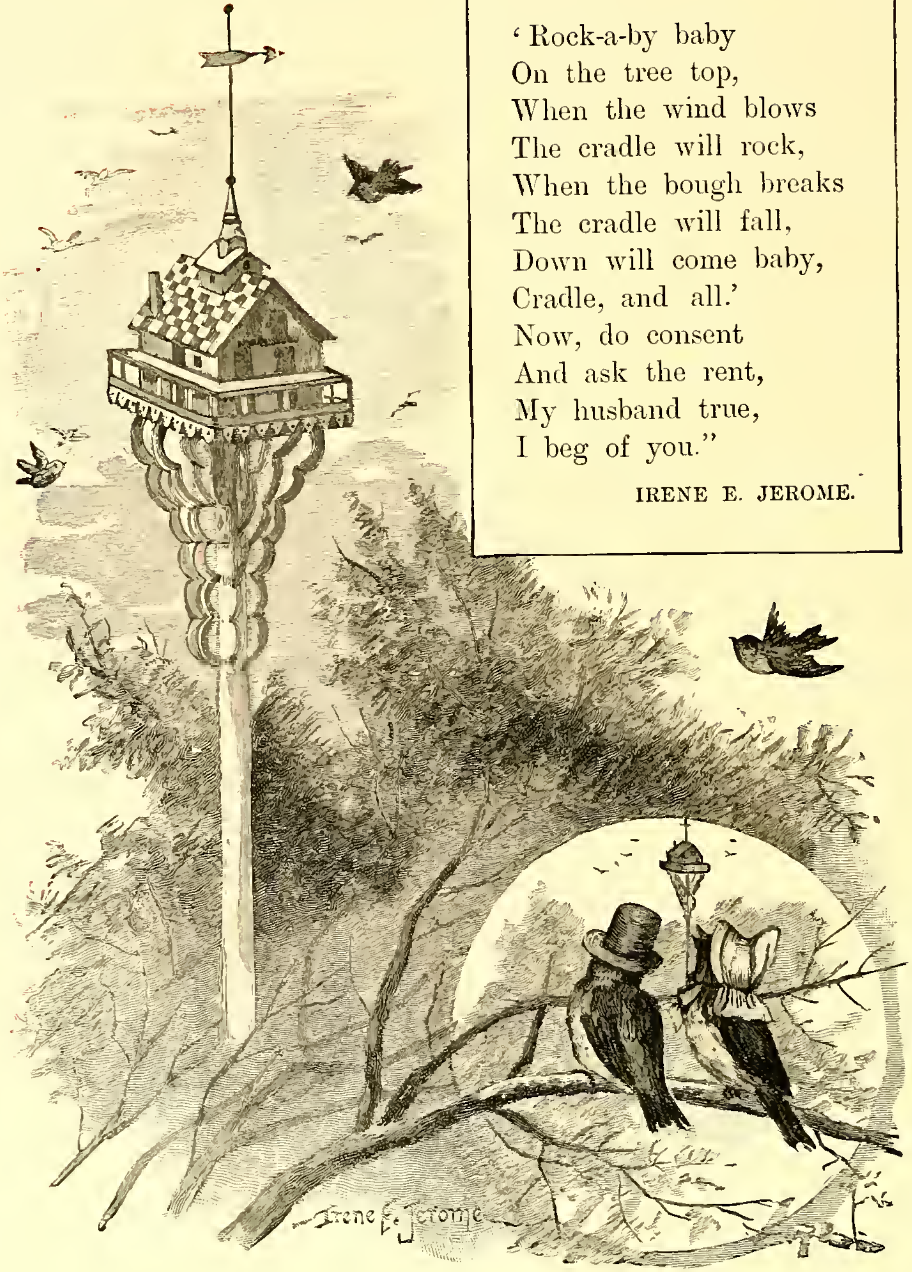
A MAY-TIME JINGLE.

"The very home for us,
Let's take it without fuss;
We'll happier be
Than up in a tree.
For I have heard —
It's not absurd —
A story old
And often told, —

A MAY-TIME JINGLE.

'Rock-a-by baby
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down will come baby,
Cradle, and all.'
Now, do consent
And ask the rent,
My husband true,
I beg of you."

IRENE E. JEROME.



MAMMY DINAH.

Had she been able to send you her card bearing her full address, it would have read in this way: —

Miss Diana Oats,
Chinquapin Hollow,
Cherokee Co.,
N.C.

And yet where she lived she was never called anything but Mammy Dinah; because, though she was only eleven years old, she was the only mother her sisters and brother had known for two years. Their father was at work on the new railroad that was being built through the mountains, and could only come home on Sundays, so that

Mammy Dinah had no one to help her look after her little family through the week, and she had lately added to it by taking home a little baby whose mother had died.

Neither Mammy Dinah nor her children had ever seen a locomotive or a railroad car; indeed, there were very few people in Chinquapin Hollow who had ever seen them, or who had seen a steamboat, or a body of water larger than the rivers that flowed through the mountains. When, therefore, Baby Callie's father stopped on his way to the store one morning, and told them he would take them, when he returned, to see the first train of cars come into a settlement five miles away, there was great rejoicing. I doubt if any little princes and princesses ever looked more eagerly for the wonderful coach-and-four than Mammy Dinah and her children looked for the funny little two-wheeled wagon drawn by a slow old ox, that was to take them to see such wonderful things.

They all clapped their hands when they saw it, and ran to get in, sitting on the hard bottom, and joggling and jouncing as the slow old ox pulled them up and down hill, and over the rocks and into the ruts. Do you think they enjoyed it?

Yes, far more than many a little girl or boy who sits in a soft-cushioned carriage with a coachman in brass buttons to drive and a footman to open the carriage door and stand in readiness to execute orders. Such a good time as they had! Indeed, when they got home that night and had only cold corn bread for their supper, they really believed no one ever had a better time than Mammy Dinah and her children had that day.

ANNIE WESTON WHITNEY.

THE ANTS AND THE LIZARD.

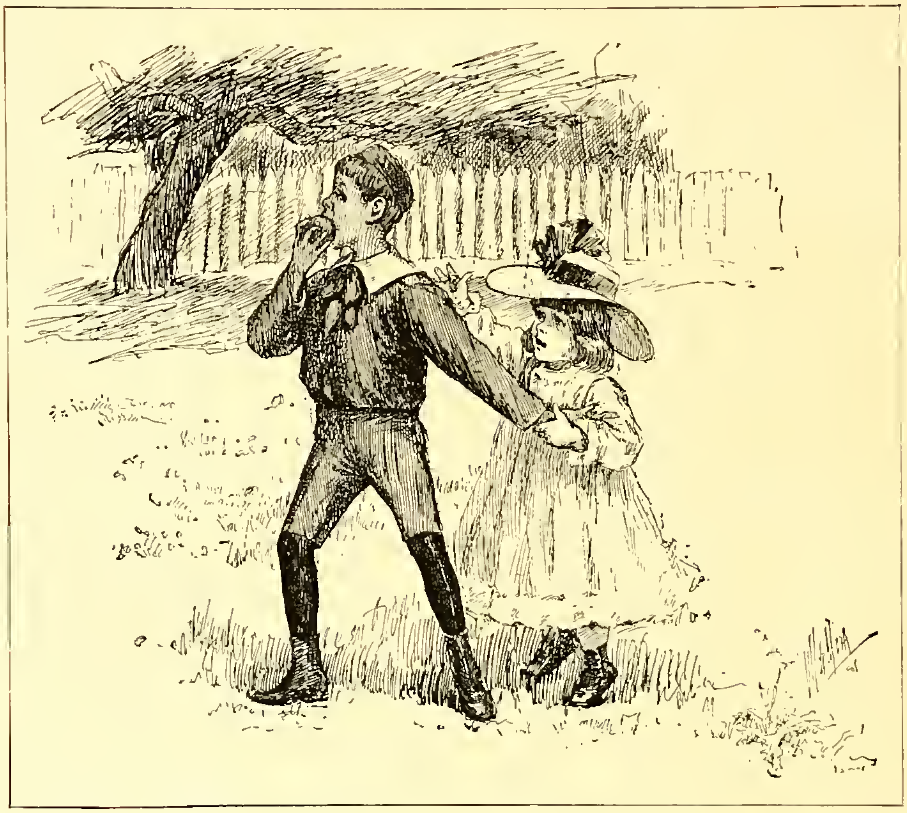
LOLO found a porter apple beneath the tree. It was like a ball of gold.

Lolo picked it up. Uncle Will had told the children they might have all the apples they found beneath the tree that afternoon.

Just then up ran little Judith. "Oh, I want that apple!" she cried. "Do give it to me, Lolo!"

"No, I want it myself!" answered Lolo, and he pretended to bite the apple.

Judith ran to him, and tried to snatch the fruit away. This made Lolo angry, and he struck at his little sister.



Then the two children began to scold each other. It was sad to see them in such a naughty temper. This is what Uncle Will thought, who was watching the little scene.

He came up to the children, who stopped quarrelling, for they were ashamed.

Uncle Will held out his hand for the apple, which Lolo gave him. He then took a knife from his pocket and began to peel the fruit.

"Listen, youngsters," he said.

"Once on a time I was standing in the doorway of my log cabin, in the California mountains. A fly lit upon my hand and bit it sharply.

"I killed the fly, and threw him down upon the ground. A little red ant seized him, and began dragging him away.

"Suddenly, another ant, of another swarm, ran up and seized the fly also. The two began to quarrel. They pulled the fly back and forth in such a lively manner that he seemed as if alive.

"All at once something flashed across the ground like a streak of gray light. The fly and the two ants disappeared. Where do you think they went?

THE ANTS AND THE LIZARD.

"A gray lizard peeped slyly out from beneath a log. He darted out his tongue and his eyes twinkled; he could tell you what had become of the fly and the two ants. He had them in his stomach. If the ants had not quarrelled and shaken up the fly, the lizard would not have noticed them.

"Now, children," continued Uncle Will, "I am the lizard and you are the two quarrelsome ants. Do you understand?"

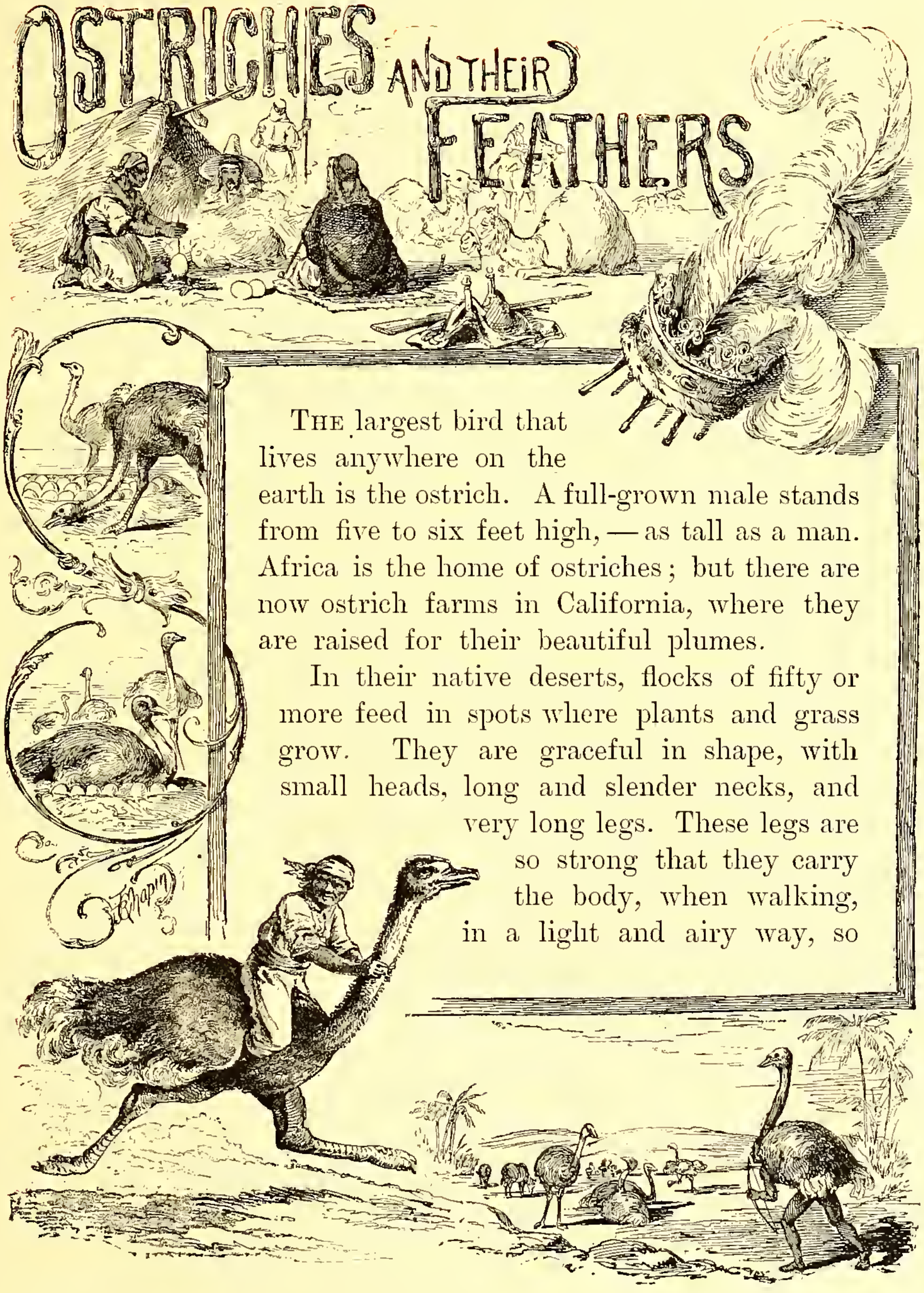
While talking, Uncle Will sliced and ate the apple. Lolo and Judith watched him, with faint hopes, till the last slice was gone.

"Next time we will go shares fairly," cried Lolo laughing.

"So we will," echoed Judith.

KHAM.

OSTRICHES AND THEIR FEATHERS



The largest bird that lives anywhere on the earth is the ostrich. A full-grown male stands from five to six feet high, — as tall as a man. Africa is the home of ostriches; but there are now ostrich farms in California, where they are raised for their beautiful plumes.

In their native deserts, flocks of fifty or more feed in spots where plants and grass grow. They are graceful in shape, with small heads, long and slender necks, and very long legs. These legs are so strong that they carry the body, when walking, in a light and airy way, so that a person watching their motions almost forgets how large and heavy they are.

An ostrich can run as swiftly as a railway engine. The wings, too small to enable the bird to fly, are spread in the race; then it is like a ship going by the power of steam and of sails. Even a leopard or lion dreads the kick of an ostrich. When hunted, it has often killed a dog or a man with one blow.

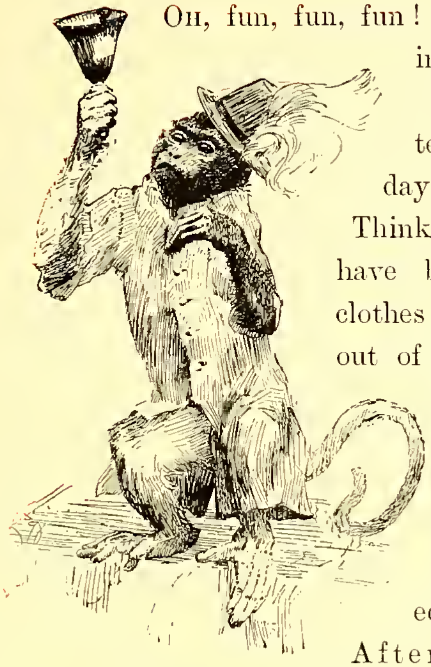
The ostrich of the desert could not find even sticks for nest-building. It does not try; it hollows out a place in the sand, and there the female lays her eggs. When sitting, she can leave her nest, and the sun will keep the eggs warm. At night the male bird broods, for he is bolder and stronger to defend the nest from prowling jackals and tiger-cats.

An ostrich egg weighs about three pounds, and what it contains is equal to two dozen hens' eggs. The Arabs and Africans are fond of them for food. They set an egg on one end over a fire when they have broken a hole in the other end of the shell. Through this hole they stir the egg with a stick while it is cooking.

When ripe, the handsome plumes are shed. On the ostrich farms these are pulled from the wings when they begin to loosen, which is three times a year. In all countries they bring a good price, and are much valued for ornament. Even queens wear ostrich plumes with their diamonds and other costly gems.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

MR. MONKEY.

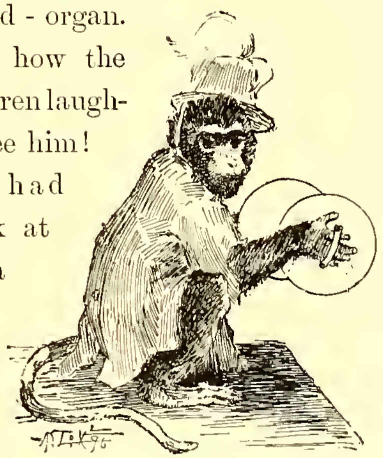


Oh, fun, fun, fun! Is there anything half so funny in this world as a monkey?

Just listen a moment, and I will tell you of one that I saw the other day.

Think what a proud monkey he must have been, dressed in a fine suit of clothes! Then to have every one look out of the window when he rung that little bell, while he sat up on the corner of the hand-organ.

And how the children laughed to see him!



After he had called every one within hearing to look at him, he made a little bow and took off his hat very politely.

Then he put down the bell, and his master gave him cymbals, which he banged together in a very lively way.

How delighted all were to see that Mr. Monkey was a student! It was so very queer to see the little scholar wearing those spectacles which the hand-organ man put on his nose; how well he held the tiny book, no matter if it was wrong side up!

Mr. Monkey would have made a good farmer, we all said, when we saw him churn. The way that handle flew up and down would have made milk into butter very shortly, if there had been any milk there.

Next came the fiddle, a nice little one, just the right size for a monkey to play. The hand-organ sounded very slowly while the little monkey played his fiddle. For fear that his master would feel badly because he was so far behind, Mr. Monkey put away his instrument, and bowed very low to the people, taking off his hat to thank them for the many pennies showered upon him.

A. HAY.

THE TEMPERANCE CHURCH–GOER.

Oh! oh! what is that awful noise? You must not call that awful; it is a solo by Mr. Fritz. If Mr. Fritz is but a dog, he would feel very badly to know that people on the street made such remarks about his singing.

He and his little master Fred are playing church. The services always commence with a solo. When Fred asks Mr. Fritz if he wants to go to church, up into the chair jumps this wise dog. He places his white paws, much resembling a gentleman's gloved hands, on the back of the chair in front of him.

He waits patiently, looking intently at the book which Fred has placed on his motionless paws, until he hears his little master strike the notes of the organ. Then raising his head he sings the sweetest song that ever came from the throat of a dog.

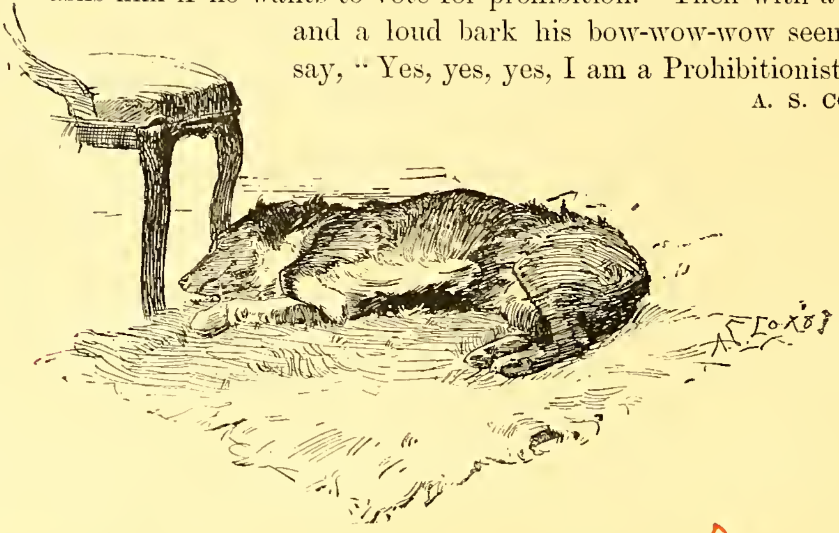
Fred thinks it is the finest music that ever was made, but his grandmother, who is sometimes persuaded to attend these services, does not fully appreciate "dog-music," and prefers long prayers.

To please grandma's taste, the music is hushed, and Fred is heard to say, "Now, Fritz, say your prayers."

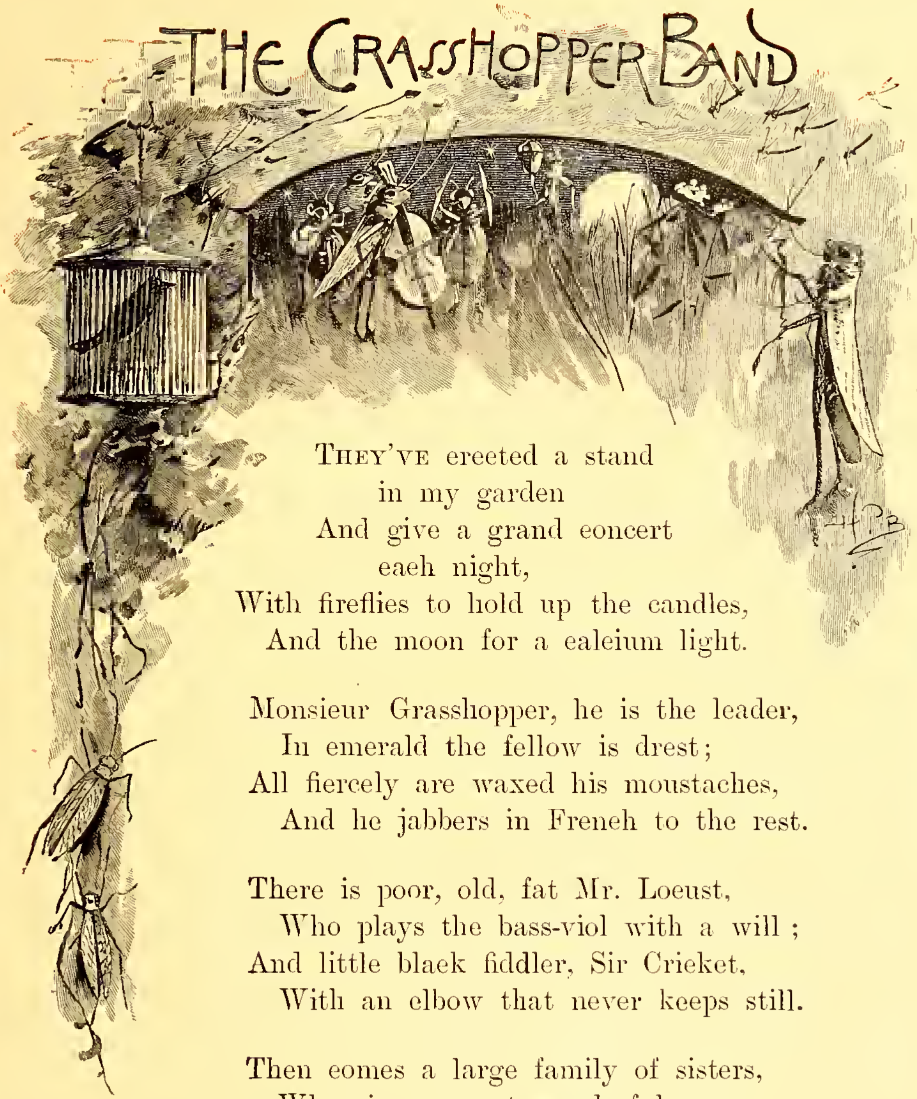
Solemnly down to the floor Fritz descends. He sits soberly up on his hind paws, placing his nose upon his white feet, and silently prays, until he hears the word "Amen," uttered solemnly by his grave young master. Then he bounds into the air in a way that would surprise any dignified church members.

Besides being a religious dog, Fritz is interested in politics. When asked if he would rather drink a drop of liquor, or die, down on the floor he drops as though he were really dead. If a bit of meat is placed near his nose he pretends not to want it any more than a really dead dog would. He remains perfectly motionless until Fred asks him if he wants to vote for prohibition. Then with a leap and a loud bark his bow-wow-wow seems to say, "Yes, yes, yes, I am a Prohibitionist."

A. S. COX.



THE GRASSHOPPER BAND



They've erected a stand
in my garden
And give a grand concert
each night,
With fireflies to hold up the candles,
And the moon for a calcium light.

Monsieur Grasshopper, he is the leader,
In emerald the fellow is drest;
All fiercely are waxed his moustaches,
And he jabbers in French to the rest.

There is poor, old, fat Mr. Locust,
Who plays the bass-viol with a will;
And little black fiddler, Sir Cricket,
With an elbow that never keeps still.

Then comes a large family of sisters,
Who sing a most wonderful song
About a young lady named Katy,
Who didn't, or did, something wrong.

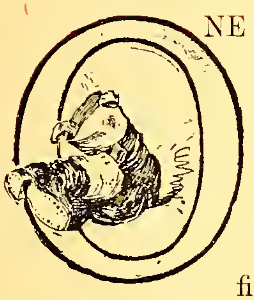
Herr Bull Frog, the wonderful cornetist;
His sister, who sings "tra la la!"
And my nightingale caged in the window, —
Oh, she is the company's STAR.

She trills the most exquisite solos,
  While Cockchafer beats on his drum,
And a chorus of ninety mosquitoes
  Fills up every pause with a *hum*.

Sing on, my sweet, feathered Patti
  Play on, my brave insect band!
Whilst I on my pillow am drifting
  Away into fairy dreamland.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

PERCY'S FIRST BOOTS.



ONE evening when Percy's father came home from the city, he brought him a pair of new boots, the first he ever had.

The tops were red, and the leather beautiful and shiny.

Percy was so proud of them that he put them close by the bed, where he could see them the first thing when he opened his eyes in the morning.

Not long after, he went to the lake with his mother and father to spend a few weeks there, and live in a tent.

He liked to sail in a boat and fish, but better than all this he liked his boots.

One afternoon, his mother left him alone for a short time while she took a nap, Percy promising to be very good, and not go near the water.

In a tree near the tent, a bird had built a nest, on a limb just over the water.

Percy watched the mother-bird flying back and forth, and wondered what was in the nest.

"I wish I could see into that nest," he said to himself; and forgetting what he had promised his mother, he began to climb the tree.

The mother-bird, a saucy Jenny Wren, told him not to come any nearer, by chattering and scolding, and bobbing her little tail up and down in the air. But Percy was not to be stopped by a saucy Jenny Wren.

He kept on climbing. Now he could see into the nest.

There were four downy little wrens in it. He put out his hand to touch them, when Mrs. Wren pecked him on the cheek, and he fell down into the water below.

How cold it was! And his new boots were full of water.

Percy took them off, and to dry them covered them with the ashes left from cooking dinner.

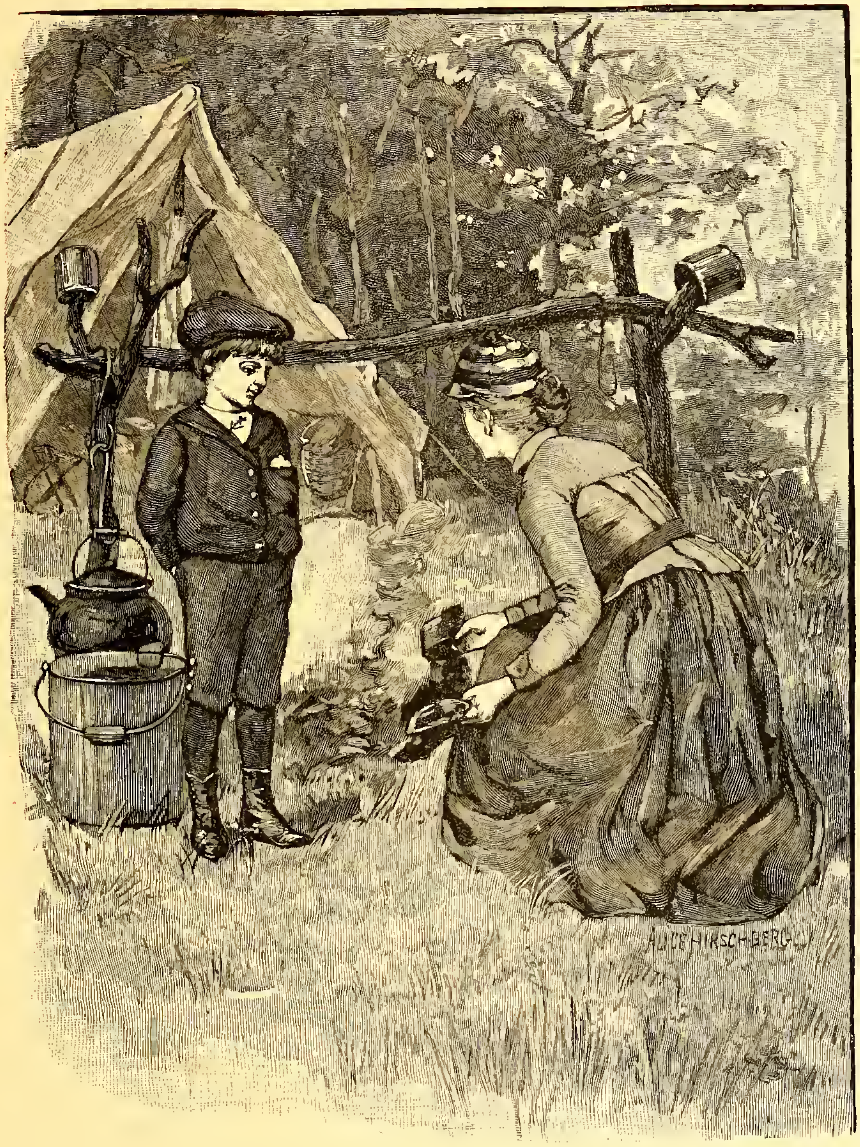
When mamma came back from her nap, she said:

"Why, Percy, how wet you are! And where are your new boots?"

Percy hung his head, but mamma looked so gravely at him, that he told her all about it.

She hastened to take the boots from the hot ashes; but it was too late. The beautiful boots were burned to a cinder.

PERCY'S FIRST BOOTS.



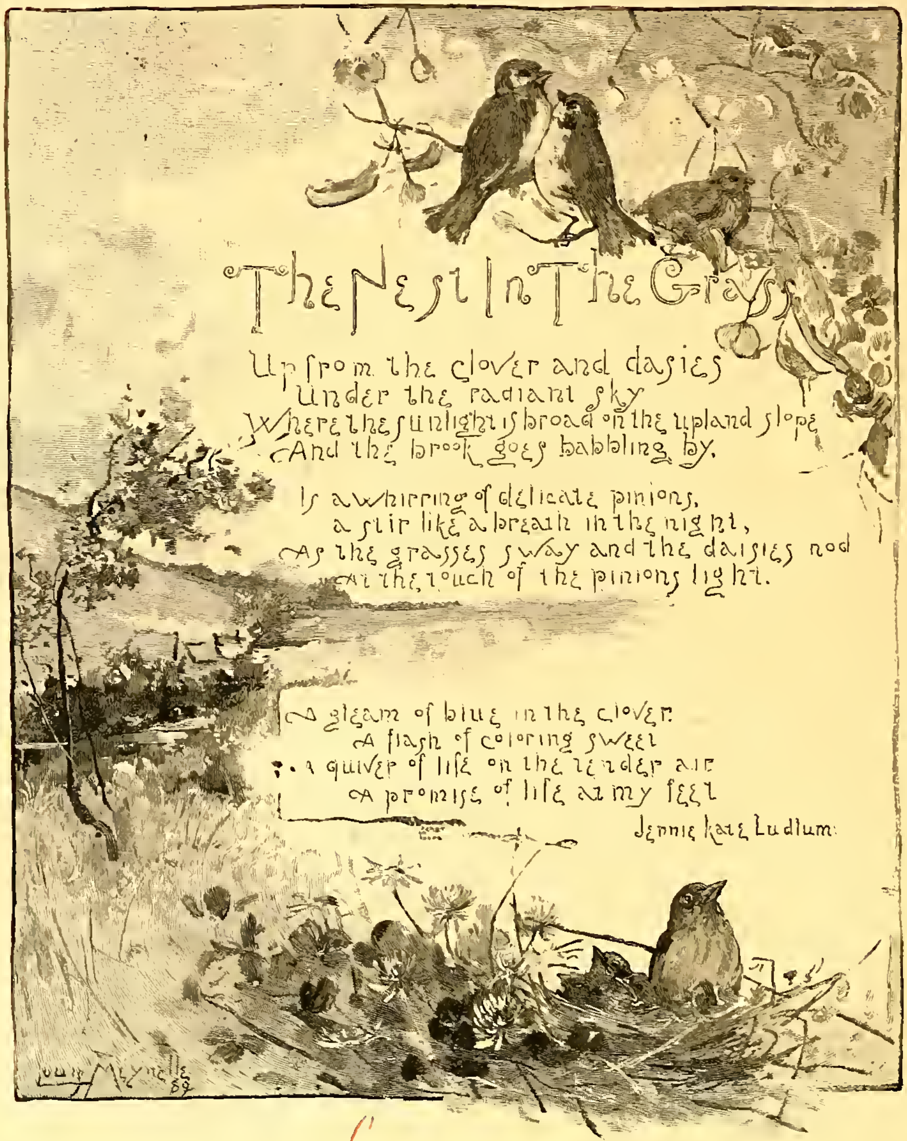
"If my little boy had not disobeyed me, he would not have spoiled his boots," said his mother.

"Can't I ever wear them again?" asked Percy.

"I am afraid not."

"Then please, mamma, don't let Jenny Wren know, 'cause she'll be so glad," said Percy, with a sob.

LOUISE THRUSH BROOKS.



The Nest In The Grass

Up from the clover and dasies
Under the radiant sky
Where the sunlight is broad on the upland slope
And the brook goes babbling by.

Is a whirring of delicate pinions,
a stir like a breath in the night,
As the grasses sway and the daisies nod
At the touch of the pinions light.

A gleam of blue in the clover
A flash of coloring sweet
A quiver of life on the tender air
A promise of life at my feet

Jennie Kate Ludlum

M. Lamont Brown.

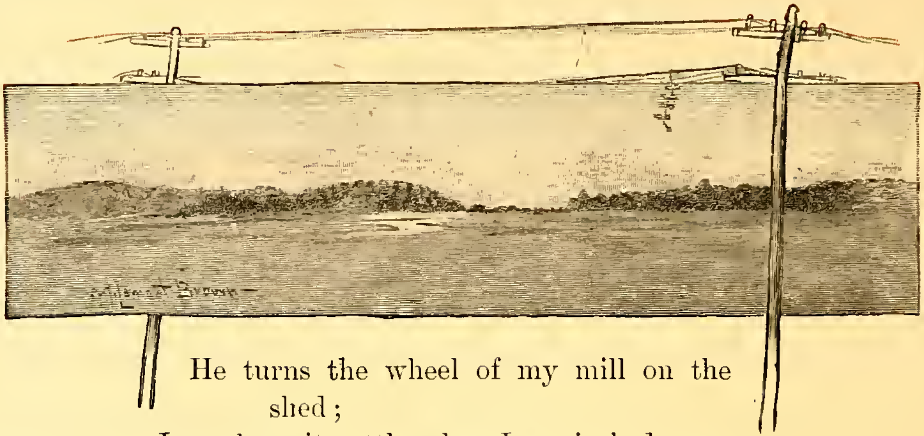
THE WIND.

He slams the door too soon by half,
And pinches my fingers with just a laugh,
And tosses my hat in the red pear-tree;
He's a rough old fellow, and he teases me.

He tumbles my hair and blows dust in my face,
Then snatches my hat and dares me to race;
And when I have run till my cheeks are like fire,
He hangs that old hat on a telephone wire.

But we're pretty good friends, the wind and I;
Nobody but him can make my kite fly,
And he never gets tired of pulling away
At the string, as long as I want to play.

He catches the sail of my gay "Anna Belle,"
And sends her across the pond right well;
He shakes all the nuts for us down from the trees,
And waves our fort flag with his best little breeze.



He turns the wheel of my mill on the shed;
I can hear it rattle when I am in bed;
And days when he's gone and the world is still,
I wish for him back, let him do what he will.

KERRY BARR.

A Ride·in·A Water·Wheel·

A TRUE STORY.

Bertie Gale lived near a noisy little brook, which went singing through the meadow. Just below the house in which he lived was a dam. It made a large pond above it, and the water was used to turn the wheel of a small woollen-mill.

A RIDE IN A WATER-WHEEL.

It was such fun to watch the water pouring over the wheel, turning it swiftly round and round.

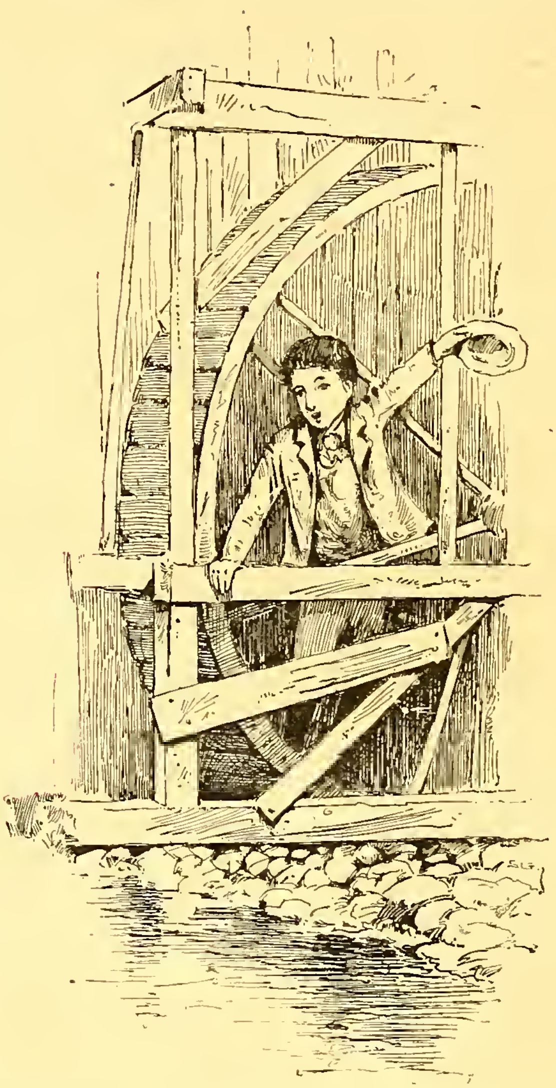
Bertie was never tired of looking at it, but it made his mother very anxious if her little boy was long out of her sight. But he had promised never to go into the water without permission.

But one summer the water was shut off for a while, and the mill was silent. The old wheel was badly decayed and broken, and Mr. Gale said a new wheel must be built.

Every day Bertie hurried home from school to watch his father and the workmen, as they built the new wheel.

A RIDE IN A WATER-WHEEL.

One day when he came home, he ran down to the mill as usual. The new wheel was in its place all ready for action.



How new and clean it looked! The workmen had gone, and no one was in sight.

"What a nice playhouse it would make," thought the boy. Then he stepped carefully into the wheel.

"This is my castle," said Bertie to himself, "and the brook is the river Rhine, and" —

Bertie did not finish his sentence. Suddenly there was a terrible roaring over his head, and the wheel began to go slowly around. The next thing the boy knew he was lying upon a pile of blocks and shavings, feeling very much as if he had been through his mother's sausage-mill, but very thankful that he was not still going around that swiftly-moving wheel. He was not very much hurt, only a good deal bruised. It was a long time before he cared to look at the water-wheel again.

JULIA D. PECK.

NANCY'S LEAP.

A TRUE STORY.

One pleasant afternoon Julia and Caroline came to play with their little friend, Nancy.

"Let us play a game of hide-and-seek," said Julia, after they had visited the pigs and chickens; so away they ran to the barn. Just below the mow of sweet-smelling hay stood a covered barrel.

NANCY'S LEAP.

"Who dares jump from the hay to the barrel?" cried Caroline.

"I," said Nancy, eagerly, and she began to clamber up the ladder to the hay-mow. But at the top round she stopped. At the dinner-table that day father had said, "Nancy, I do not want you to jump on the hay." "But he did not say I must not jump from the hay to the barrel," said the little girl to her troubled conscience.

"Nancy is afraid," called Julia from below.

"Wait and see," returned Nancy, bravely, as she stepped from the ladder to the hay.

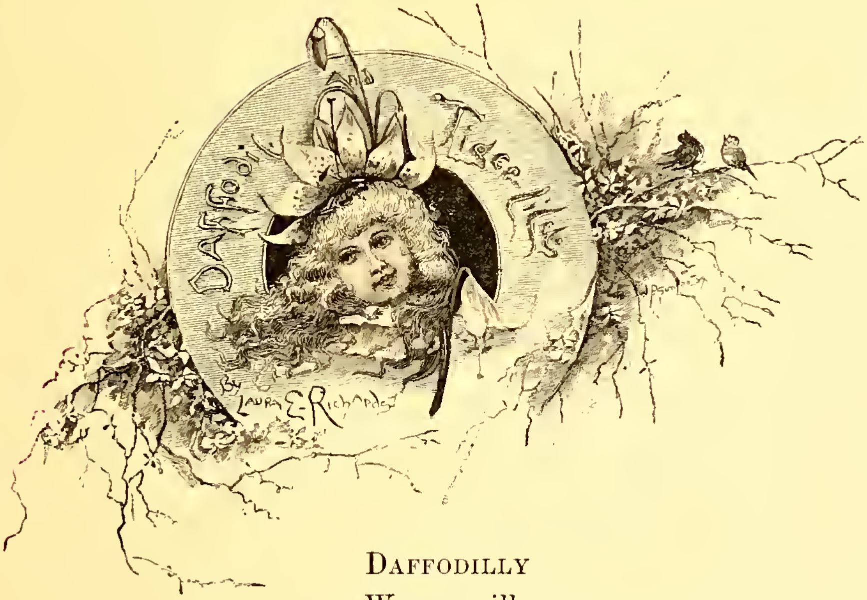
"One to begin," shouted Caroline to Julia; but before they could say any more, Nancy gave a bold jump. The barrel-cover was old and weak, and broke, letting Nancy fall into the barrel.

"Oh, oh!" cried the two little girls, and "Oh, oh!" echoed Nancy, as she landed, bruised and bleeding, in a confused little heap in the bottom of the barrel. Then they all screamed in concert, and out came mother to see what could be the matter.

Nancy was indeed hurt. A sharp nail had made a cruel wound in her leg, and kind Dr. Gray had to be called to stop the bleeding.

It was a forlorn little girl that whispered to mother that night, "I will never be disobedient again." And she was not for a long time.

HARRIETTE T. PECK.



DAFFODILLY
Was so silly,
Fell in love with Tiger Lily.
Green and yellow,
Foolish fellow,
Vowed he'd wed her, willy-nilly.

"Not at all, sir!
You're too small, sir,
Your society would pall, sir
Half my height, sir,
'Tis not right, sir,
You should think of me at all, sir."

"I will grow, ma'am,
Even so, ma'am,
You will wonder at my figger;
Like a rocket
From its socket,
I will shoot up big and bigger.

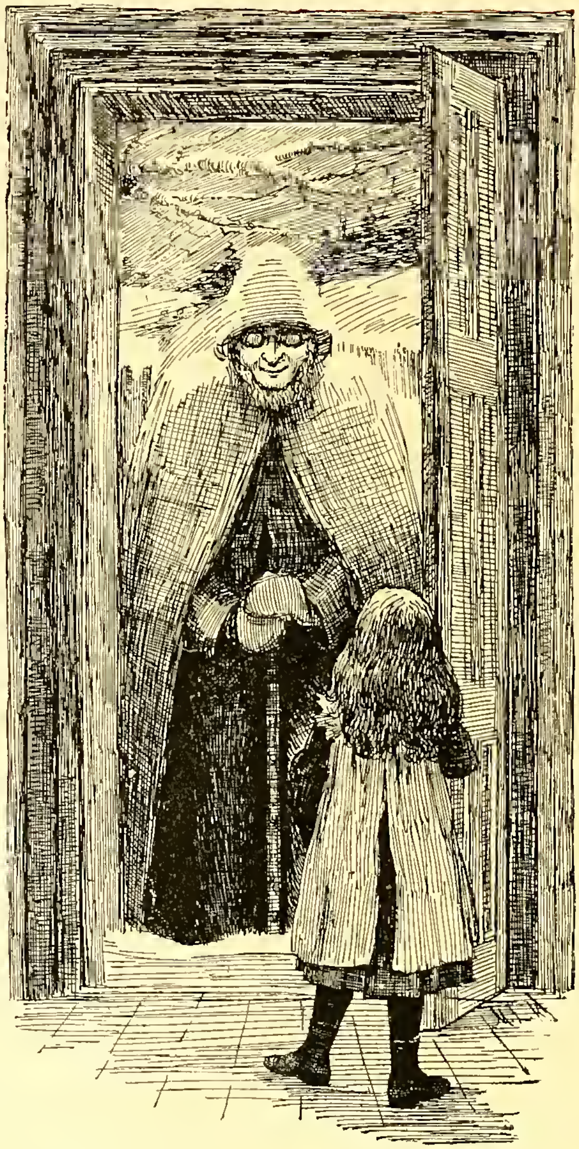
DAFFODIL AND TIGER LILY.

“In the garden,
By the yard in
Pride and joy I’ll be arising;
All who view me
Bowing to me,
For my beauty most surprising.”

So he got up,
And he shot up,
Oh! the foolish Daffodilly!
Broke his head then,
And lay dead then,
At the feet of Tiger Lily.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

BESSIE'S TRAMP.



GREAT flakes of snow were falling softly to the ground. Bessie stood watching them from the window. She was alone in the kitchen. Mamma had gone upstairs to make the beds, and the pretty rag doll lay neglected on the floor. Suddenly Bessie heard a sound at the back door.

"That's papa," she thought. But no! when she opened the door, there stood a lame old man, shivering with the cold. He was a funny old man. He wore a hood and a long cloak and a pair of green spectacles.

Bessie was surprised but not frightened. "Come in, if you please," she said sweetly.

The old man walked in and sat down by the fire.

Bessie sat down opposite him on her little stool. She waited for the old man to speak, but he did not.

Finally she said, "Please, sir, are you a tramp?" The old man smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I've tramped 'way from the village this morning."

"Oh," cried Bessie, "then you are tired! Are you hungry too?"

"A little," said the tramp.

Bessie's heart was filled with pity. She went to the pantry and brought out bread, doughnuts, meat, and a piece of pie.

"Please eat some breakfast," she said solemnly.

The old man's eyes twinkled. He sat down at the table. Bessie looked on in surprise. "He is so hungry, poor, poor man!" she said softly.

Presently mamma's step was heard. She opened the door and stood still.

"Why, Bessie!" she exclaimed.

Bessie ran to her, saying, "Please, mamma, he is very poor, and was cold and hungry."

The old man turned around. And then, what do you think! mamma went right up and kissed him.

Bessie looked very sober. She didn't think it was quite right to kiss a tramp.

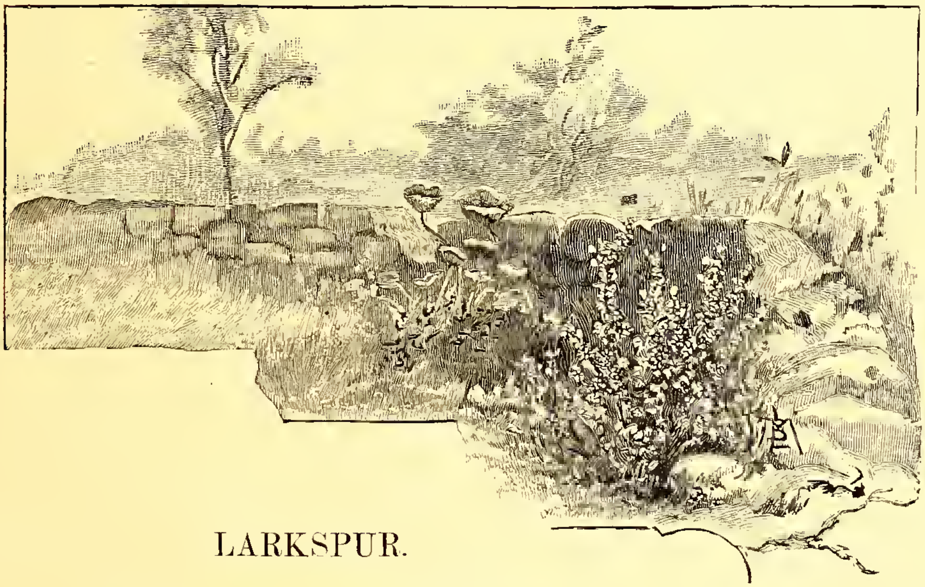
"Won't you kiss me, too?" asked the tramp. Bessie shook her head. Mamma laughed. So did the old man.

"Well, will you now, Bessie?" and the lame old man stood up very straight, threw off his cloak and hood, and took off his green spectacles.

"Grandpa, grandpa!" cried Bessie, running right into the old man's arms. She kissed him ever so many more times than mamma did.

She was surprised, but was very happy to find that the old tramp was really her own dear grandpa.

DORA LESLIE.



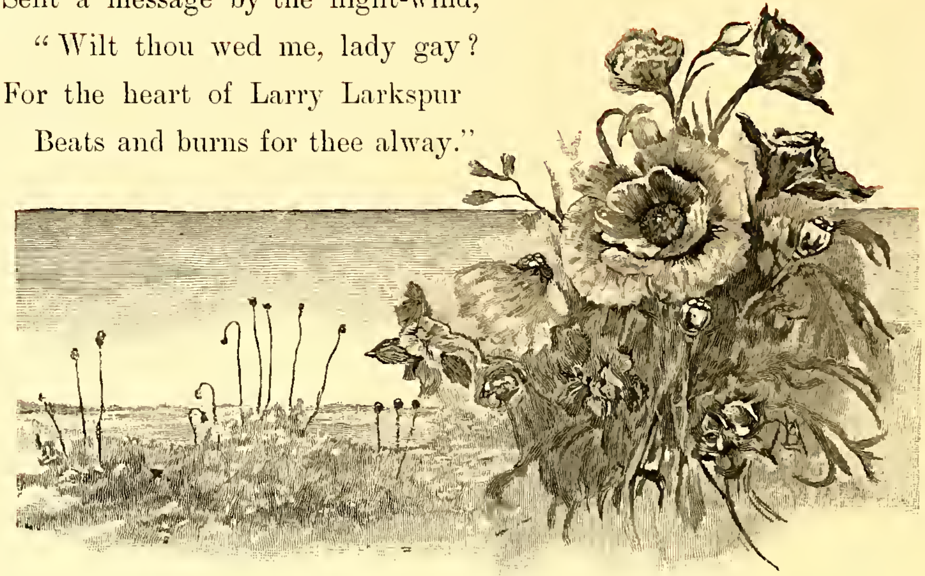
LARKSPUR.

Larry Larkspur, Larry Larkspur,
  Wears a cap of purple gay,
Trim and handy little dandy,
  Straight and smirk he stands alway.

Larry Larkspur, Larry Larkspur,
  Saw the Poppy blooming fair;
Loved her for her scarlet satin,
  Loved her for her fringéd hair.

LARKSPUR.

Sent a message by the night-wind,
  "Wilt thou wed me, lady gay?
For the heart of Larry Larkspur
  Beats and burns for thee alway."

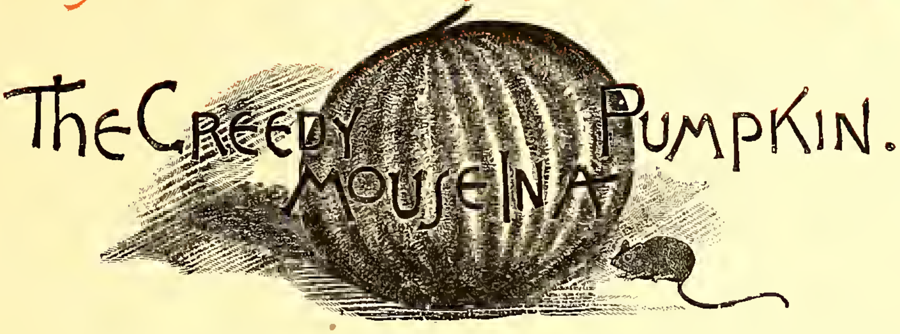


When the morning 'gan to brighten,
  Eager glanced he o'er the bed.
All the Poppy's leaves had fallen!
  Bare and green her ugly head.

Sore amazed stood Larry Larkspur,
  And his heart with grief was big.
"Woe is me, she was so lovely!
  Could one guess she wore a wig?"

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

The Greedy Mouse in a Pumpkin.



It was the biggest, roundest, yellowest pumpkin you ever saw. Uncle Jack called to Dollykins to come and look at it.

"There, that will make enough pies for the little old woman that lived in a shoe and all her children, on Thanksgiving day."

Dollykins laughed; for although she did not belong to the little old woman, she knew she would have a piece of pie.

The pumpkin was laid on the cellar shelf not far from the wall where Mrs. Mouse had built herself a snug house. There was a large family of them, and Mrs. Mouse called them to her and told them that it was quite time to find homes for themselves.

"There is Whiskers, now," said his mother; "he is old enough to climb the pantry wall and take a sip of cream. And here is Long Tail, who yesterday took a piece of cheese from the trap by himself. Clear out, all of you!"

Off scampered the little mice. Now Whiskers had seen Uncle Jack put the pumpkin on the shelf, and he thought what a fine home it would make.

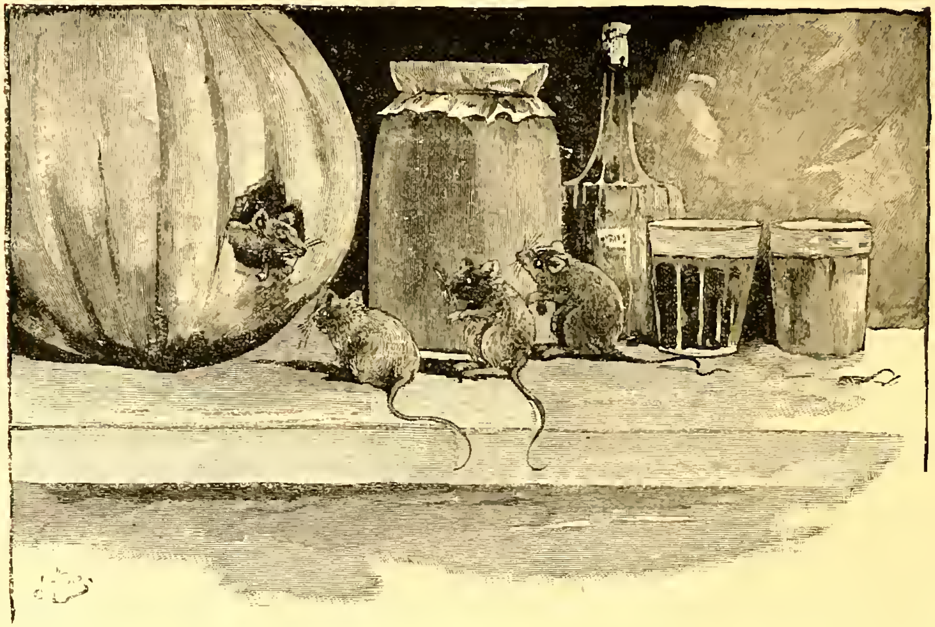
Once inside he would always have plenty to eat, and would never have to go scrambling through the cellar in search of a dinner as the others did.

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Mouse when she heard of it; "you will be sure to be caught in your own trap."

But Whiskers only laughed; what did an old mouse like his mother know! So he gnawed a hole in the pumpkin, and ate and ate until his sides grew so fat he could hardly move.

"You'll come to harm," sighed Mrs. Mouse, shaking her head; but Whiskers laughed again.

His brothers and sisters had to work hard for their living; and Whiskers, with his head stuck out of his pumpkin-house, made sport of them, and would not give them even a taste of the sweet, yellow meat.



The day before Thanksgiving, Uncle Jack carried the pumpkin upstairs and laid it on the table. Whiskers, as usual, had eaten so much that he was sound asleep and did not know it.

Grandma, with a sharp knife, cut into the pumpkin, when out rolled Whiskers.

"Oh," cried grandma, "a horrid mouse! Kill it quick!" And poor Whiskers was thrown into the water-pail to meet a cruel death.

"I told him so," said his mother; "but children will never take advice from their parents."

LOUISE THRUSH BROOKS.

THE CHINAMAN'S CHASE.

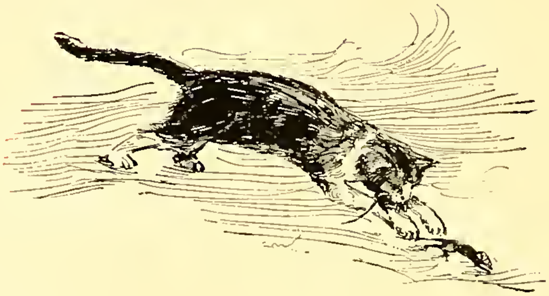
A Chinaman gay, one fine sunny day,
Sat down to his rice and his tea;
Along came two mice, so sleek and so nice;
He cried, "For my feast they shall be."

(For Chinese, 'tis said, altho' they eat bread,
Will dine upon mice to this day.)
So what a wild chase! all over the place
Confusion held riotous sway.

His shoes made of wood, and all things he could,
Chang threw at the scampering prize.
His once braided queue now streamed in full view,
And fierce were his long, slanting eyes.

THE CHINAMAN'S CHASE.

A cat from the wall,
unnoticed by all,
Looks down with a
countenance meek.
"You think you will
win, O foolish
Chang-Sin,"
She surely would say, could
she speak.



The mice skipped and ran, o'er table
and pan,
The Chinaman close at their heels;
When suddenly fell a heathenish yell,—
The mice gave the direst of squeals.

The cat, with a spring, had entered
the ring,
And snatched up the prize for her
own;
While Chang, very blue, rebraiding his
queue,
Went back to his rice, with a groan.

MRS. C. O. HARRINGTON.

A SNOW-WHITE ROBIN

ONE summer morning Helen and Berta went out under the cherry-tree, to watch Mrs. Redbreast up in her nest. They listened, and thought they could hear a little "Peep, peep."

Running into the house they called Uncle Burr. He climbed the tree, and found four little featherless birdies, with four little wide-open mouths, calling for their breakfasts.

He only stayed in the tree a moment, for Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast came flying back with food for their babies.

Helen and Berta watched the nest every day, and it was not

long before they could see four little bald heads peering over the side of the nest. In a few more days they saw them sitting on the side of the nest, while Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast were trying to coax them to fly, but they were too timid to start out.

Soon Helen came running into the house calling: —

"Oh, mamma, mamma, something is the matter with one of our baby robins, he is all over flour!" Sure enough, when mamma went to look there were three brown birdies and one white one.

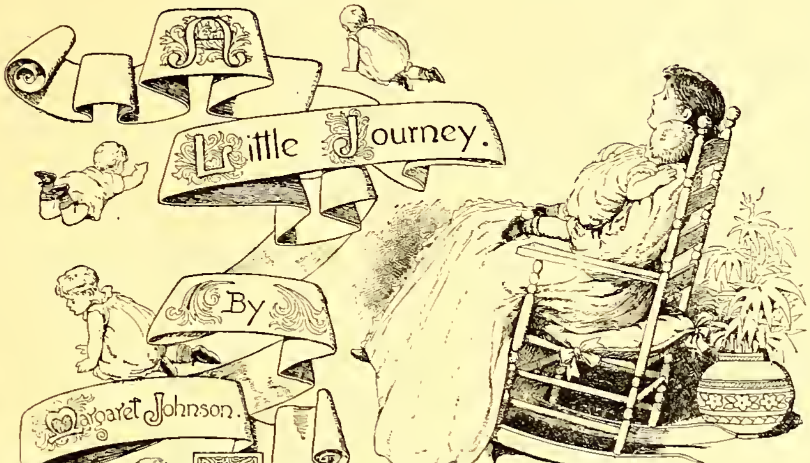
They could not account for it for some days. Uncle Burr fixed a sieve, and caught the little white fellow; and sure enough it was a real robin.

He was soon at home in a nice brass cage, happy and contented. He grew very tame, and was allowed to fly around the room. He would eat dainties from the little girls' fingers, as they always fed him regularly, and never frightened him.

He grew very fast, and before winter had his full plumage; and a strange one it was for a robin redbreast. He was pure white all over, except his plump little breast, which had just the lightest shade of salmon on the tips of the feathers. His bright little eyes were pink like those of white mice.

He sang the same notes as his darker brothers and sisters. and seemed to enjoy himself just as much. He was certainly surer of having plenty to eat and of not getting hurt, than he would have been out-doors.

G. B. GREEN.



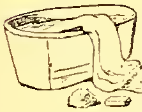
A Little Journey.

By

Margaret Johnson.

The road that leads to Lapland,
His dear and distant home,
The little traveller took when first
He started out to Rome.

By Bath his journey led him,
And through Cologne's sweet air,
And all across Milk River—
A pleasant stream and fair.

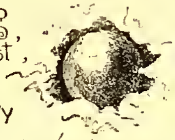


He passed the Sandwich Islands
And Turkey on his way,
And tarried at the Table-lands
Where China glistening lay.

By many Falls he travelled;
Around Cape Fear he pressed;
And then to Lapland hurried on,
And paused awhile to rest.

Yet from this happy harbor
Where Peace and Concord flow,
To other lands — not Chili now —
His tireless feet would go.

By Little Rock and Sing-Sing
And Rheims he voyages on,
And rounding Cape Farewell at last,
From mortal sight is gone.



And though in some far country
He travels still mayhap,
The lands where now his journey lies
Are not upon the map!

A BOY AND A BOAT.

ONCE there was a fat boy. He lived by a river. His name was Tommy. Tied to the bank of the river was a boat. He said to himself, "I am going down to that boat, see if I don't. Perhaps I will have a sail in it."

One morning he slipped slyly out of the house, not saying a word to his kind mother, I am sorry to say.

He was small, he was round. He did not wish his mother to see him, and he ran down the hill. If he had lain down, I think he might have rolled to the bottom, this round, fat boy.

He wore a bright plaid frock. It was red and black. He may have thought he looked very fine. Nobody doing wrong looks well.

"Oh, good!" he said, at the bank of the river. "Here is the boat. I — I —" What did he say he would do, think you?

Stop here, and look at the boat. It is not safe to keep looking at anything we ought not to have. It is better to run from it.

"I'll just step into the boat, put one foot in," said Tommy; and in went one fat foot. It is not safe, though, to give one leg to a wrong course. Take your two legs, or let them take you, and run away from what tempts you.

Bawl, bawl, bawl!

Somebody up on the bank was shouting to somebody else. Was it Judge Smith, the great man of the village, calling to Tommy? Down into the boat dropped Tommy. And then — we will find out what comes from looking too long and from giving one foot to a wrong course.

"Where's Tommy?" said Mrs. Parlin, his mother, about ten that morning. Nobody knew. She tried to find him upstairs; he was not there.

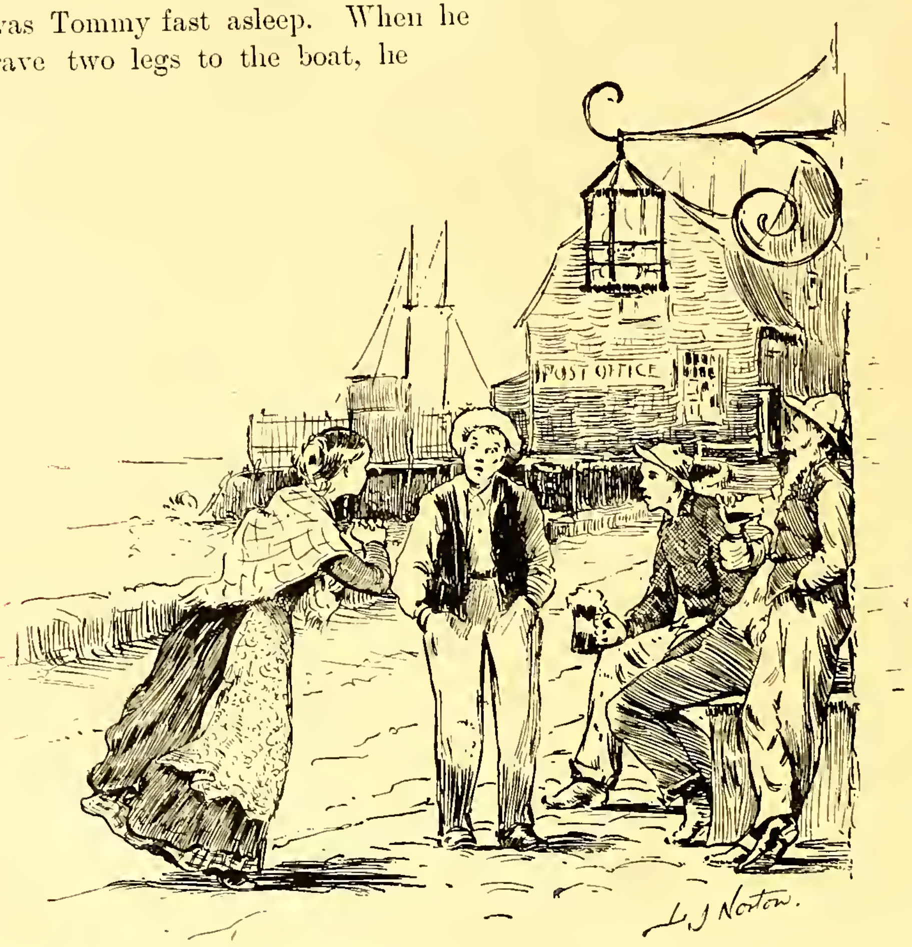
"He is in the garden," she said. No; guess again, Mrs. Parlin.

"He is in the barn," she said. No; guess again. She stopped guessing, put on her bonnet, and flew down the hill.

"Tommy in here ?" she asked at the post-office, the hotel, and the one store at the bridge over the river.

"Then — then he is in the river! Oh, Tommy!" she shrieked. She ran down to the water, saw the boat, and chanced to look in. What was it she saw under a bench ? A strip of green baize hung down from the bench, and peeping out at one corner of this curtain was a bit of red and black plaid.

Mrs. Parlin lifted the curtain, and tucked away, under the bench, was Tommy fast asleep. When he gave two legs to the boat, he crawled down there under the bench lest some one might see him. Then he went down still farther into a deep slumber.



Ah, that bit of cloth told about Tommy! When we do wrong, can we always hide it from man, and do we ever hide it from God? Will not something tell of us?

A very sheepish Tommy went up the hill. I can tell you.

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

THE WIND.

There is a queer old fairy, who lives where no one knows,
For none can see him coming, or tell where 'tis he goes.

Down from his mountain fortress he rushes through the land,
Leaving a track behind him as made by armied band.

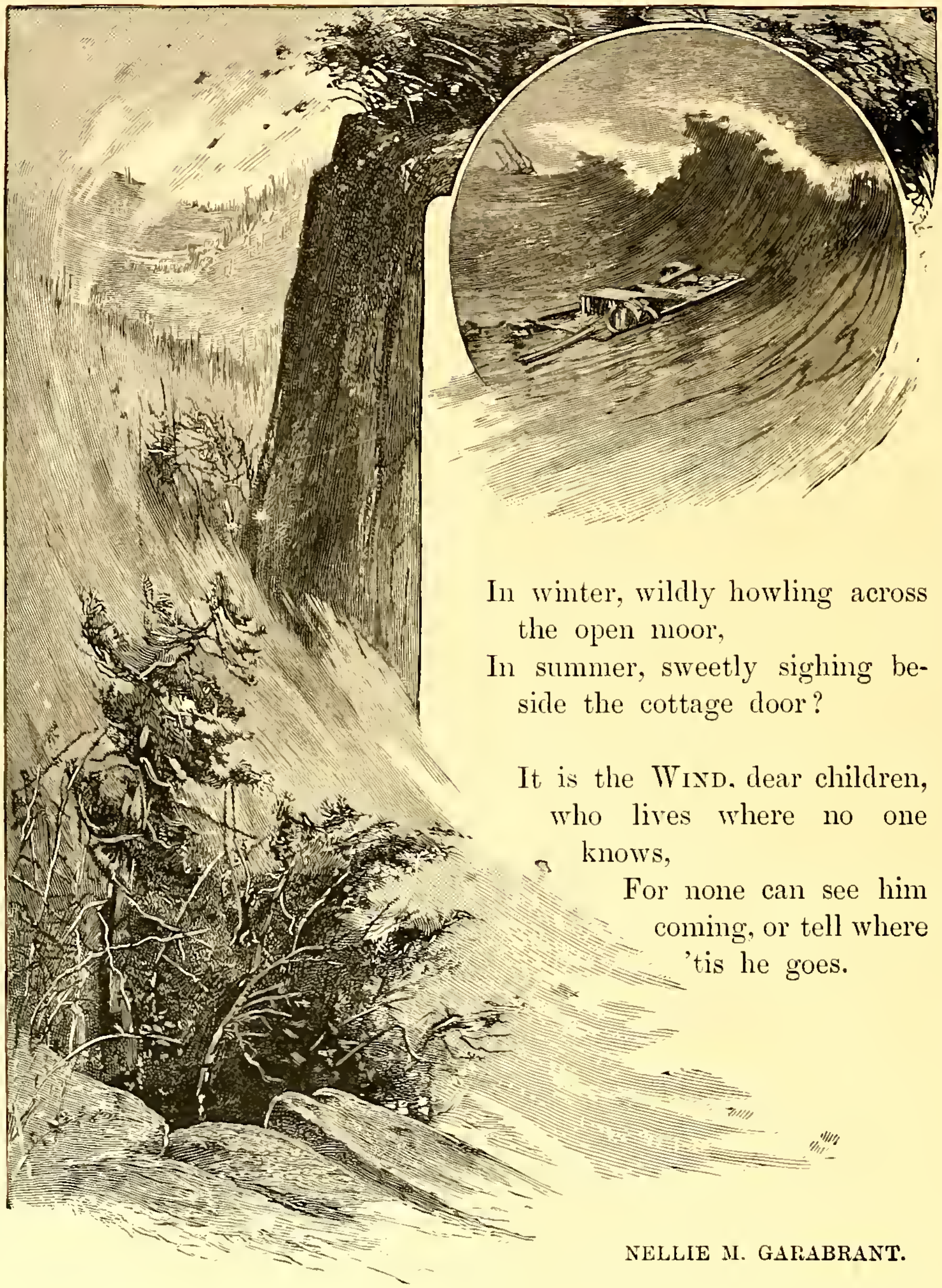
But on the mighty ocean he rolls the booming wave.
And sends the shipwrecked sailor down to a lonely grave.

But, oh, not always wildly, not always full of wrath,
Comes this old fairy, bringing destruction in his path.

Sometimes all softly, gently, on velvet wing he goes,
To kiss the cheek of girlhood, or dally with the rose.

Sometimes in madcap frolic he joins the boys at play,
And far, far up to cloudland he bears their kites away.

Who is this queer old fairy, now tell me, children all,
Sometimes so big and angry, sometimes so soft and small;



In winter, wildly howling across the open moor,
In summer, sweetly sighing beside the cottage door?

It is the WIND, dear children, who lives where no one knows,
For none can see him coming, or tell where 'tis he goes.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

FRITZ.

OH, Fritzie, Fritzie, how sorry I am that you should ever have learned to hold a pipe in your mouth! But then you are only a dog, and mamma would say that dogs do not know any better.

"But suppose you should really learn to smoke and use tobacco, and no one should teach you better, do you know what would happen? Why, you would soon get to be nervous and fidgety, and bark at every one who comes to see mamma and me. Perhaps some day you would bite Jennie Pierce when she comes over here; then what should I do?

"Now, if you were a boy, I could make you understand just how bad it is, even to hold a pipe in your mouth. Since you are a dog, I suppose you cannot understand one word I say.

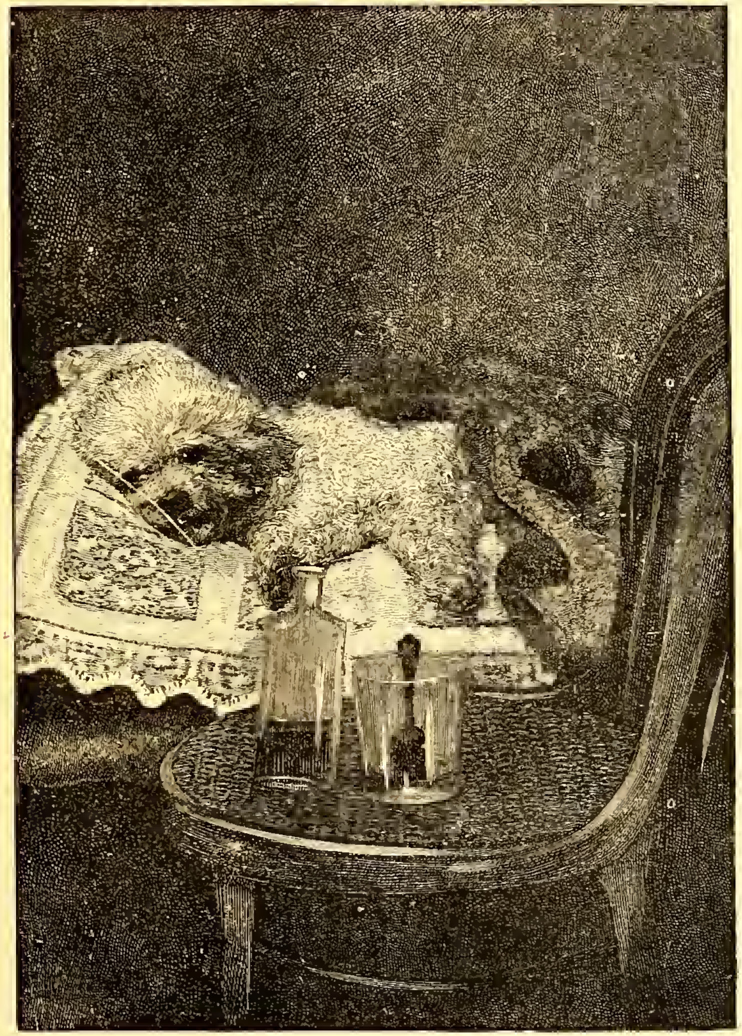
"I heard mamma tell Georgie last week that boys often learn to smoke by at first making believe do it, just as you are doing now. After a time they are not satisfied with an empty pipe, but want something in it to make real smoke. So if they have a few pennies they buy tobacco, and begin the terrible habit of smoking that is so hard to leave off.

"And then she said, 'Georgie Barlow, if I ever know of your even pretending to smoke I shall punish you.' And I can tell you, Mr. Fritzie Dog, if I catch you with a pipe in your mouth again I'll punish you. If it makes boys better to be punished, perhaps it will dogs. At any rate, I shall not play with you one bit to-day."

While Alice Barlow had been away for a visit some naughty boys had taught her pet dog Fritz to pick up and hold a pipe in his mouth. The first morning she was at home he seemed to think he must show her what he had learned. This is why Alice talked to her little dog so severely.

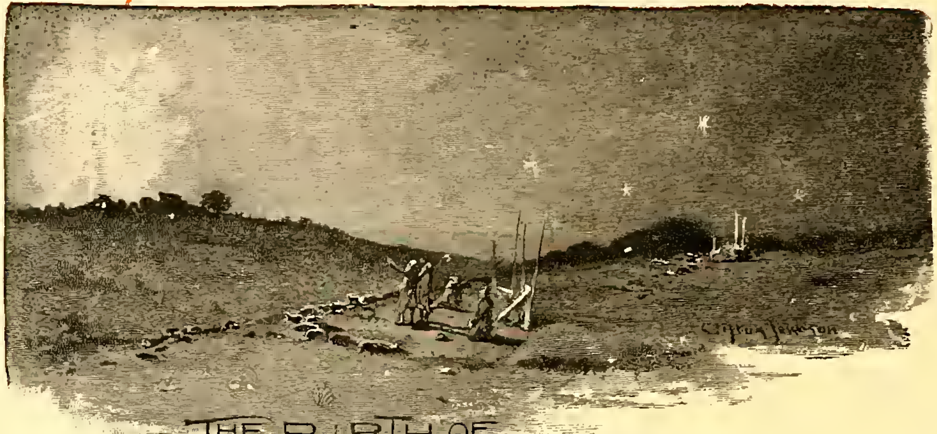
The next day, when she was at the Kindergarten, these same naughty boys coaxed Fritz out of the yard and tried to teach him to use tobacco in the pipe. When Alice came home in the afternoon she found him very sick. He was soon put to bed and given some bitter medicine. You can see in the picture how he looked.

Alice felt very sorry; but mamma said she thought the sickness and medicine would cure him of ever touching tobacco again. Sure enough it did.



Now, if any one ever shows Fritz a pipe he growls and barks, as much as to say. "Take it away. I'll have nothing to do with pipes or tobacco if I am nothing but a dog."

MARY LOUISA BUTLER.



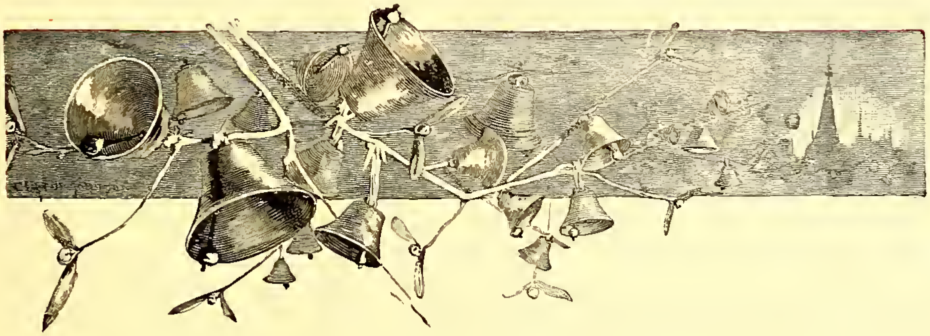
THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Now, little children, listen well
To the wondrous story I shall tell,
That happened once upon a time
Before bells rang the Christmas chime.
Ever so many years ago,
In pleasant lands where fell no snow,
And winter winds blew soft and warm,
A beautiful baby boy was born.
His father Joseph and other men
Had brought their wives to Bethlehem
To pay the money Cæsar said
Was owed him by each Jewish head.
So many people came that day
There was not room for all to stay,
And Joseph was glad to find a bed
For Mary in the stable-shed.

Outside, upon the rocky hill,
Sat grave old shepherds watching still
Their flocks of sheep, that crouched around
With bleatings soft upon the ground.

THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

The tall deep sky was black as jet,
And the silver moon about to set,
When sparkling with a radiance bright
The Star of the East shone on the night,
And an angel fair with shining wing
Cried, "Tidings of great joy we bring!
For unto you this day is born
A Saviour, Christ, the Lord." Forlorn
And sore afraid, the shepherds heard
The angel tell his glorious word;
While heavenly music from the sky
Was lifted up to God on high,

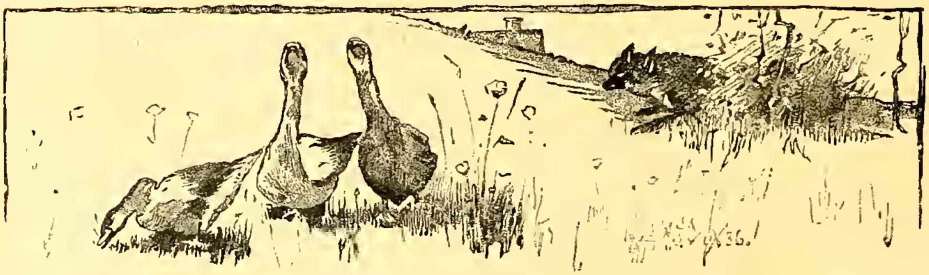


Of "Glory, glory to God, and peace
On earth, good-will towards men." It ceased.
And the trembling shepherds rose and went
To see the gift that God had sent
To earth of his dear Son. There lay
The Babe upon the fragrant hay.
His fine and silky chestnut hair
Waved round a face so wondrous fair,
It beamed with rapturous glory bright,
And filled the dingy place with light.
His baby eyes so calm and sweet
Gazed on the wise men at his feet,
Who, guided by the glowing star,
Had come from distant lands afar

To see the Virgin Mary mild
And offer worship to the Child.
They brought rich gifts of myrrh and gold,
Sweet frankincense and spices old.

And ever since upon the earth
We celebrate our Saviour's birth.
Who came as a blessed Babe that day,
To live for us and teach the way
To heaven, filled with mansions fair,
And robes and crowns for us to wear,
If we will only love each other.
And choose him for our Elder Brother.

GRACE W. HAIGHT.



WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT TO EDITH.

Little two-year-old Edith had dolls without number, and of every kind you could imagine. Yet just as Christmas was coming on, she thought she should like just one more.

"But what kind of one do you want, darling?" her mamma asked. "You have big ones and little ones, and black ones and white ones; I don't know of any new sort."

It was a dull December day, the day before Christmas, but very long and dreary in spite of that. Edith, tired of play, was sitting in

her little rocker before the fire, when mamma's question set her thinking.

I am pretty sure myself that just then dolls were unsatisfactory things. After looking gravely at the half-dozen that surrounded her, she said, —

"Couldn't 'ou get me a doll that would love me? I love these dollies, but they don't love me back. I play with them, and they don't play with me. I want a doll that can do things."

"That would be a very wonderful sort of doll," mamma replied.

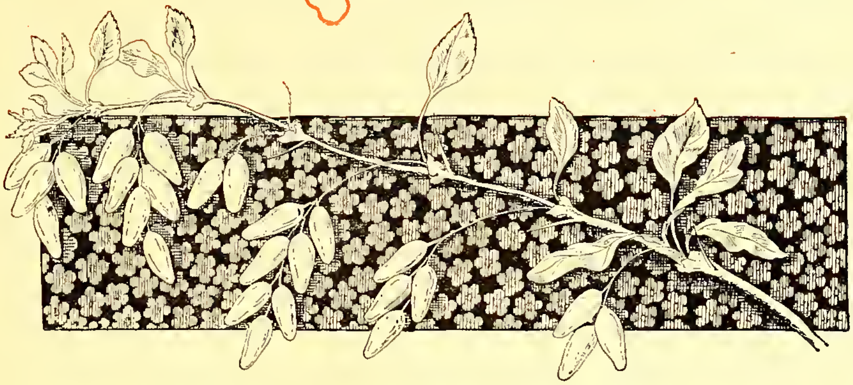
She did not laugh, for she knew that her little girl was really very lonesome that dark day. In any kind of day it was a little hard to be the only small child in that big hotel. "A very nice kind of doll, I should say; but we shall certainly ask Santa Claus about it."

Now Edith knew that mamma always kept her promises. And even this half promise satisfied her. That night she said to papa quite confidently, —

"I got to get to bed early to-night, 'cause Santa Claus is going to bring me a very nice kind of doll to-morrow."

Papa did laugh as he kissed her, but Edith was quite sure about it. Really and truly the dear little girl's faith was rewarded. When she woke up in the morning, before she had caught a glimpse of her bulgy stocking, she saw grandmamma standing beside her with a large bundle of soft muslin and flannel. Inside of the bundle was a real live doll — better than all the other dolls, for it was a little sister. Ever since that Edith has had what she wanted; she watches over the cradle, and has some one to play with and love her back.

HESTER VICKERY BROWN.



WHERE THE MOUSE HID.

A TRUE STORY.

Muriel is a dear little girl with blue eyes and golden curls. Last summer, while she was at grandpa's, such a funny thing happened.

She was walking with mamma through a field not far from the house. Stooping down to pick a clover-blossom, she spied four bright little eyes peeping up at her from a tangle of grass and leaves. "O mamma, what's 'is?" she cried out. Mamma looked down to see.

"Little field-mice, dear," said she; "aren't they cunning?"

The little animals, alarmed by the sound of voices, started to run away; but, alas! Dick, the large gray cat, who had followed Muriel from the house, pounced upon one of them, and made short work of him.

Muriel almost cried. "Oh, dear!" said she, "I 'fraid he'll catch the other mousie! Don't let him, mamma!" Mamma looked all around, but could see nothing of the second little mouse.

"I guess he has hidden in some safe place," said she, "and we will take care not to bring Dick down here again."

Muriel had to be satisfied with that; but all the way home she talked about "the poor little mousie naughty Dick did eat."

Soon after they reached the house, mamma noticed that Muriel was very restless.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked.

"Somesing tickles my back, mamma," replied the little one; "Muriel don't like it." Mamma unfastened the little dress and waist, and put her hand in to see what was making Muriel uncomfortable.

WHERE THE MOUSE HID.

What do you think she found?

Why, that little field-mouse, cuddled down in the soft folds of the tiny shirt, as cosily as you please! Such a shout of delight as Muriel gave when she saw it! "He did find a safe place, didn't he, mamma?" she cried. "Muriel wants to keep the cunning thing!"

"Oh no!" said mamma; "naughty Dick would soon catch it here:

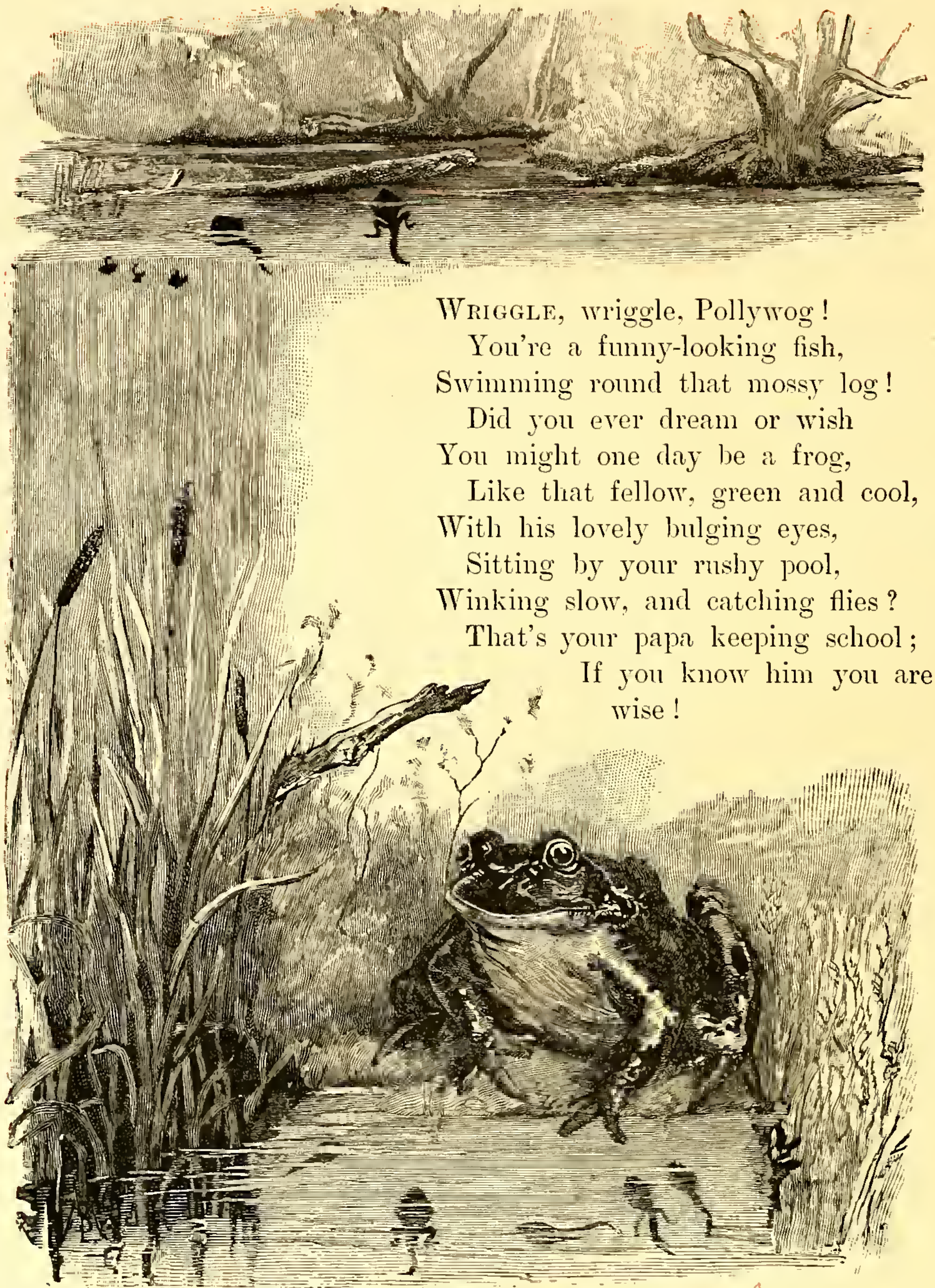
but Muriel shall hold it in her hand, and carry it back to its own home in the field."

So they went down to the field again, and left the little mouse where they had first seen it, hoping its mamma would soon find it and take good care of it.

As they turned to go home, Muriel looked back and kissed her hand. "Good-by, little mousie!" said she.

A. M. KEITH.

IN FROGLAND.



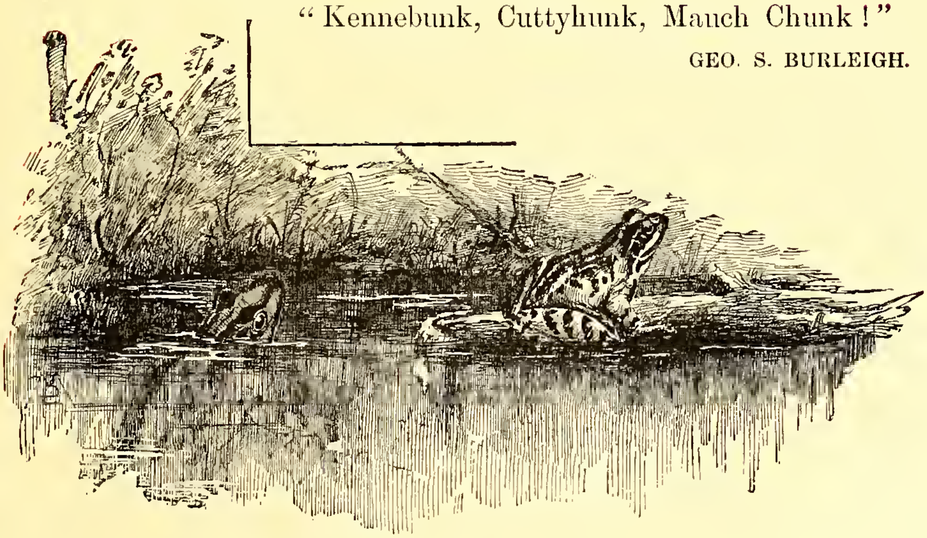
Wriggle, wriggle, Pollywog!
You're a funny-looking fish,
Swimming round that mossy log!
Did you ever dream or wish
You might one day be a frog,
Like that fellow, green and cool,
With his lovely bulging eyes,
Sitting by your rushy pool,
Winking slow, and catching flies?
That's your papa keeping school;
If you know him you are wise!

IN FROGLAND.

Hark! he's giving out a course
In geography, I guess. —
Oh, but hasn't he got hoarse
In this marshy wilderness! —
"Kennebunk! Cuttyhunk! Mauch Chunk!
This and thus is what he says,
And his cold gets worse and worse.

Wriggle, pretty Pollywog.
While so full of life and giggle,
Hurry not to climb that log
Where you, grown up, grave, and big, 'll
Be a bulge-eyed, hump-back frog,
With no caudal fin to wriggle, —
How provoking! and just croaking:
"Kennebunk, Cuttyhunk, Mauch Chunk!"

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.



DON the MILKMAN

Don wanted to drive a milk-wagon.

It was a gay life, he thought, and one that he meant to try. A hard life? No! Wasn't Jim, his milkman, big and happy? Jim would tell you 'twas a glorious life!

Hard or easy, Don meant to try it.

So one day he followed Jim to the garden door.

"Hillo!" said Jim; "want a ride? Well, in with you!"

Jim was rather silent as they rode along, so Don had plenty of time to discover just what a milkman's duties were. A hard life? No! a glorious life!

The next morning Don put on his hat, secreted himself behind a rose-bush, and watched for Jim.

By and by Jim opened the gate and went into the kitchen.

Don stole quickly out from his hiding-place, out through the open gate, out into the alley, up, up with a leap into the big milk-wagon!

He took Jim's seat, he seized Jim's reins, he chirruped to Jim's horse.

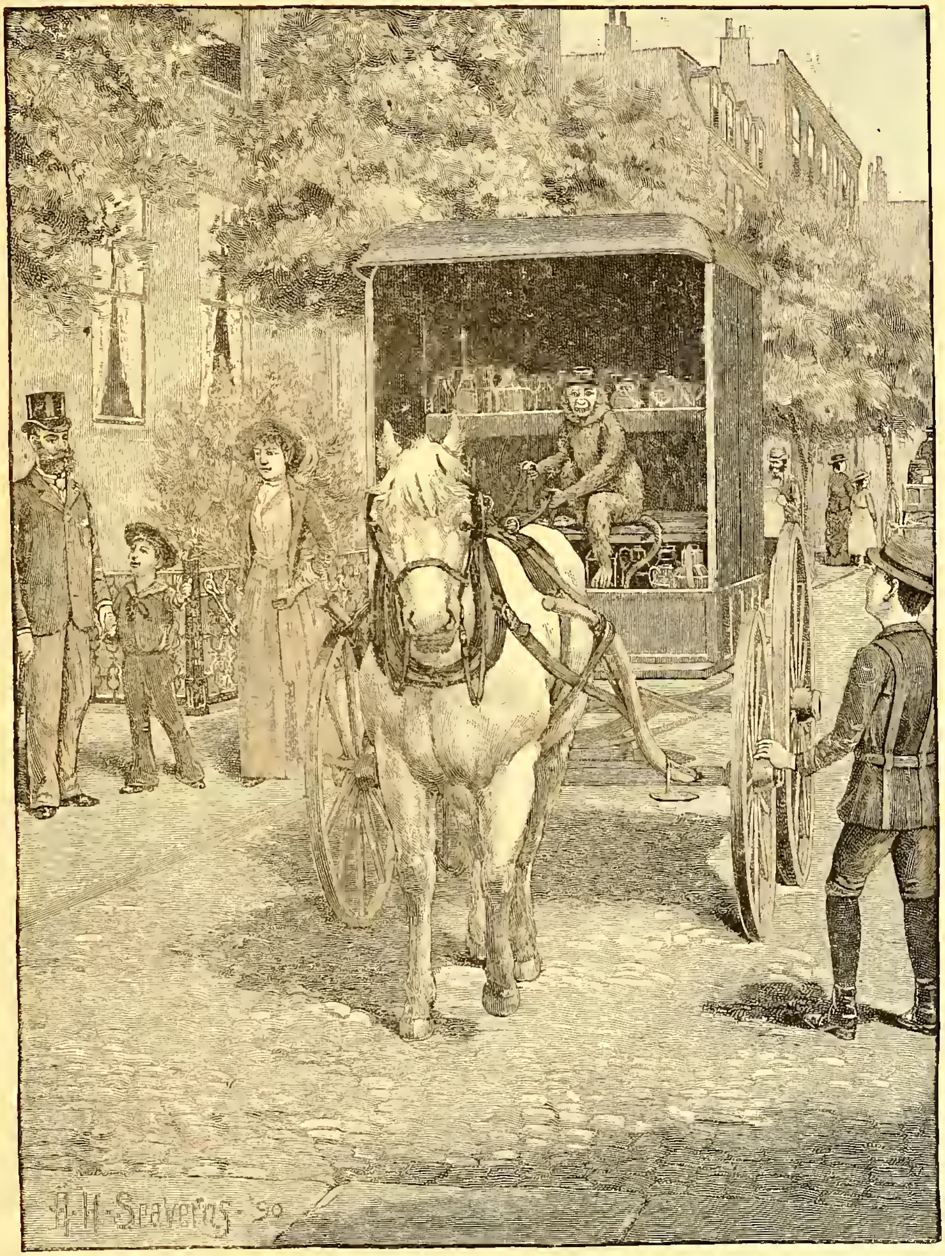
"Now I'm off!" thought he; "now I'm a milkman!"

Pompey jogged slowly onward, and people, as they passed, looked in and laughed.

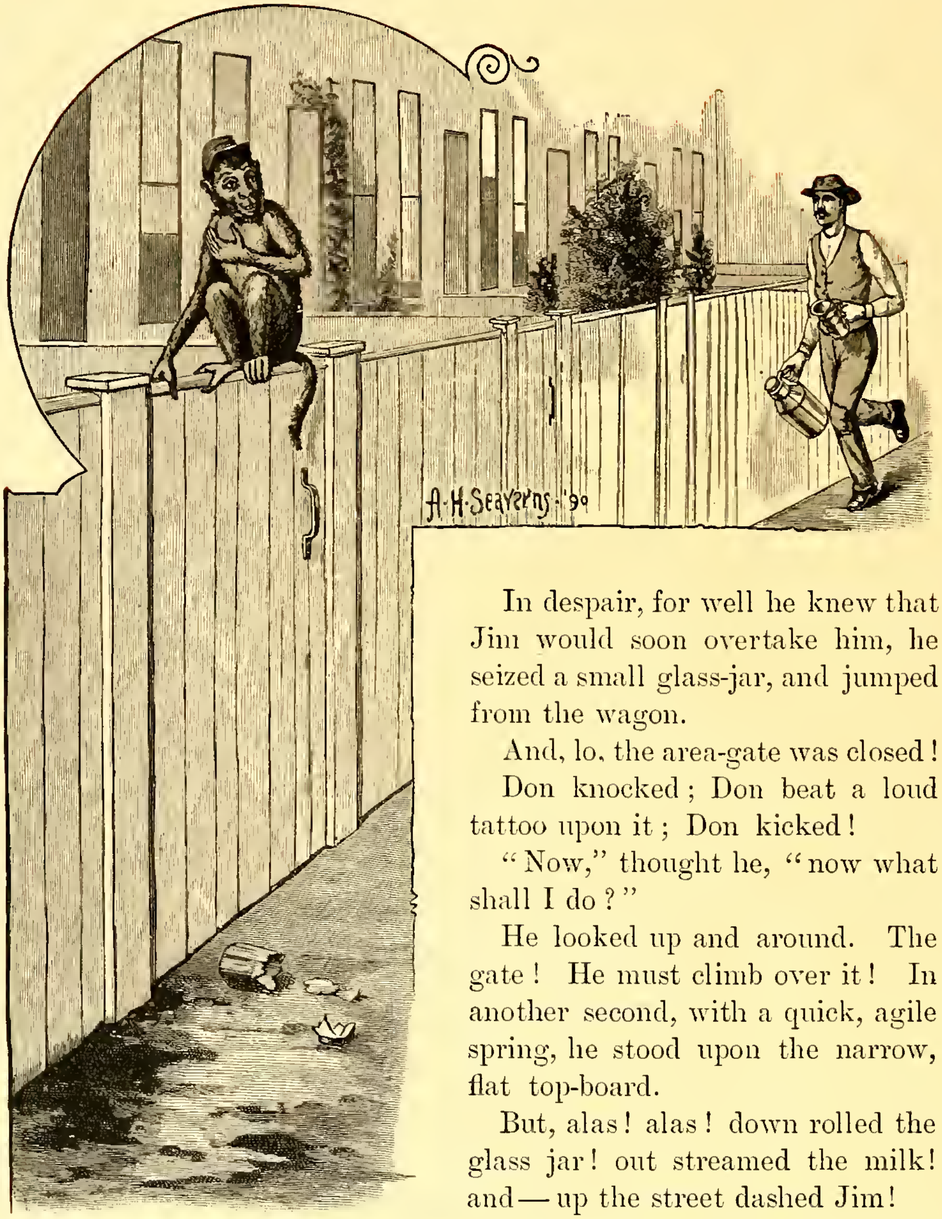
Presently Pompey stopped before a house.

"Hillo!" thought Don, "I must leave some milk here."

So he jumped off the seat, and grasped a gallon-can. It was too heavy for him to lift; so he dropped it, with a rattle and a bang, and picked up one of half its size; that, also, was beyond his strength.



DON, THE MILKMAN.



In despair, for well he knew that Jim would soon overtake him, he seized a small glass-jar, and jumped from the wagon.

And, lo, the area-gate was closed!

Don knocked; Don beat a loud tattoo upon it; Don kicked!

"Now," thought he, "now what shall I do?"

He looked up and around. The gate! He must climb over it! In another second, with a quick, agile spring, he stood upon the narrow, flat top-board.

But, alas! alas! down rolled the glass jar! out streamed the milk! and — up the street dashed Jim!

"Now I'm caught!" thought Don. "Well, I've tried it! I've been a milkman!"

He made no effort to hide, as Jim, flushed and panting, came up to the wagon. Instead, he looked at him with bright, gleeful eyes.

"Well," exclaimed Jim, "if you ain't the mischievousest monkey that ever I see! A-running off with my team!"

Don grinned! Don danced! Don chirruped! and off started Pompey!

MARY A. SAWYER.

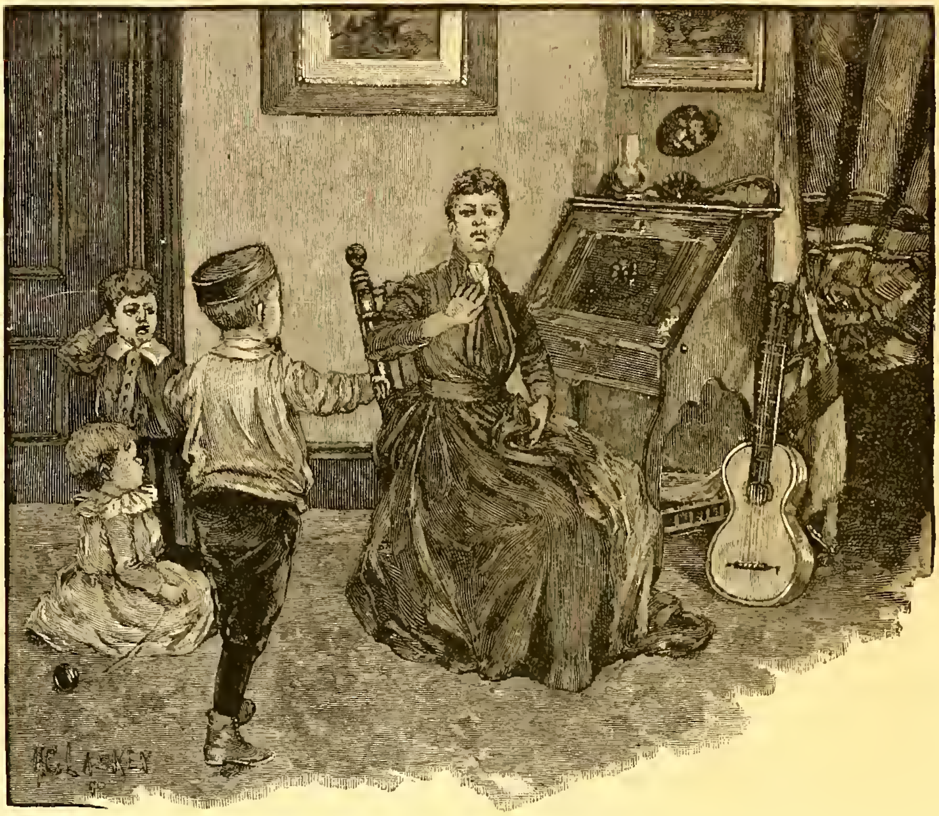
THE TROUBLE JOSIE CAUSED.

Little Josie Brown was sent to the store for a bottle of shoe-dressing. He didn't care to go just then, so he rushed out of the house in a bad temper. After getting the bottle he was returning in the same ugly fashion, not looking at all where he was going. He happened to come to a slippery part of the pavement, and down he fell, dropping the bottle on the ground. Of course it broke, and the contents splashed all over his face, his hands, and his clothes. In terror he flew home, and ran screaming to his mother. Seeing that he was about to throw himself on her lap, she cried out in alarm, "Don't come near me!"

Mrs. Brown was making a new silk dress, and she naturally objected to it being soiled by shoe-dressing.

Then Josie screamed all the more, and his two little brothers, who were present, thinking that their mother was frightened, began to scream too. This woke the baby, who joined in the dismal chorus.

The sound was heard in the street, and some foolish people quickly gave an alarm of fire. In a very short time engines were in front of the house. This made such an uproar that Mrs. Brown wondered for a moment what it all meant. When she did understand it herself, she found it difficult to make everybody else understand what had happened. Then she found it still more difficult to quiet her three frightened little children.



Don't you think that was a great deal of trouble for one boy to cause his dear mamma? Josie thought so when he was calm enough to think at all, and I believe he tries to be more careful now when he is sent to the store.

S. JENNIE SMITH.

WATERMELON.

THE BABY AND THE SEA.

The sun shone down, the breeze was fresh,
And the sky and the bay were blue;
A white-sailed boat cut the leaping waves;
From her sides the water flew.

Small Mary clung to the swift boat's side
And watched its foamy track,
And cried, "Ze water's all running away!
Come back! oh, water, come back!"

Next day the tide came lazily in,
The shore it softly beat,
And waves crept slowly up the sand
And broke round the baby's feet.

Then stooped she down with a gay little laugh,
And patted that gray old sea.
"Ze water just had to go 'way," she said;
"But he's all coming back to me."

KERRY BARR.

THE BABY AND THE SEA.

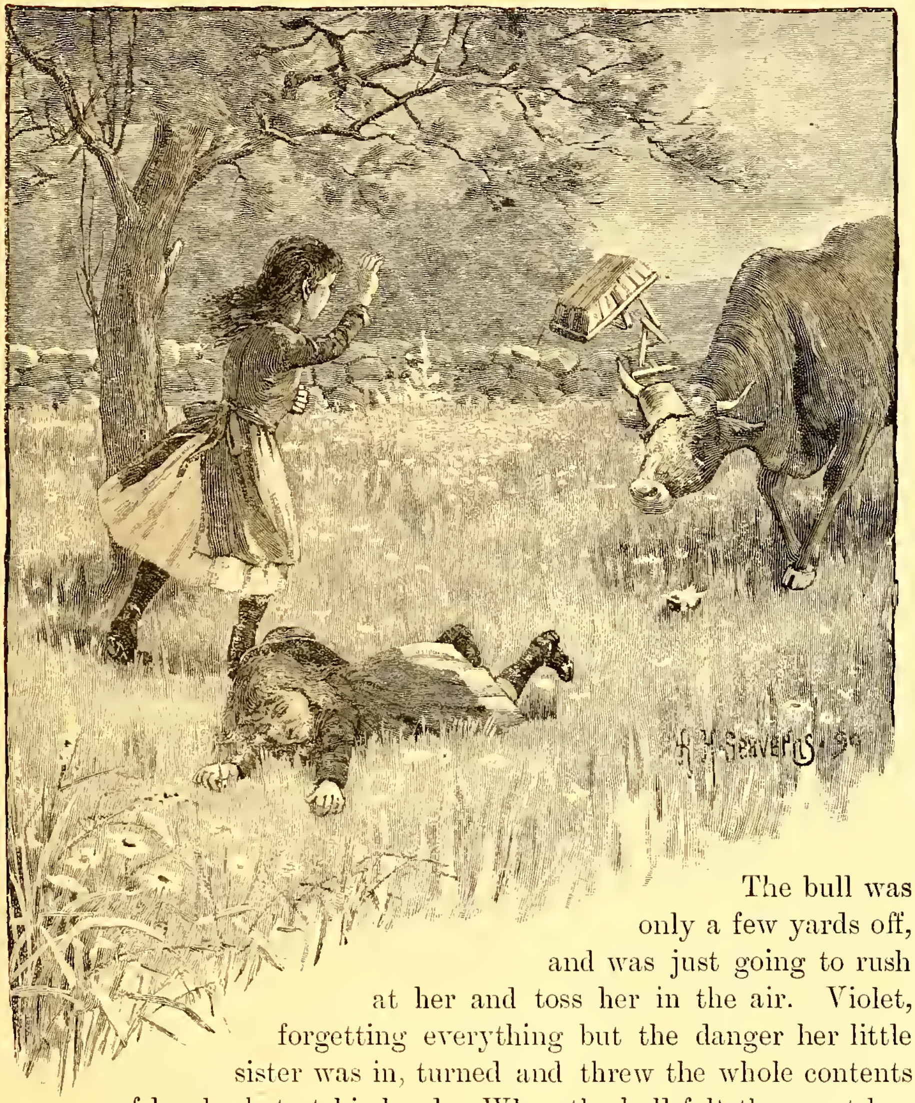
How the Children went Shopping

VIOLET and Pansy had been sent down to a country farm to get some roses into their cheeks. Their father and mother were to follow them soon. The two little girls were very anxious to show how well they could keep house by themselves. They coaxed the farmer's wife to allow them to go to the village alone and make their purchases before their parents arrived.

Violet made out a long list of all the things she thought her mother would want: soap, candles, matches, salt, and, as papa had a sweet tooth, a large bag of sugar; but perhaps this was not all for papa, though the little girl said so.

The children got safely to the village and bought what they wanted. As they were in a hurry to get back, they took a short cut home through a field where the farmer kept a big bull.

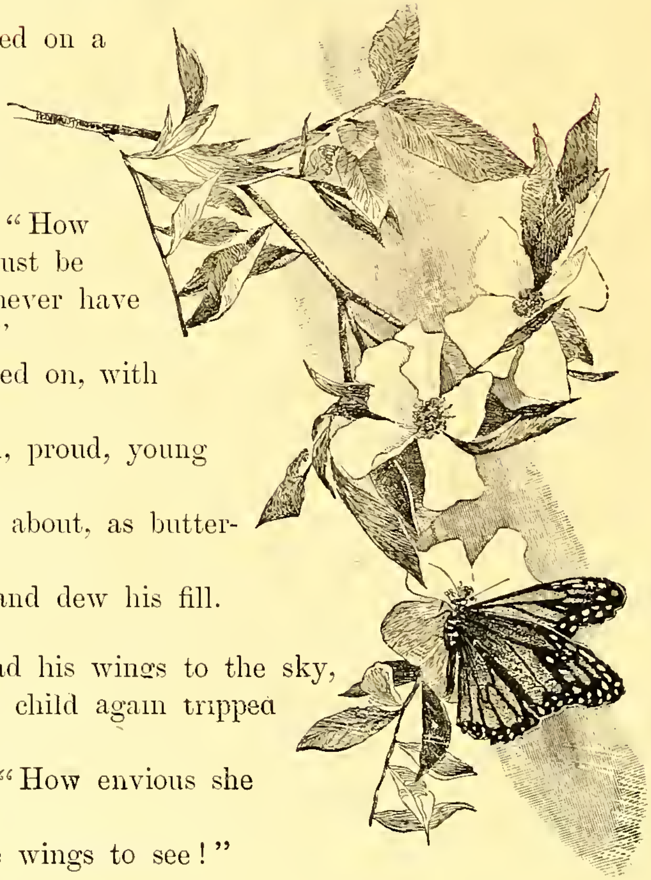
The bull was feeding quietly and took no notice of them until they were half-way across the field. Then their red frocks caught his eye and he came toward them — first slowly, and then in a quick trot. The children by this time were running as fast as they could. Just as they were getting up to the stile, Pansy tripped over the root of a tree and fell flat on her face.



The bull was only a few yards off, and was just going to rush at her and toss her in the air. Violet, forgetting everything but the danger her little sister was in, turned and threw the whole contents of her basket at his head. When the bull felt the great bag of sugar burst in his face, followed by the candles, which hit him on the nose, and the salt, which got into his eyes and made them smart, he was so taken aback that he stood stock-still for a whole second. Then Pansy scrambled to her feet, and the two little girls sprang over the stile and landed safely in the lane, none the worse for their fright.

MRS. A. M. GOODHART.

BUTTERFLY WISDOM.



A BUTTERFLY poised on a wild-rose spray,
As a child tripped by, one summer day,
And he thought: "How sorrowful she must be
To know she can never have wings like me!"
But the child passed on, with a careless eye
Of the gay-winged, proud, young butterfly,
While he fluttered about, as butterflies will,
Sipping of honey and dew his fill.

The butterfly spread his wings to the sky,
As the sweet-faced child again tripped by,
And he thought: "How envious she will be
My beautiful azure wings to see!"

BUTTERFLY WISDOM.

But the child passed, with a lightsome heart,
Where never had lodged a poisonous dart,
While he fluttered about, as butterflies will,
Sipping of honey and dew his fill.

When the child again passed the wild-rose sweet,
A bit of azure fell at her feet;
She lifted it from the moss, and said: —
"Poor little butterfly, it is dead!"
Then she tossed it up towards the wild-rose spray,
And, singing merrily, went her way,
With never a thought. the summer through,
Of the butterfly and its wings of blue.

EMMA C. DOWD.

THE GREEN EGG.

A GOOD many little creatures lived in the orchard at Hill House Farm. There were birds that sang in the apple-trees, and bees that buzzed all the while around the pink and white apple-blossoms. And many other little things with wings hummed in the sunshine all day long.

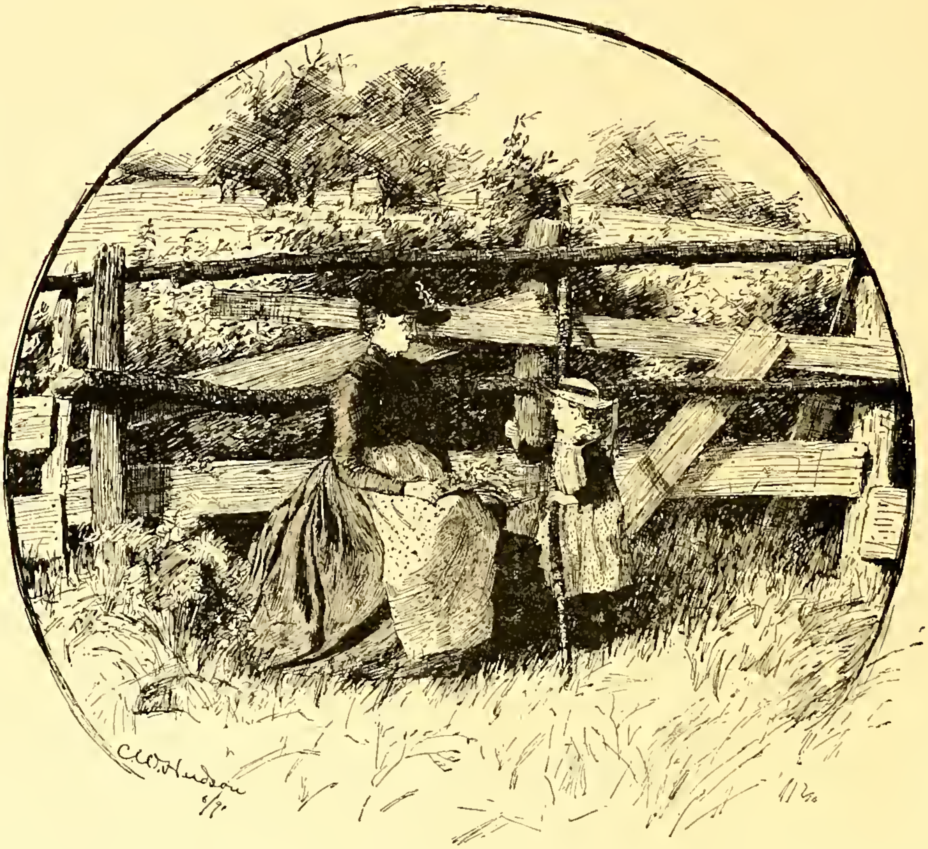
And once in a while you might see a sly toad, or a ground mole, or a rabbit. There were two calves in the orchard also. They did not see the birds and bees and rabbits at all, but thought they lived all alone in that big pink and white and green place.

One day Mary and her mother went to see the things that were singing and humming and hopping and growing in the orchard. First, Mary wanted to look at the calves. The two bossies stood and watched her with big round eyes, for a while. Then, with a kick of their heels and a flirt of their tails, away they went.

"Let's go and see something that'll stand still," said Mary.

So they walked on and saw the birds and bees, and spoke to a fat toad under a plantain leaf. They made a bouquet of all the pretty flowers they could find. Finally they came out on the farther side of the orchard, and there, on a fence-rail, Mary found a little green egg. Some careless bird had put it there, and then had, probably, gone off in a hurry to take part in a concert and had forgotten where she left it. Mary was delighted with the pretty thing, and wanted to carry it to the house to show to her grandmamma. "Of course it'll never turn into a bird all aloney," she said. "It can never find its wings and its toes."

Mamma rather thought so too, and she let Mary trudge off with her bouquet in one hand and the egg in the other. But the little girl was so anxious not to hurt the egg, and she held it so carefully and held it so tightly, that pretty soon she broke the shell. And so the egg came to nothing, just because the giddy little creature that made it went off and forgot where she put it.



Mary often wonders if the bird cared, and if she went round after the concert and asked all the other birds if they had seen anything of her green egg.

KERRY BARR.

WHERE THE DANDELIONS WENT.

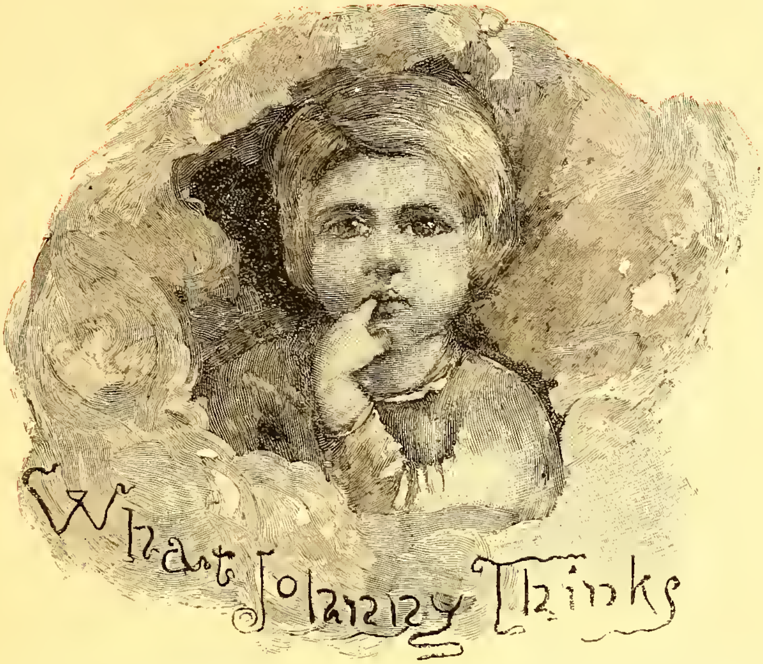
THREE little dandelions, each in yellow gown,
Stood beside the winding road that led to London town.
They heard the merry children, they saw the travellers pass,
And they said to one another, "How sad it is, alas!

That we, too, may not travel, and view the world beyond;
We've never even climbed the hill, or seen across the pond."

Three little dandelions, each in gown of gold,
Taller grew each summer day in the leafy mold.
Yet they stood on tiptoe, and peered through sun and rain,
To see if it was England that lay beyond, or Spain.
One said she saw chimneys, and another, smoke and soot,
While the third saw ships a-sailing; but they never moved a foot.

Three little dandelions, each in gown of white,
Laid their plans to travel on a dewy night;
And while cooling breezes fanned the waking day,
Spread their wings and vanished, oh, so far away.
But if they reached that smoky town, or the seashore, as they
    meant,
I'm sure I'll never tell you, for I don't know where they went.

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.



What Johnny Thinks

"Shall I tell you what I think doesn't pay? Well, it doesn't pay to be selfish.

"I've often heard mamma say so; but somehow I didn't exactly see it. I thought it was a little nicer to keep your candy instead of dividing it with Polly and Tom.

"Or to go off by yourself when you had a big apple, for fear some one would want a bite.

"Or to try to get the biggest half of anything.

"But I don't think so now. And I'll tell you how I came to stop thinking so.

"I went down town with Uncle Jack one day, and he filled all my pockets full of peanuts.

"I didn't want anybody to see them, because I didn't want to give some to anybody.

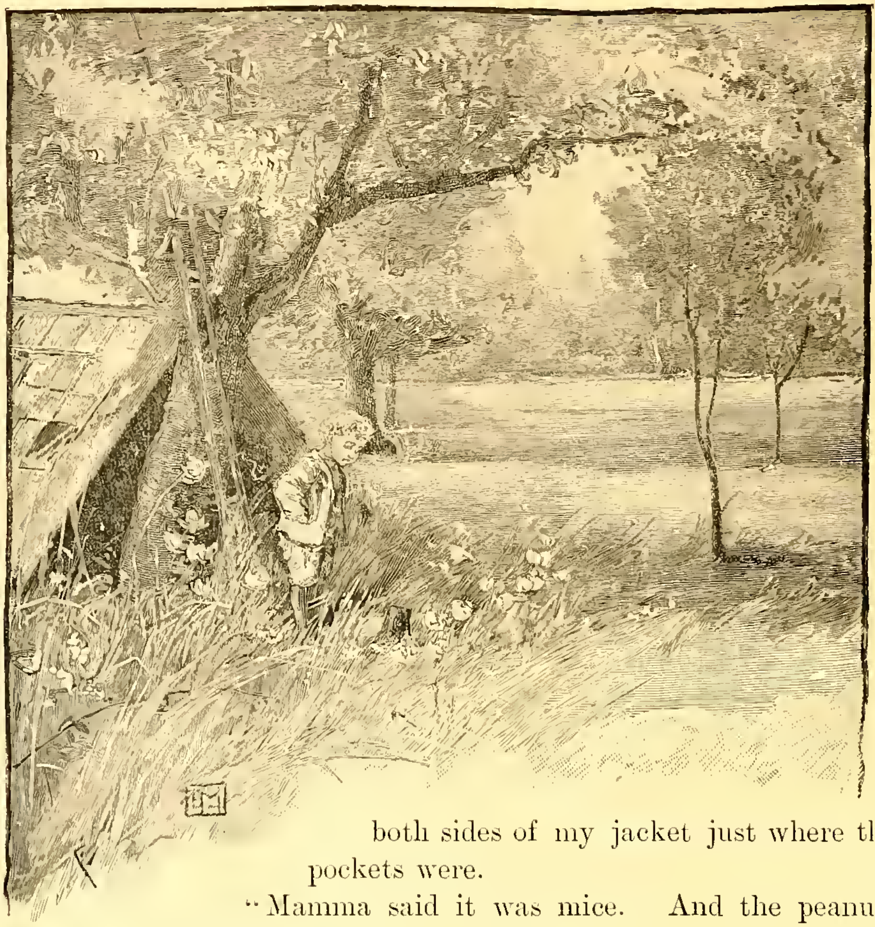
"I thought I'd hide the peanuts. I put them in an old flower-pot and set it up in a tree, and then it tumbled down on my head.

"I picked up all the peanuts and went into the house. I was afraid to hide them in the pantry for fear Bridget would find them. I was afraid to hide them in the parlor for fear mamma'd find them.

"At last I went upstairs to my room, and got the jacket of my new suit. I put them all in the pockets. Then I shut it up in the drawer.

"Then I forgot all about the peanuts till the day Uncle Jack came to take us to the circus. Then I ran to put on my best suit.

"The drawer was full of peanut shells, and there was a hole on both sides of my jacket just where the pockets were.



"Mamma said it was mice. And the peanuts were all gone but the shells.

"I didn't go to the circus.

"There were trained dogs and a band and elephants and lemonade and horses.

"There's two patches right on the front of my best jacket.

"That's why I don't think it pays to be selfish."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

BANANAS.

ROCKING–CHAIR TRAVELS. — I.

THE INVITATION.

You do not want to go to sleep? Come, then,
And we will go a-travelling dear, instead.
Climb up into the rocking-chair with me,
And on my shoulder drop that drowsy head.

"What! Journey in a rocking-chair," you say,
And gaze into my eyes with sleepy scorn.
We could not, truly, travel thus by day;
The evening's secrets are not known to morn.

When soft the dewy twilight closes round,
And sounds mysterious stir the dusky air,
When low winds lull the flowers, and stars peep out,
And tender glooms are brooding everywhere,

Then may we take our journey, you and I,
Soft rocking, rocking, ever, to and fro,
And speed so swift upon our airy way,
The wind shall scarcely pass us as we go.

Oh, strange adventures we may have, strange visions see
In countries fair, and wonderful, and far;
May gossip with the mermaids in their caves,
Or stop for luncheon at the nearest star!

The language of the fairies we may learn,
And meet the merry folk of glens and streams;
The marvels we have read of we may see,
And all the airy wonders of our dreams.

And when at last we tire of travelling, dear,
We need but close our eyes and wish for home,
And, lo, safe in our rocking-chair we sit,
The tender twilight round us! Will you come?

J. McD.

"What! journey in a rocking-chair?" you say,
And gaze into my eyes with sleepy scorn:

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS.

WHO STOLE THE CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

A LITTLE silver tray of bonbons always stands on Aunt Lu's library-table. After Mabel and Ted have been to see her, she is never surprised to find her tray empty. But one morning, when they had not been to see her for days, she was surprised and troubled to find it empty of the chocolate creams she had put there the night before. And beside the tray were her favorite books all bespattered from the inkstand, whose cover was lying on the floor!

"What in the world does it mean!" exclaimed Aunt Lu.

Bridget, who was setting the breakfast-table, hurried in. Kathleen, her little daughter, followed after, and last of all came Tray, the Skye-terrier.

"Did I ever see loike of that!" cried Bridget.

Kathleen looked bewildered out of her wide blue eyes, and suddenly Tray began to bark and to snuff in the corners.

"Be still, Tray!" said Aunt Lu; and then turned to Kathleen and asked, "Who do you suppose took all those creams?"

Aunt Lu asked the question kindly, yet she felt much afraid that Kathleen must be the mischief-maker, for there was no one else except Tray. And would chocolate creams be as tempting to a small dog as to a small girl?

But before Kathleen could answer, Aunt Lu was calling, "Stop, stop!" to Tray. He seemed to be crazy.

He was tearing the books from the lowest shelf and barking and growling like a fierce watch-dog.

WHO STOLE THE CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

"Sure, it's a rat!" screamed Bridget, taking to her heels.

Something had jumped from behind the last book and Tray after it.

"Shake it, Tray!" cried Aunt Lu.

It was a fat gray rat, but its tail was jet black with ink. How Kathleen laughed!

"I am glad to know who was the thief," said Aunt Lu; "and the poor thing would have died anyway, after eating so many creams. There was a whole pound!"

SEE-SAW ISLAND.

"The morn is fair, the skies are clear,
No breath comes over the sea
To you or to me,
To you or to me,
Darling pet D.

"D stands for Dandy, don't it, old dearie?"

"Dandy dearie," the pet dog, must have thought it did, for he wagged his tail, and said "Bow-wow" just as loud as he could, and gave little mistress Gretchen a kiss.

"I know just what you want, old D, you darling, — I know, —

"See-saw up in the tree,
See-saw down by the sea,
Dandy and me."

That must have been just what was in Dandy's mind, for he barked so loud that the fisherman in the bay heard him. Then Gretchen and Dandy ran a little way until they came to a see-saw

Under a tree
Close by the sea.

SEE-SAW ISLAND.

They could not run a great way, for the little island on which they lived was very small. It was only large enough for the tall light-house, a shed, one very nice tree, and the see-saw.

I must not forget Gretchen's garden close by a sheltering rock, bright with gay blossoms. The see-saw was under the tree, and close to the water's edge. A very strong see-saw it was, with a sort of cage made of hoops over Dandy's cushioned seat, because the little dog fell out one day and was hurt.

Gretchen was an orphan when a tiny baby, and it happened that the jolly little spaniel was also an orphan, so Gran'pa Weston took the orphan puppy and the orphan baby together in his boat and brought them to Rock Light, — the name of his home.

Gretchen grew to be a happy little girl. The captain of one of the steamboats loved to see her see-sawing with the pet Dandy, and hear her singing happily; so he got in the way of calling "Rock Light" "See-saw Island." The gentlemen who went up and down on the steamer made her a present of a flag, with "See-saw Island," in red letters, on it. And a fine sight it was to see it waving over the gay garden.

Happy as a king
Or birdie on the wing,
Dandy and I.

Now up we fly,
Close to the sky,
Dandy and I.

Now down we go
Where waters flow,
Dandy and I.

"Wouldn't like to go down into the water and get drowned, would you, pet D?"

Dandy said nothing, but shook his silky ears. He was a smart, strong spaniel, and had no idea of meeting his death by drowning, — not he!

Dandy was quite a dog, for one day a steamer filled with a gay party of ladies and gentlemen stopped before See-saw Island, and the band played "Old Dog Tray." Gran'pa waved his hat, gran'ma her big apron, Gretchen her little handkerchief, and

Dandy — his tail. Then came a boat to the island with an invitation for Gretchen and Dandy to go with the company. When they got back, Gretchen had a great deal to tell gran'ma. If you go by See-saw Island you will hear Gretchen sing louder than ever, —

Happy as a king
Or birdie on the wing,
Dandy and I.

MAY KINGSTON.

THE DUCK'S NEST.

A SUMMER duck had built her nest in a hollow tree near a swamp, and a little boy had watched her for some time. He wished very much to get the eggs, and asked his uncle, who was a great hunter, to come with him, and wait while he climbed the tree.

It had rained hard the night before, and the ground was wet and sloppy. Just under the tree the mud was soft and deep.

Little Dick climbed manfully until he reached the hollow where the nest was. He could not see into it, as the top was above his head, but, by raising his arm, could reach down nearly to the bottom.

He plunged his hand in, but quickly drew it out again.

"It feels so cold," he called down to his uncle.

"Maybe the duck is in there; bring her out first," replied the old hunter.

The boy put in his hand very cautiously, and this time something blew at him.

"It must be a snake," he cried, and, letting go his hold on the tree, fell head foremost to the ground.

Quickly the soft mud received him, and his head stuck in that, while his legs were up in the air. His uncle ran to pick him up, and found him unhurt, only his head and face were begrimed with mud, and his mouth was full.

Dick insisted that a snake was in the hollow, but his uncle said the old duck had frightened him off.

PINK HUNTER.

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS. — II.

TO STORY-LAND.

See, the path is green and shady,
We will follow where it leads,
Under elms that arch sedately,
Through a gateway, old and stately,
Overgrown with moss and weeds.

Once within the magic portal,
Hark! the air is full of song.
Jubilant with blackbirds' singing,
Jocund with the voices ringing
Of a merry, motley throng.

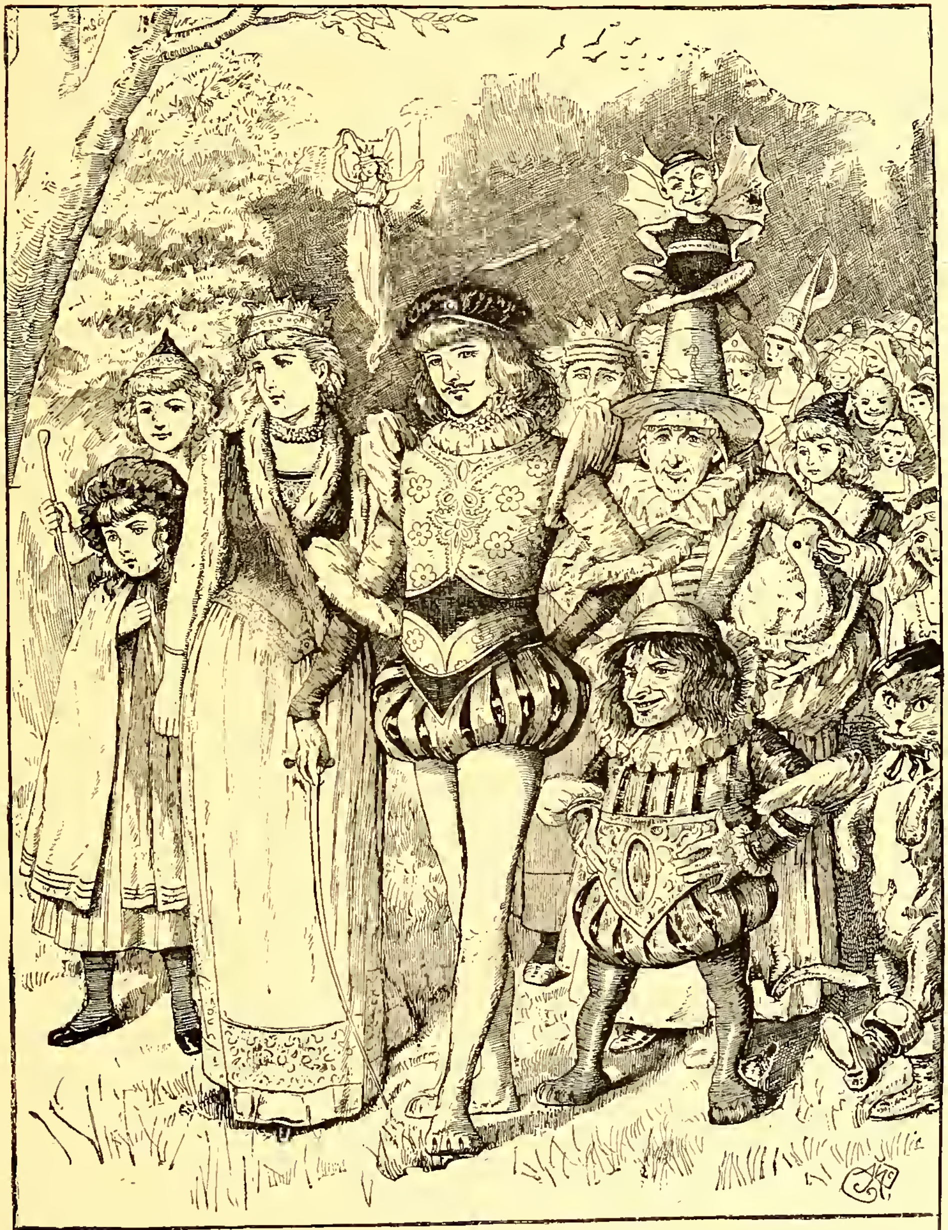
From the wood they troop to meet us,
All the folk of Story-land, —
Princesses and dwarfs and dragons,
Knights who quaff in brimming flagons
Toasts to ladies fair and grand.

Forms familiar gather round us,
Babies quaint and beauties rare;
Cinderella, meek, pathetic,
Jack, with muscles energetic,
Curly-locks and Goldenhair.

Through the leafy wood enchanted,
As we stray in wonder sweet,
Gay, grotesque, or friendly faces,
Peopling all the pleasant spaces,
Still our happy coming greet.

Till, reluctant, homeward turning,
Down the path we walk once more,
Through the gateway old and stately,
To the world we left so lately,
From the land of Story-lore!

MARGARET JOHNSON.



From the wood they troop to meet us
All the folk of Story-land :

FOUR YEARS OLD.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

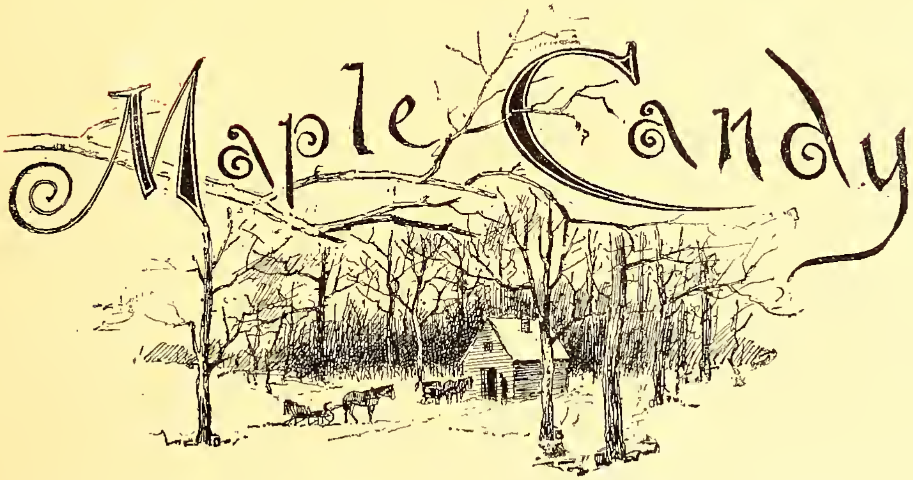
Once upon a time,
  Not very long ago,
I knew a little baby
  Who had just begun to grow.

And what do you think about it?
  She's been growing ever since,
Just like a pear or apple,
  Or a strawberry, or a quince.

And so, you see, she isn't
  A baby any more;
She has had one, two, three birthdays,
  And now she will have four.

ANNA H. WAYNE.

Maple Candy



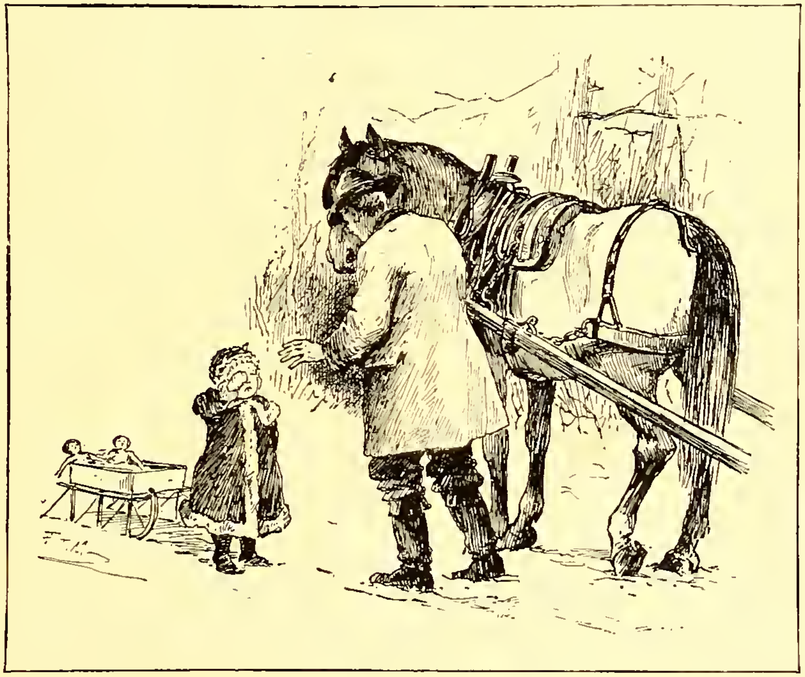
Ethel was fond of maple candy. Once she spent a few weeks in sugar time at her Uncle John's. He had a large sugar orchard, and a house in the woods with every convenience for boiling sap. During the sugar season he was very busy making syrup, candy, and sugar, which he sold in the city.

One day Ethel went to the sugar-house with her mother when Uncle John was "sugaring off," and had all the candy and sugar she could eat. It amused them all very much to see her try to make snowballs to dip into the boiling candy, just as the older ones did.

The next morning she was out giving her dolls a ride on the crust in her little sleigh, when all at once it occurred to her that her dolls ought to have some candy too.

Without waiting to tell mamma, she started off in the direction of the sugar-house. It was fully two miles away in the woods; but Ethel did not realize this. She was only three years old,

and did not understand that Uncle John did not make candy every day. When she went the day before, it was with her uncle's fast horse, and she was snugly tucked up in the warm robes, with the bells making merry music all the way. She found it quite a different thing to trudge up hill and down, dragging her sleigh after her.



Her courage was good, and her desire for more of the delicious candy was very strong, and so she kept on.

Uncle John found her more than half the distance. She was crying heartily, for she began to feel very tired, and to be lonely and afraid among the tall trees. Ethel with her sleigh and dolls were taken up on her uncle's big sled, and carried home, where they found mamma running and looking for her in every direction.

LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS. — III.

TO THE SOUTHLAND.

Breezes blow and fill our sail!
Ripple, ripple, waves at play!
Rocking, tossing to and fro,
All across the sea we go
To the Southland far away.

Blue and cloudless is the sky,
Flooded soft with sunny light.
Warm and still the drowsy air,
Heavy with the perfume rare
Of a thousand blossoms bright.

Babies with their bare brown feet
Roll and tumble in the grass,
With the golden fruit at play
That from laden branches gay
Falls when scented breezes pass.

Monkeys chatter in the trees,
Dropping nuts in frolic rude.
Scarlet-throated parrots scream,
Gorgeous birds like jewels gleam
Through the shadows of the wood.

On a fragrant bed of fern,
Lulled to drowsy ease we lie.
In this fair luxurious land,
By its tropic breezes fanned,
Lazily the hours go by.

And when upward from the sea
Rolls the great moon, round and white,
In our little boat once more
Push we from the golden shore.
Bid the Southern world good night!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

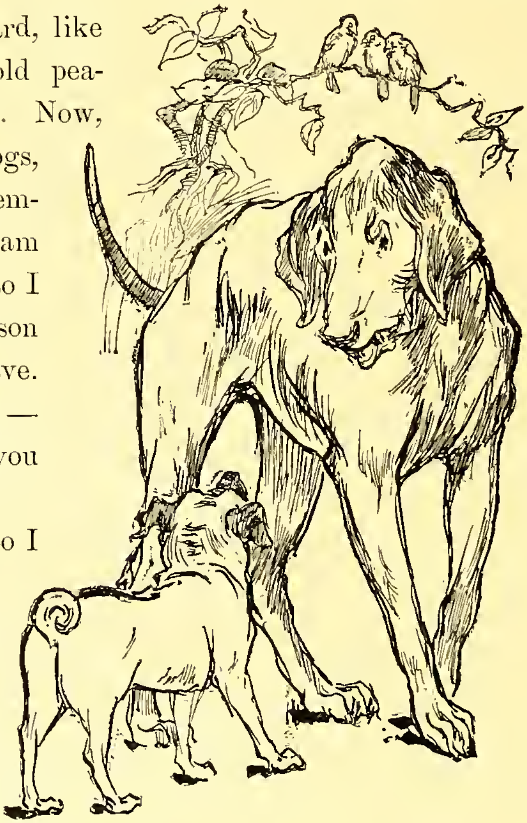
"Babies, with their bare brown feet,
Roll and tumble in the grass."

TO THE SOUTHLAND.

HOW SCAMP DELIVERED A LECTURE.

SOMEHOW, people who come from across the ocean put on airs. I know a dog who is just like some of those people. That dog is a Dutch dog, Jason, that my master's father got in Holland. He is a nasty dog, big, with coarse hair and sharp teeth; not pretty, like pug-dogs.

One day I saw Jason strutting about the yard, like an old peacock. Now, why will some people, and dogs, too, put on airs, and make themselves look foolish? Well, I am always sorry for such people, so I made up my mind to tell Jason he was not pretty, and to behave. So I went up to him and said: —



"Mr. Jason, what makes you so stuck up?"

He never looked at me. So I shouted: —

"Mr. Jason, everybody is laughing at you for walking about with your tail in the air, and your ears up. I thought I would tell you."

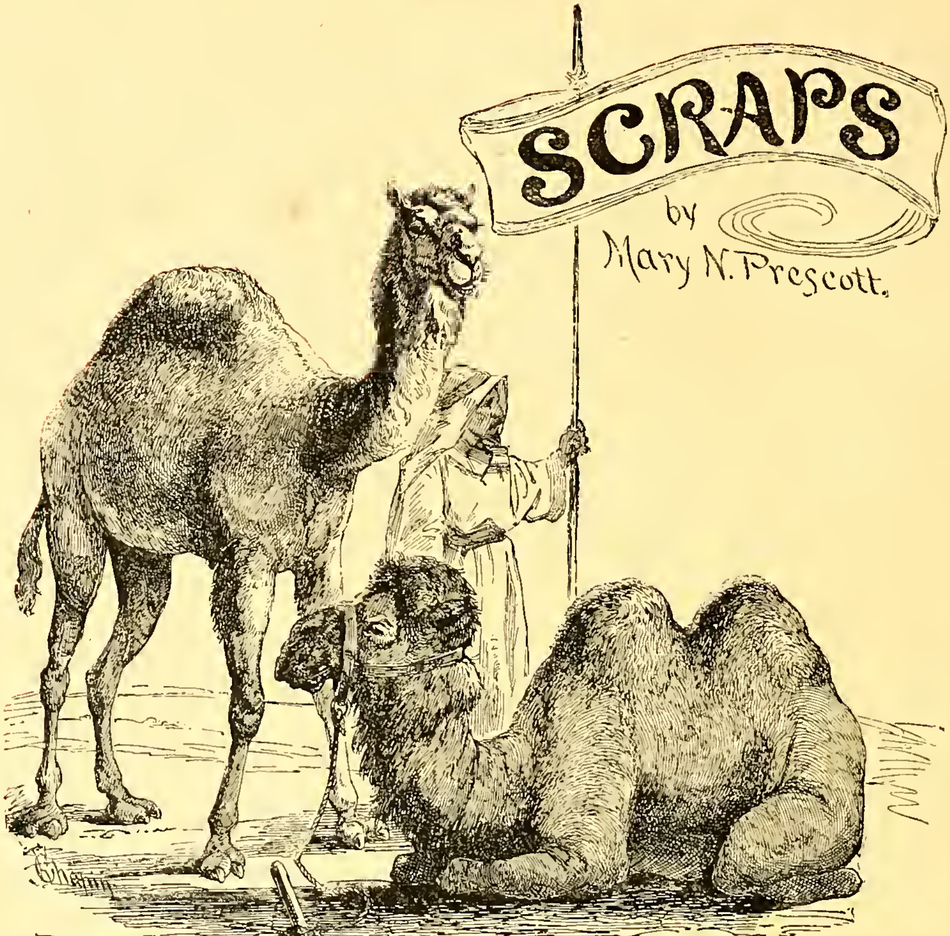
Jason looked at me, and then he made a jump and caught me by the back of my neck. You know pug-dogs have awful loose skin, and especially at the back of the neck. Well, he caught me there and gave me a shake. I howled. Then he shook me again and again. My breath was fast leaving my body. At last Annie, the cook; Mary Codd, the housekeeper; Wyatt, the servant; and Lewis, the coachman, — all came rushing out. When Jason saw them he dropped me, and said: —

"Next time children must have respect for their elders." Then he walked away. When they picked me up I thought I was dead, but I find out I am not; but I don't think I will tell anybody else not to put on airs!

JOHN S. SHRIVER.

SCRAPS

by Mary N. Prescott.

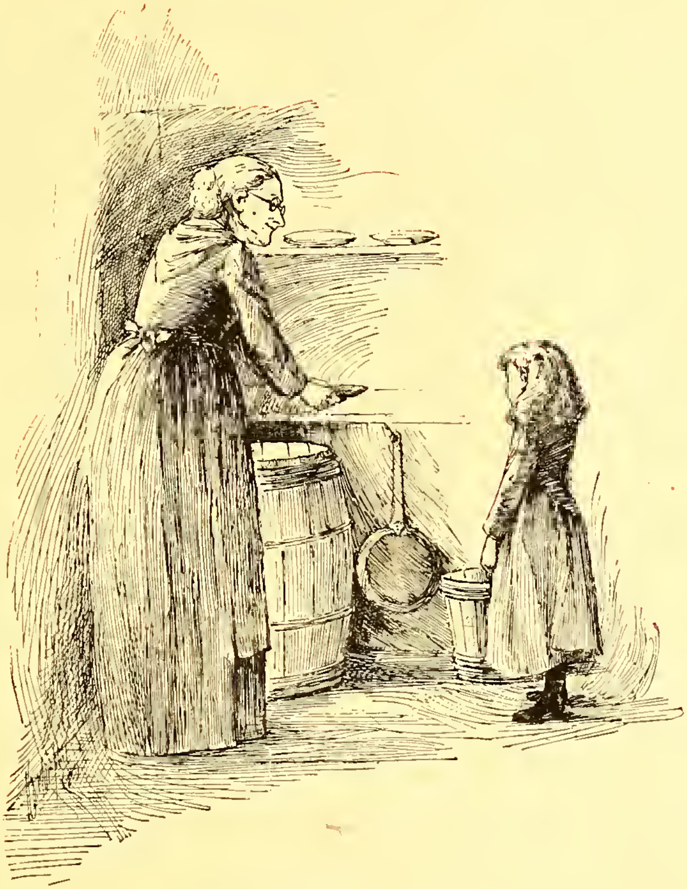


Dromedary, or one-humped Camel.

Bactrian, or two-humped Camel.

Alice is a little girl who cannot read herself. She goes to school and learns scraps, hearing the teacher talk to the larger scholars. One day she came home and told us that the camel can carry enough water in his stomach to last him a week or so, on his journeys across the great deserts, which no other animal can do. But she had not heard that the hump on his back is a kind of pantry, full of food. It sometimes keeps him from starving on those long journeys.

At another time she found out that there were stars in the sky in the daytime. Perhaps some small folks, who beg to sit up at night till the stars come out, will be as much surprised to know this as Alice was.



THE FATE OF A SQUASH PIE.

Pollie had come to grandma's for Thanksgiving! In New York, where Pollie lived, there was no Thanksgiving, — at least Pollie supposed not, — else why should they have come to grandma's for it?

Pollie was glad they had come, though, for grandma was the dearest old lady, with snow-white hair, and the kindest smile! Soon after they arrived she took Pollie into a delicious-smelling pantry, and showed her a tiny pie upon the lower shelf.

"There, Pollie," said she, "grandma made that for you, herself!"

"What is it, grandma?" asked Pollie timidly.

"Bless the child!" exclaimed grandma. "Has she never seen a pie before? It's a squash pie, dearie, and you shall eat it to-morrow.

There are plenty more for the grown people, but this little one is all for you, and Betsy shall set it by your plate at dinner." Too happy to speak, Pollie squeezed grandma's hand silently.

After tea, grandma sat talking with mamma while Pollie was going to bed. "Uncle Jack will be here to-night," she said. "I am glad I've made so many squash pies. Last Thanksgiving he ate all I had, and begged for more. He said nothing tasted so good as mother's squash pies."

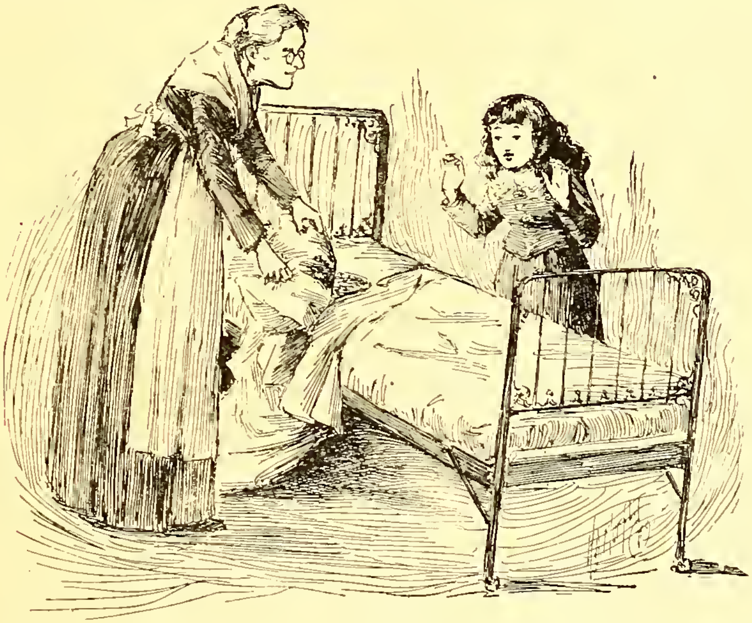
When they had gone downstairs, Pollie lay awake, thinking. So Uncle Jack wanted to eat all the squash pies! She was sure he wouldn't take the dear saucer-pie if he knew it was Pollie's. But suppose he should eat it before grandma could tell him! She resolved to put it in a safe place until she could explain. Pulling on her little slippers, she crept down stairs.

No one saw her, and she easily found the pantry, and returned in triumph with the pie. She remembered hearing mamma say she always kept her watch under the pillow for safety. Lifting her little white pillow, Pollie tucked the precious pie carefully underneath, and jumping into bed, was soon sound asleep.

The next morning Pollie quite forgot the pie; but while mamma was dressing her, grandma came in to say good-morning, and, as she stood by the little bed, happened to lift the pillow.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, "what is this?"

Pollie gave a little gasp, as she saw the ruins of her treasure "My squash pie!" she faltered.



"Squash pie, I should say!" said grandma, smiling in spite of her dismay. "How came it here?"

Pollie explained, through tears of disappointment.

"There, never mind!" said grandma, patting the curly head gently. "There's plenty of time to make another before dinner."

So Pollie had her pie after all, and thought she never had tasted anything half so good. But she never again put a squash pie under her pillow "for safety."

A. M. KEITH.

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS. — IV.

TO THE STAR COUNTRY.

Out of the twilight a west wind is blowing.
Come, through the air we will journey to-night!
Wind of the West, to the skies we are going,
Speed with us thither, as swift as the light!

Up, and still up! How the world looks below us!
Small as a crumb in the wide crystal air!
Now to the shore of a cloud-island blow us,
Wind, we will tarry and rest a while there.

Near us the stars have forgotten to twinkle,
Rolling like round silver balls through the skies.
Stars far away are like blossoms that sprinkle
All a fair field with their countless bright eyes.

Come, we will sail, with the wind for a skipper,
Snug in the stern of the moon's pretty boat.
If we are thirsty, why, there's the Big Dipper,
Close to the Milky Way, drifting afloat.

Ho, Little Bear, do you think you can fright us?
Clouds, are you trying our pathway to bar?
Nay, there are beams far away that invite us, —
Ho! and Oho! for the bright Northern Star!

Look! In the East a faint color is glowing.
Morning is coming! The stars fade away!
Paler and frailer the poor moon is growing,
We must haste home ere the breaking of day!

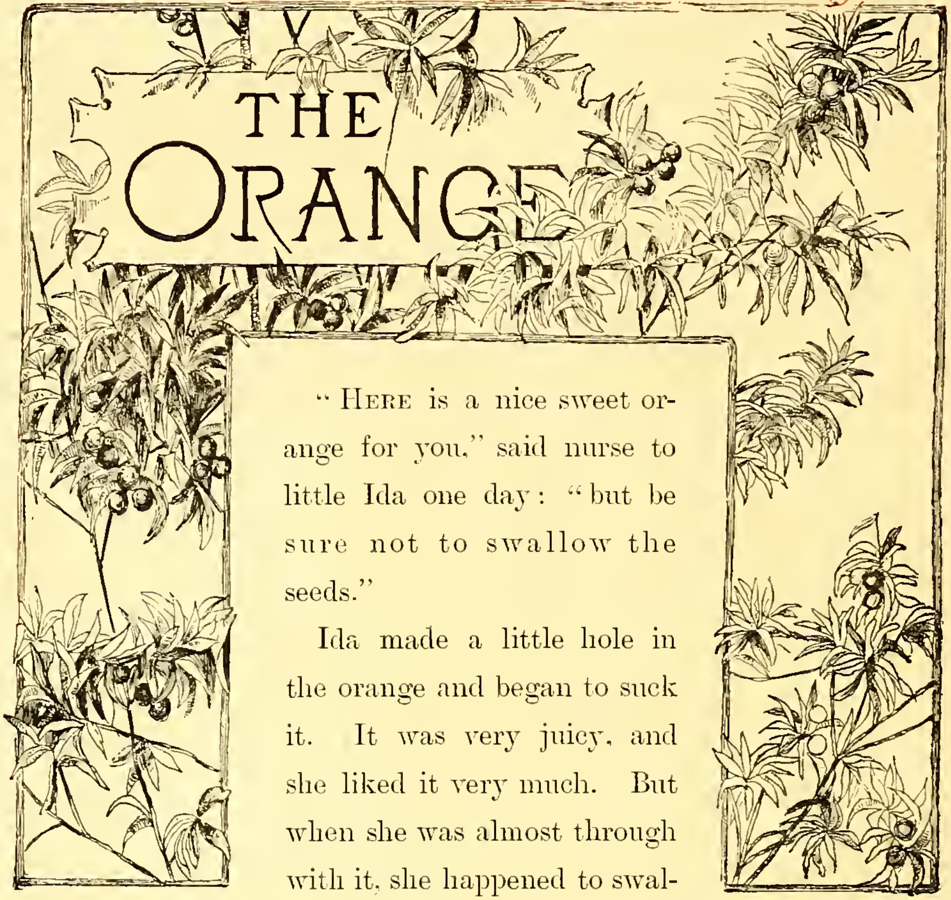
Gently, dear wind, bear us back if you love us,
Float with us silently down from the sky.
Safe on the earth again, stars far above us,
Wind of the West, we will bid you good-by!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

Ho, Little Bear, do you think you can fright us!

TO THE STAR COUNTRY.

THE ORANGE



"Here is a nice sweet orange for you," said nurse to little Ida one day: "but be sure not to swallow the seeds."

Ida made a little hole in the orange and began to suck it. It was very juicy, and she liked it very much. But when she was almost through with it, she happened to swallow a seed.

She ran to Nurse Mary at once to tell her about it.

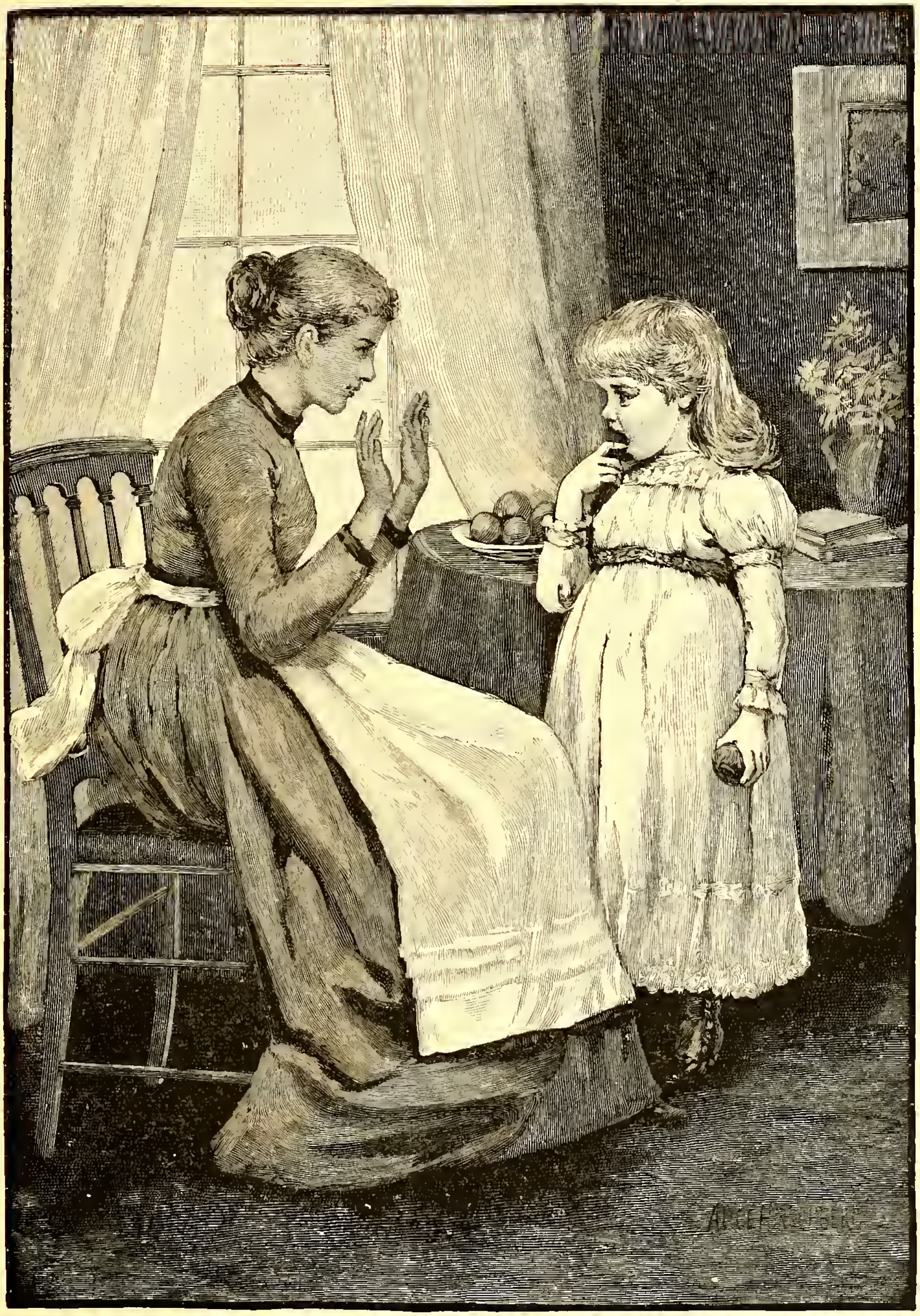
"Will it grow inside of me, nurse?" she asked.

Nurse Mary laughed. "Wait and see," she said. "If you find a little orange-tree coming up, you must tell me."

One morning Ida's mother saw her standing before a mirror with her mouth wide open. She was trying to see down her throat.

"What are you doing, Ida?" asked her mother.

"I'm looking for my orange-tree," answered Ida, tears in her brown eyes; "I'm afraid it will choke me when it comes up."



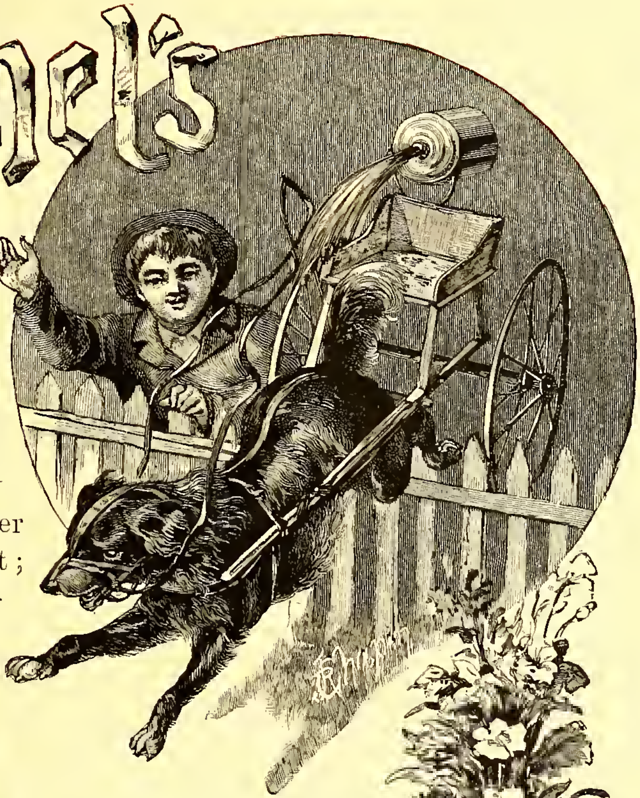
THE ORANGE.

Mamma did not know what Ida meant, and she laughed very much when the little girl told her about the seed she had swallowed. She told Ida there was no danger that a tree would grow from it.

But it was a long time before Ida forgot what nurse had said, and for many weeks she was often seen standing before a mirror with her mouth wide open, looking for that orange-tree which might come up after all.

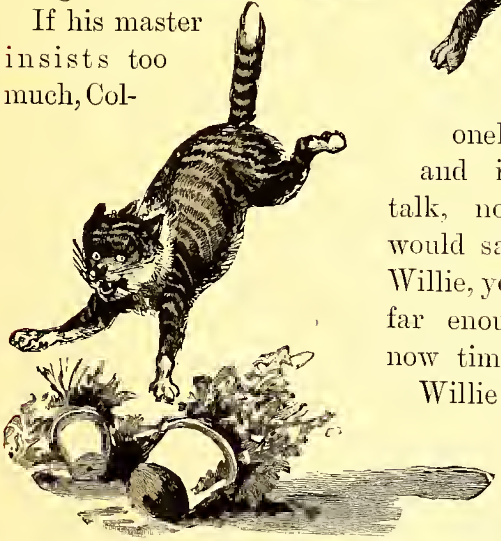
FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Colonel's Bath



Colonel is Willie's dog, and he is very proud when his master hitches him to the cart; but he cannot be persuaded to carry anything on his back.

If his master insists too much, Colonel will growl, and if he could talk, no doubt he would say, "Master Willie, you have gone far enough. It is now time to stop."



Willie has trained Colonel to perform many cunning tricks.

He is generally very dignified, and never shows any disposition to hurt dogs that are smaller than himself.

If they annoy him, he will show his teeth occasionally, but that is all. Willie says he is then laughing at them; but the dogs act as if they understood it to be a hint to keep out of his way.

I am sorry to say that Colonel sometimes loses his temper. He cannot endure the presence of a cat.

One day Willie hitched him to the cart, and went down town for some kerosene. After getting the oil he hung it on the back of the cart, climbed in, and started for home.

Colonel trotted along as usual, until suddenly a cat came out of an alley just in front of him, and ran across the street.

This was too much for the dog, and he started after the cat, taking his load with him.

Willie tried to check him, but did not succeed.

The cat, in order to escape, jumped over the pickets.

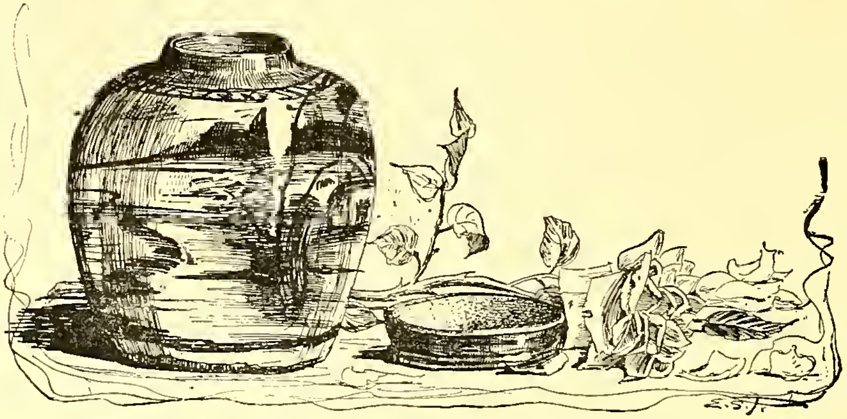
The dog followed.

Willie got off just in time, but the can of oil remained.

The cart caught in the fence and held Colonel fast, tipping the can in such a way that his beautiful fur coat was thoroughly drenched with oil.

Poor Colonel was taught a double lesson: that it is undignified for a big dog to chase a cat, and that a shower of kerosene makes an exceedingly disagreeable bath.

MRS. J. S. LOWE.



DAFFODILS

Swing out your golden
bells, beautiful
daffodils!
Swing them and ring
them among your
green spires!
Ring in the
springtime! ring
in the life that thrills!
Wake to their
love songs
the wild
woodland
choirs.

-Robert L. Stevenson.

THE DAFFODIL.

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS. — V.

TO BABYLAND.

HERE is the gate, but we indeed
  Must stoop to pass its tiny portals;
For he this happy land who sees
Must enter in on bended knees,
  The lowliest of mortals.

A little land of little things,
  Of coral beads and snowy tuckers,
Of rattles, balls, and rubber rings,
Of coos and kisses, spools and strings,
  Of smiles and frowns and puckers.

Here all the books are full of rhymes,
  No volumes dry and melancholy.
The pictures are of rainbow dyes,
And all the songs are lullabies,
  Or jigs and jingles jolly.

A babbling laughter fills the air,
  Like brooks that sing in summer weather,
While on the grass, in blithe array,
The babies roll and creep and play
  And prattle all together.

On every side are wondrous toys
  For babies wide-awake and cheery,
And bonny bowls of bread and milk,
And dainty cradles lined with silk,
  For hungry tots and weary.

See, they are nodding one by one,
  Like blossoms when the dews are weeping.
Each waves a drowsy dimpled hand,
As soft we steal from Babyland,
  And leave the babies sleeping!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

"While on the grass in blithe array
The babies roll and creep and play."

TO BABYLAND.

DAISIES.

FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

PLEASE, mamma, let me go out-doors,
And take a walk with Belle,
You know she's had the measles,
And isn't berry well."
"Yes," mamma said; "take poor old Belle.
I know she needs the air;
Keep on the walk before the house,
And don't fall down the stair."

Faith trotted by, with dollie dear
Held closely in her hand.
She trotted up, she trotted down,
And then came to a stand.
"My mamma said," cried Faith to Belle,
And Belle smiled soft and sweet,
"'Before the house,'—now isn't that
On both sides of the street?"

So across the road they
started;
The mud was soft and
deep.
One little rubber soon came
off;
Poor Faith began to weep.
And there her mamma found
them,
All dirt, and mud, and
tears;
She took her baby in her
arms
And quieted her fears.

And then into the bath-tub
She put both Faith and
Belle,
And listened to their story
The while she washed
them well.
"And I know, now," said
little Faith,
Appearing fresh and neat,
"Front of the house don't
really mean
On both sides of the
street."

GRACE BROWNELL PECK.

HAL'S CHESTNUTS.

Hal's mother sent him one morning to sell some chestnuts at the nearest store. He was to bring home some sugar in exchange.

Some boys at the roadside stopped him, and asked what he had in his bag. Hal took out a handful of the nice, brown nuts and began to play a game with the boys. In a little while all his chestnuts were gone, and Hal had no sugar for his mother. He was ready to cry, for he knew how wrong it was for him to throw away what did not belong to him.

"Let us get some black grapes," said one of the boys. "They are sweet now that the frost has fallen on them, and Hal can sell them instead of chestnuts."

The bag was soon filled, for plenty of grapes grew on the roadside, and Hal took them to the store.

"We do not buy grapes," said the merchant; "but if you bring chestnuts, I will take them."

Hal went away, and as soon as he was out of sight sat down on the bank and began to cry. A lady, who was walking out, saw the little boy with his bag near him, and asked him what he was crying about.

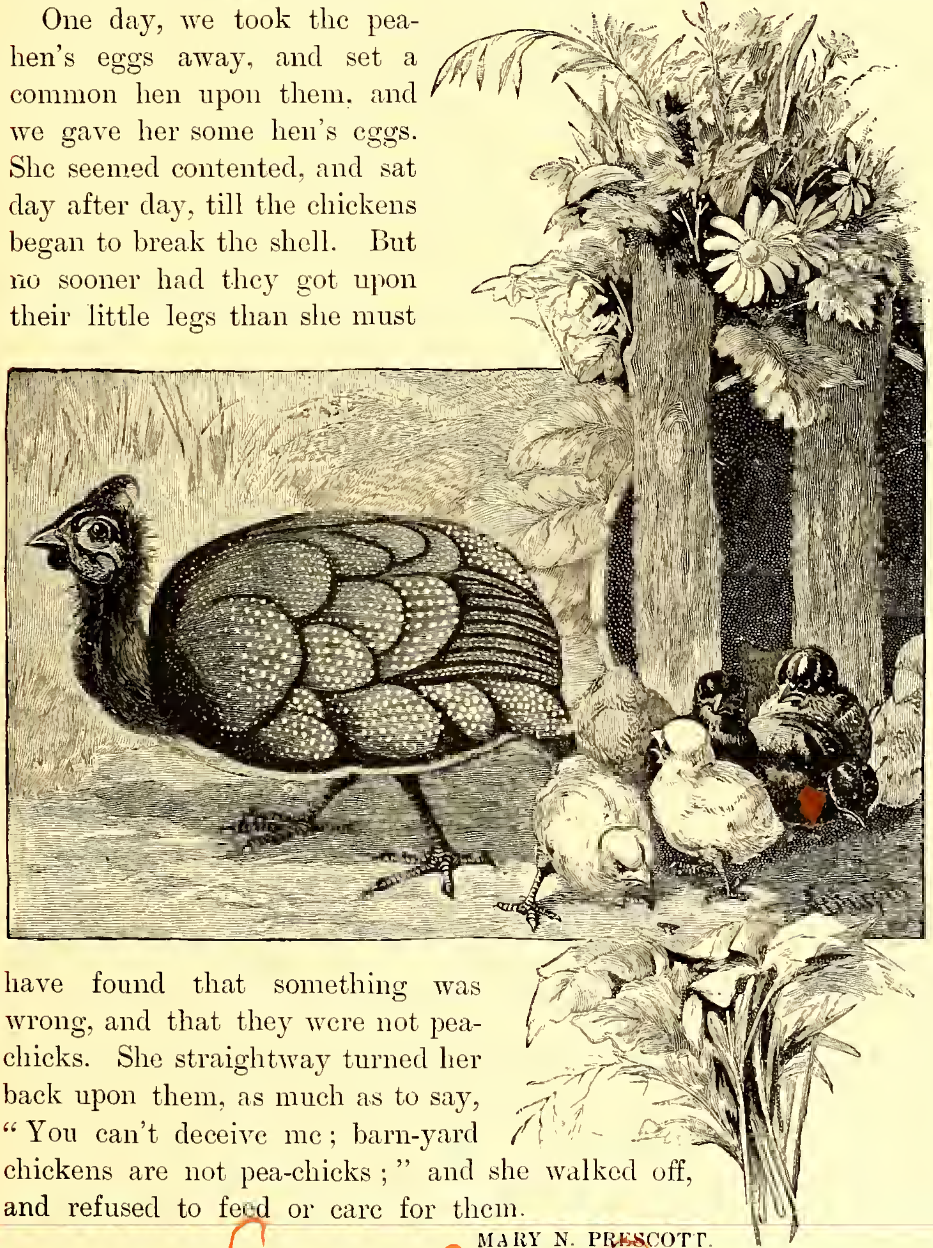
Hal told his sad story, and the lady bought his grapes after making him promise to tell his mother the whole story when he went home. He also promised never again to take what did not belong to him, and went joyfully back to the store to buy the sugar for his mother.

PINK HUNTER.

THE PEA-HEN.

Young pea-chicks are very hard to bring up. They are delicate, and their mother, being of a roving disposition, leads them long tramps over hill and dale, and wears them out.

One day, we took the pea-hen's eggs away, and set a common hen upon them, and we gave her some hen's eggs. She seemed contented, and sat day after day, till the chickens began to break the shell. But no sooner had they got upon their little legs than she must have found that something was wrong, and that they were not pea-chicks. She straightway turned her back upon them, as much as to say, "You can't deceive me; barn-yard chickens are not pea-chicks;" and she walked off, and refused to feed or care for them.



MARY N. PRESCOTT.

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS.— VI.

TO THE NORTHLAND.

Oho
For the land of ice and snow!
Fur-wrapped and warm from head to feet,
Our sledge beneath us firm and fleet,
Across the plain we go.

Away
To the sound of music gay!
The bells ring out a silver chime,
The dogs with muffled feet keep time,
For coursers brave are they.

The sky
Looks dark and clear and high.
The stars shine ever, night and day.
The sun will come no more this way
Till many moons roll by.

Afar
Shines out the great North Star.
And all across the snowfields white
There streams a strange, unsteady light,
As red as roses are.

Ho, there!
Far yonder steals a bear!
And from their funny huts of snow
Peep out the little Esquimaux
Into the frosty air.

Oho
For the land of ice and snow!
You shiver? Turn then, coursers bold,
From this strange country, dark and cold.
Straight homeward we will go.

MARGARET JOHNSON

"Our sledge beneath us firm and fleet,
Across the plains we go."

TO THE NORTHLAND.

A Song of Fish-hooks.

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
One day two little boys
Begged for some pennies. "Not to buy
Candies or silly toys, —
Oh, no!" they cried; "'tis fish-hooks!
Give us but half a dime,
And we will catch a string of fish
Before 'tis dinner-time."

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
Alas! no tempting string
Of fish was captured ere they heard
The dinner-bell out ring.
Then by the door they stood their rods,
With dangling bait on high,
And while they calmly ate within,
Poor pussy wandered by.

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
High in the sunny air
Sprang playful puss, unconscious
That cruel hooks were there.

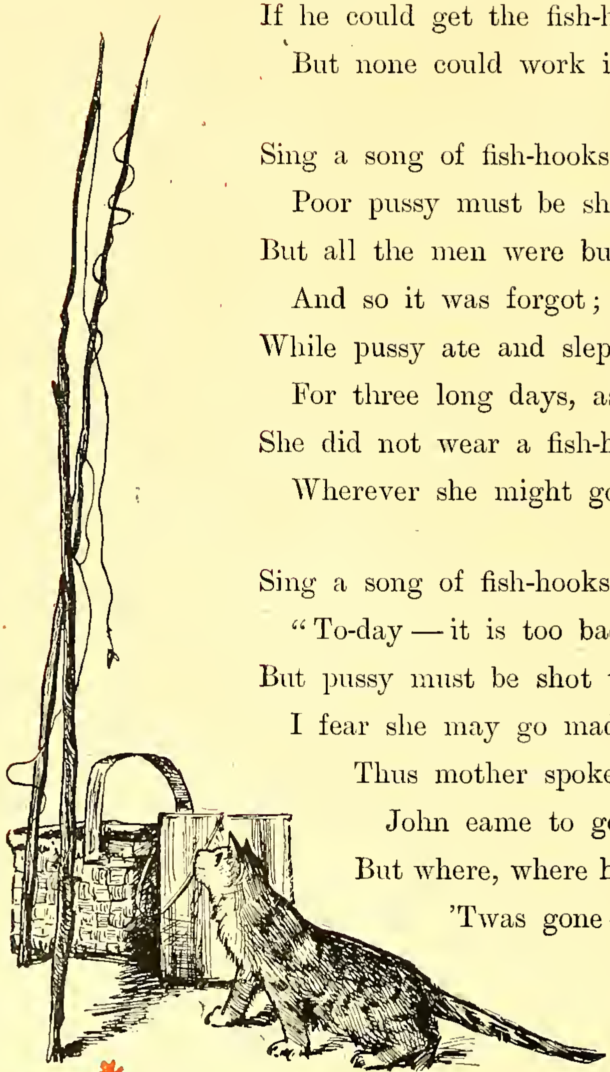
When, lo! a rod fell with a crash!
Pussy had caught, at last,

The dangling plaything she desired,
And in her jaw 'twas fast.

A SONG OF FISH-HOOKS.

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
Alas! poor little boys!
With streaming eyes they cut the cord,
Forgotten all their joys;
They carry puss first here, then there,
Begging each one to see
If he could get the fish-hook out;
But none could work it free.

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
Poor pussy must be shot!
But all the men were busy,
And so it was forgot;
While pussy ate and slept and played
For three long days, as though
She did not wear a fish-hook horn,
Wherever she might go!



Sing a song of fish-hooks!
"To-day — it is too bad —
But pussy must be shot to-day;
I fear she may go mad."
Thus mother spoke, and by and by
John came to get the cat;
But where, where had the fish-hook gone?
'Twas gone — no doubt of that!

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
The boys jumped high in glee,
"You dear, smart little puss!" they cried,
"To work the fish-hook free!"
But to this day, how pussy pulled
The dreadful fish-hook out
Nobody knows, nor will, I think,
Know how 'twas brought about.

GOING AFTER FIRE.

"TELL us a story, grandma," pleaded Jennie, "of when you's a little girl."

"Yes, grandma, of when you lived in the woods, and heard the bears howl at night," said Edna. "I wish I could see one — a real live one."

"I never saw but one live one," said grandma, "and that was one morning when I ran over to our only neighbor's to borrow some fire."

"Borrow fire!" cried the children together.

"Yes," laughed grandma. "You know so long ago they didn't have any matches. There were none made then. If we let our fire go out we had to borrow some. Mother usually covered up a heap of big knots deep in the ashes overnight. On raking them open in the morning there would be a bed of live coals to begin the day.

"But one night, late in the fall, the knots did not burn, and there was no fire to get breakfast. I was the oldest — about as big as Edna. Mother pinned a wool blanket over my head with a thorn, for we didn't have many pins. Giving me the little iron fire-kettle, she bade me be spry, for the children were hungry.

"Well, I got my kettle full of bright coals, with a blazing knot on the top. I ran off through the frost, the wind keeping the coals and knot all ablaze.

"When I got about half-way home I heard a crackling through the thick bushes. Almost before I had time to stop, a great, black bear ambled out into the rough, narrow road. I was so scared that I dropped my kettle flat on the ground and stared at him. And he stared at me, sticking his long nose out toward me, sniffing and snuffling.

"But he didn't like the smell of the burning knot, and the next moment he leaped out of the path and went crashing off through the bushes.

"I didn't stop for the coals, but scooping the knot into the kettle, I fled toward home in a great panic. A little time after that father and Mr. Noble, our neighbor, caught the bear in a trap, and father had a coat made out of his skin."

CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS.— VII.

UNDER THE SEA.

PUT your hands together,— so,
Ready for the airy leap;
From the grassy sunlit shore
Fearless dive into the deep.

Down and down and down we go,
Darting swift the waters through;
All about, above, below,
Shimmering walls of liquid blue.

Fishes circling near us swim,
Staring with their solemn eyes;
Some with silver scales a-gleam,
Tinted some with rainbow dyes.

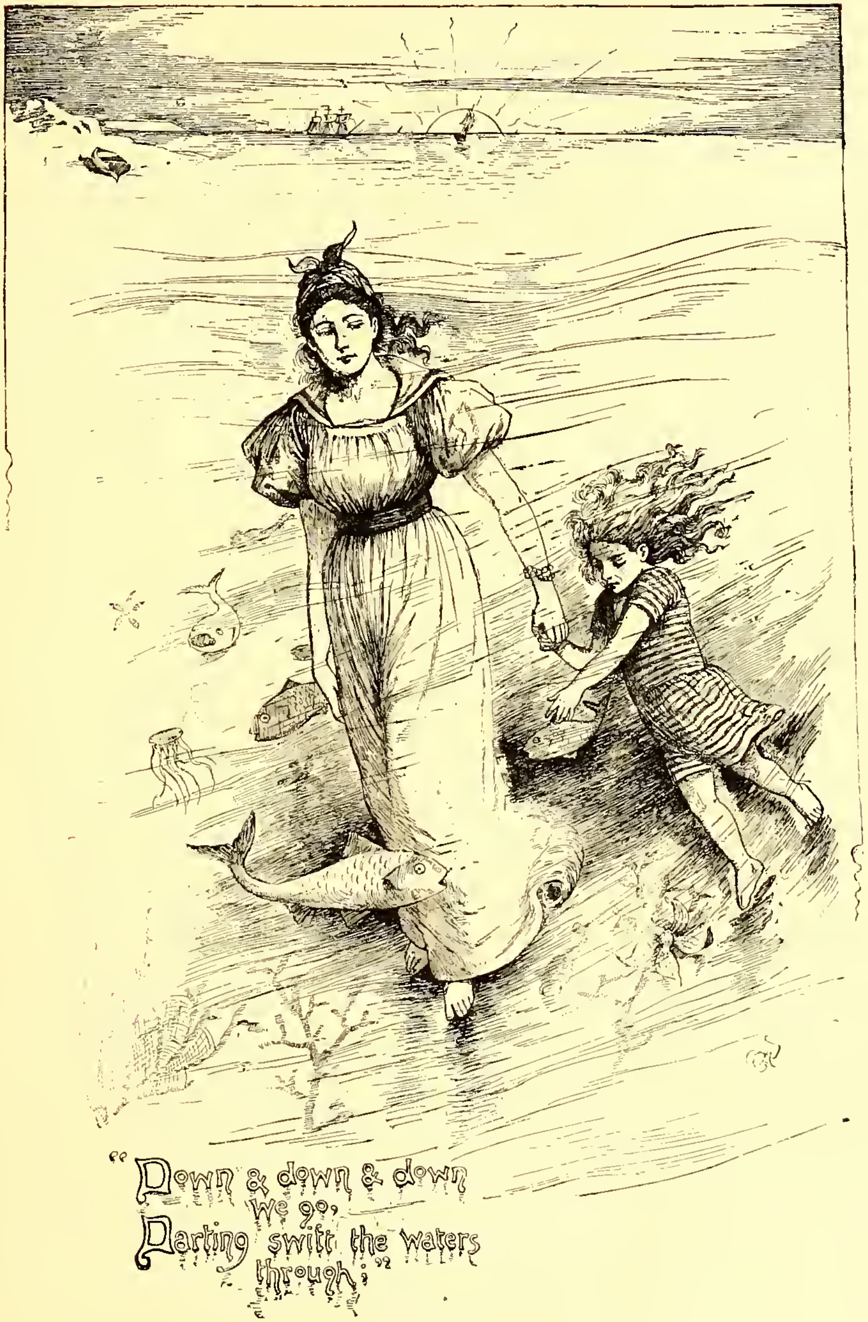
Blossoms wide and wonderful
Wave their fringes to and fro;
Groves of carven coral stand,
Scarlet-hued, or white as snow.

All the silver-sanded floor
Shines with pebbles, pure as pearl;
Shells, whose tints of rose and gold
Hide in many a glowing curl.

Here, in rocky caverns dim,
We may sit and comb our hair,
Gather jewels, float and sing,
Play at being mermaids fair.

And when all this watery world
Grows too chill for you and me,
Light as bubbles we will rise
From the bottom of the sea.

MARGARET JOHNSON.



UNDER THE SEA.

Beauty and Pepper

I WILL tell you a story of two very intelligent dogs, one quite large and the other small, who are great friends. Beauty, the larger one, loves to romp with children, to swim, to run and fetch things thrown, to carry bundles for his master, and to play ball.

A dog play ball? Yes; Beauty owns a ball, which he keeps in a snug corner, and when he wants to play he drops it at some friend's feet, looks up and barks, as if to say, "Please throw it, and see me run and catch it."

Some boys were playing base-ball one day when Beauty joined them. He chased the ball all over the field and caught it oftener than his two-legged friends. But he insisted upon playing on both sides, which made trouble. They were obliged to take him by the collar and lead him home, for they could not drive him.

Beauty will catch a ball thrown swiftly a few feet away as easily as the best base-ball player.

One day Johnnie threw a stick on the stable roof several times, and Beauty would catch it as it came down. The stick lodged on the eaves, so that Beauty could see, but could not reach, it.

"Why don't you get it, Beauty?" said Johnnie.

Beauty thought a moment, and then went behind the stable and brought a long bean-pole for Johnnie to knock the stick down with. Then Beauty caught it and seemed much pleased.

Pepper is Beauty's friend. He does not play ball, but spends much time in catching flies and other insects.

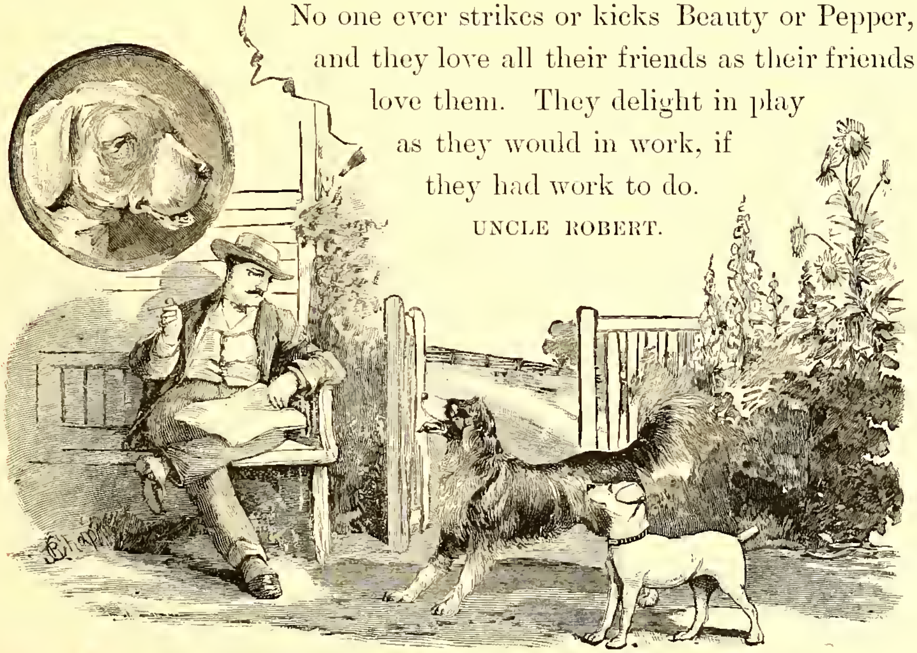
One day he caught a wasp and the wasp stung him. The picture shows how handsome Pepper looked before he caught the wasp, and how homely he appeared for three days afterwards.

When Pepper first came to Beauty's home, Beauty went with him around the neighborhood to show him the sights and introduce him to other good dogs.

One afternoon Beauty came home without his little friend. "Where is Pepper?" asked his master. Beauty looked up, wagged his tail, and barked. "Go and find him," said his master. Beauty barked again, and trotted off. In ten minutes he returned with Pepper, looked up in his master's face, as if to say, "Here he is," wagged his tail, and barked a third time.

No one ever strikes or kicks Beauty or Pepper, and they love all their friends as their friends love them. They delight in play as they would in work, if they had work to do.

UNCLE ROBERT.



ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS. — VIII.

TO FAIRYLAND.

Step soft across the dewy grass
To yonder little bubbling spring.
The magic spot is close at hand. —
This is the place. — lo, here we stand
Within the fairy-ring!

Look! now on every grassy blade
There sits a saucy elf astride.
From every flower there peeps a face,
And tiny figures, full of grace,
Down every moonbeam slide.

The fairy fiddlers play a tune,
The dancers dance with twinkling feet.
From crystal goblets, fairy-fine,
They quaff the violets' dewy wine,
And sup on honey sweet.

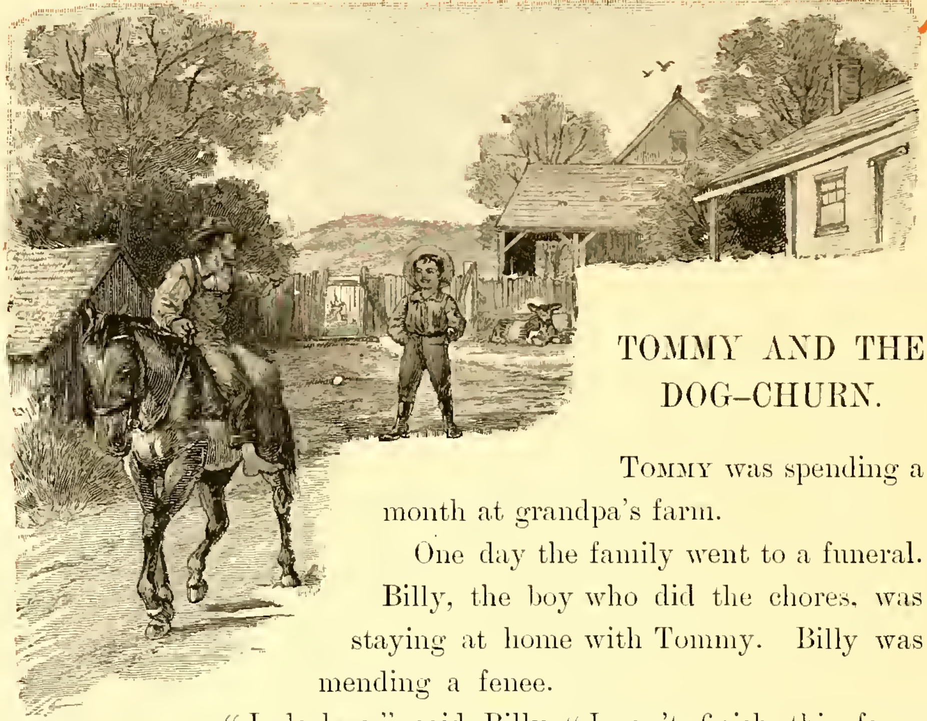
And you and I — what shall we do, —
Two strangers, wandering hand-in-hand?
We'll wish us wishes three times three,
For every wish shall granted be
In this enchanted land.

And here are fairy flowers to pluck,
And fairy treasures all untold,
And round us stand the merry elves,
And bid us boldly help ourselves,
And fill our hands with gold.

Then comes a laughing sprite, and fans
Our eyelids with his gauzy wing.
The treasure melts, — the little men
Have vanished. Lo, we stand again
Without the fairy-ring!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

TO FAIRYLAND.



TOMMY AND THE DOG-CHURN.

Tommy was spending a month at grandpa's farm.

One day the family went to a funeral. Billy, the boy who did the chores, was staying at home with Tommy. Billy was mending a fence.

"I declare," said Billy, "I can't finish this fence without more nails. Will you watch the calf while I ride old Sam to the village and get some?"

"Yes, I will," said Tommy.

"Be sure you don't let him get through this hole in the fence to the Missus' flowers."

"No, I won't," said Tommy.

So Billy led out old Sam and trotted away to the village.

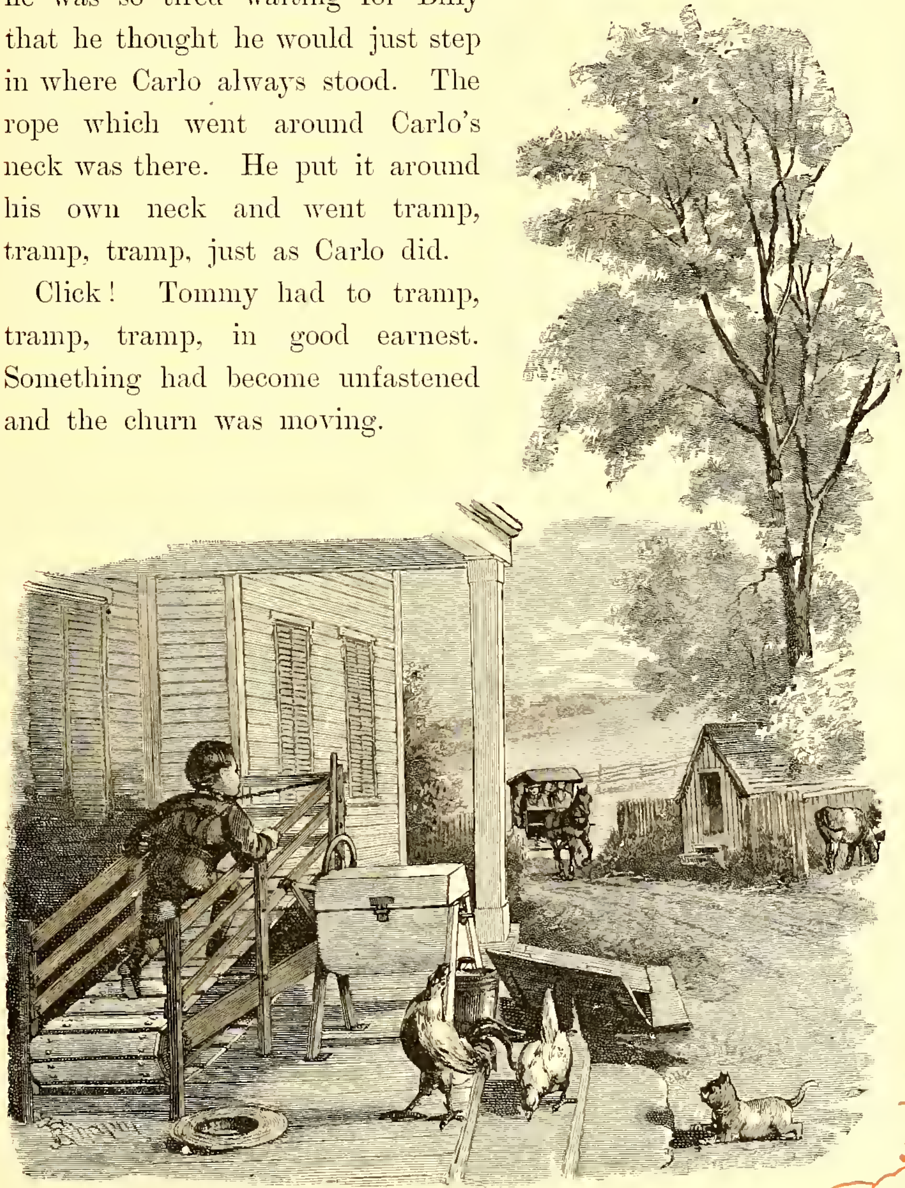
Tommy watched very well for a while. Every time the calf even turned his face towards the hole he would chase him to the further corner of the back yard. But before long he grew tired. He had never been left alone before.

The dog-churn was standing in the back porch. Tommy wished Carlo was there to churn in it. He always thought it very funny to see him walking and walking without ever getting any further.

He stood by it and tried to make it go, but it was fastened. He ran and drove the calf away from the hole, and then came back to the churn.

Grandpa always said, "Don't touch the churn, Tommy!" But he was so tired waiting for Billy that he thought he would just step in where Carlo always stood. The rope which went around Carlo's neck was there. He put it around his own neck and went tramp, tramp, tramp, just as Carlo did.

Click! Tommy had to tramp, tramp, tramp, in good earnest. Something had become unfastened and the churn was moving.



"Oh, my!" said Tommy. "I guess I'd better get out, 'cause grandpa don't want me in the churn."

But he could not get out. The rope was around his neck, and the harder he tried to get it off the tighter he pulled it.

"Never mind," said Tommy; "it's fun, anyway."

But he soon grew tired of the tramp, tramp, tramp.

"Billy! Billy!" he screamed with all his might. But Billy did not come.

"There's that calf!" he cried. He pulled again at the rope as the calf went through the hole in the fence, but it was no use. He saw it feeding on grandma's pansies. Then it took a nip at the geraniums and white lilies, and nibbled at Aunt Susy's rosebuds.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! He grew hot and dizzy. His legs ached, but round and round that churn went and he could not stop.

"Billy! *Billy!* BILLY!" he screamed again. Some one was coming, but not Billy. The calf had just got to the balsams when grandpa drove into the yard.

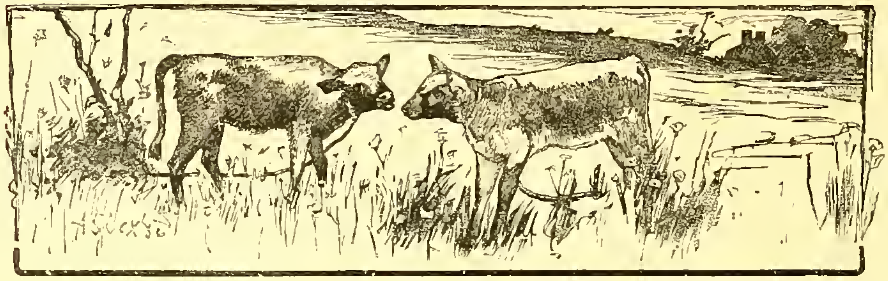
Grandpa and Uncle Ned stopped to laugh a moment at sight of the funny little figure sobbing, rubbing its eyes, and churning with all its might. But Aunt Susy said, "Poor little fellow!" and hurried up and fastened the churn and took Tommy out.

Don't you think he was very much ashamed of himself when he saw how sorry everybody was about the flowers?

"You said you'd watch that calf," said Billy, when he got home.

"I did," said Tommy, hanging down his head. "I was watching him all the time."

SYDNEY DAYRE.



SPIDER GRAY AND Grasshopper Green.

Said Spider Gray to Grasshopper Green, —
"Your home is under a leaf so mean;
But mine's a palace with silver stairs;
To pass its portals who is there dares?"

Said Grasshopper Green to Spider Gray, —
"I own your palace looks bright and gay;
But I'm contented down here to dwell
All summer long in my cool, green dell."

Said Spider Gray to Grasshopper Green, —
"By tiresome neighbors I'm seldom seen,

SPIDER GRAY AND GRASSHOPPER GREEN.

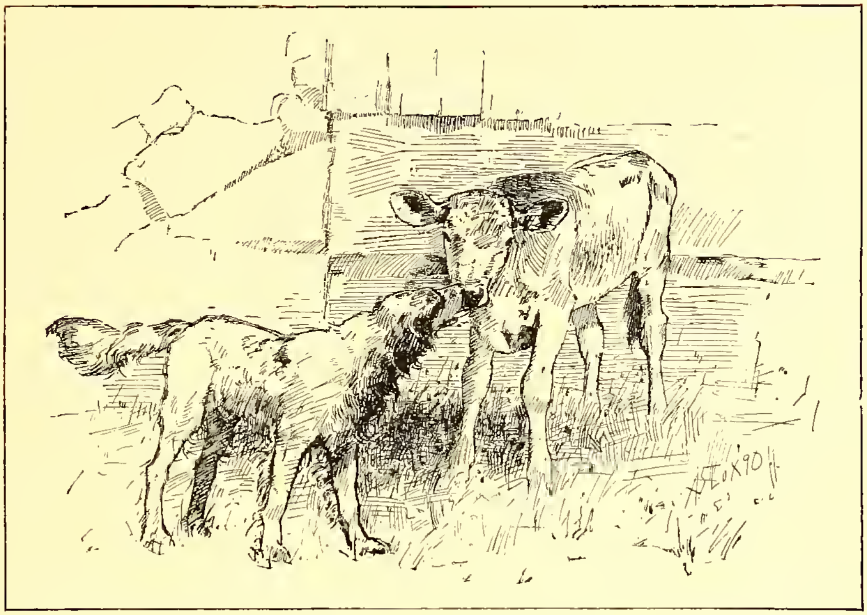
While bees and crickets and
ants, I've heard,
Can pay you visits without
a word."

Said Grasshopper Green
to Spider Gray,—
"I'm much too lively
to mope all day;
My roof is welcome to every one;
But yours—how is it?—your neighbors shun."

Said Spider Gray to Grasshopper Green,—
"My walls are dazzling with silver sheen;
I want no company, good or ill;
So let them shun me, I say, who will."

Said Grasshopper Green to Spider Gray,—
"Our neighbor Bluebottle comes this way."
"Oh! I'm delighted his smiles to win;
When he calls on me, I'm always in!"

GEORGE COOPER.



BERT'S CALF.

HERE they come! Here they come! down the hill like a whirlwind. What a strange sight; a calf in harness and a little gig attached to him. It looks very odd to you and me, but to Bert it does not seem at all queer, because he can remember that the mother and grandmother of this calf wore the very same harness when they were "bossies."

That little gig with the nice little seat, the boys made themselves; and how proud they are of it! You would know they were having a good time from the way they laugh and scream, while they are taking their turn riding. Away up on the hill in the orchard they start; then with a rush down the hill across the field to the barn they go. Who would ever think a calf could run like that?

When she reaches the barn the boys are not half-way there. It is all that Ponto can do to keep up with the team, if he is a dog. No one enjoys this fun more than the calf; she seems to know that

BERT'S CALF.

some day she will be a heavy and sober old cow; so she runs now, while young and active, for all the years to come.

Ponto and the calf are great friends, and both are proud because they can run so much faster than the boys. Ponto never forgets to go to his friend each day for a good-morning kiss. You would be amused to see the calf put down her nose for Ponto to caress her.

Sometimes, just for a change, the gig is put aside and the boys ride on the calf's back. Then all form in line, except the boy that rides the calf, who takes his position far behind. The race commences when grandpa sounds the cow-bell. Then how the calf leaps over the ground! She passes one boy after another, until even Alden, the fastest runner of all the boys, is left far behind.

A. S. C.

ROCKING–CHAIR TRAVELS.—IX.

TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

A long, long breath, and away we go
Like a leaf in the north wind whirled,
Across the continents, over the seas,
To the other side of the world.

'Twas twilight there, it is morning here.
The streets are hot in the sun,
And the queer little maids go walking by
With parasols, every one.

With painted fans in their small, brown hands,
They toddle on tiniest feet,
And shyly glance at the wonderful queues
Of the queer little boys they meet.

The scholars stand, in this singular land,
With their backs to the teacher turned;
And upside-down are the books they read,
And their lessons aloud are learned.

For dinner they give us a bird's-nest soup,
With tea, and a bowlful of rice.
Two ivory sticks for a knife and fork,
And a nice little stew of young mice.

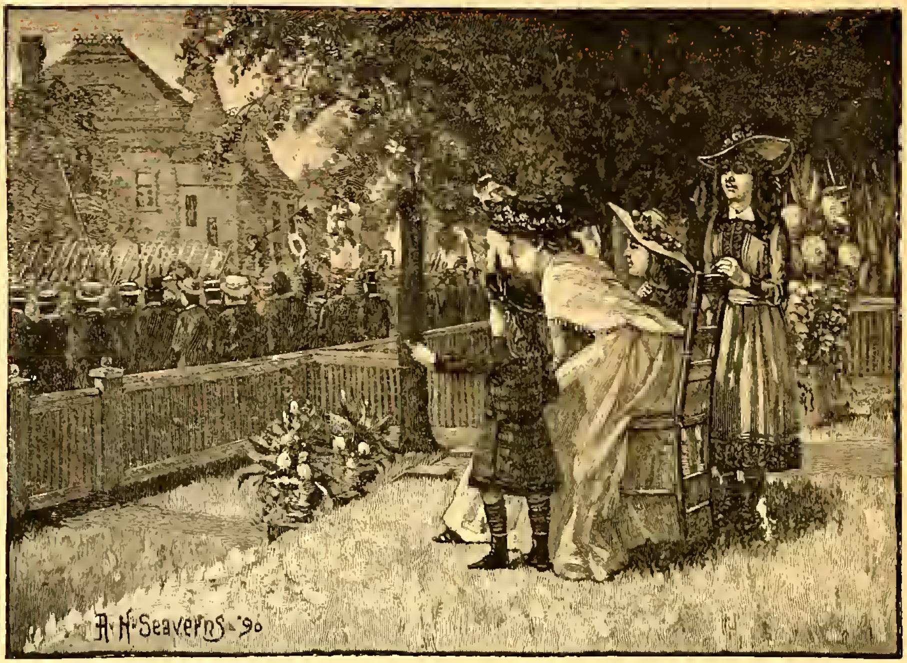
The shadows darken, and all the town
Is lit with the lanterns' glow;
And a curious crowd, with eyes aslant,
Come out to see us go.

A smile and a sigh, and away we fly,
With our parasols gay unfurled;
And a long farewell to the folk who live
On the other side of the world.

MARGARET JOHNSON

"The queer little maids go walking by"

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.



HOW ROBBIE SAW THE GRAND ARMY.

THE soldiers had come to Milwaukee from all parts of the land to spend a few days in tents, telling over stories of the war. The city was very gay with flags and streamers, the stores and houses all dressed in red, white, and blue, and the streets brilliant at night with arches of colored gas-lights and the dazzling electric lights.

There was to be a grand procession by day and a naval battle by night. No one would be hurt in this battle, but it would be a grand sight, and Robbie was very anxious to see it.

When the procession began to pass, the family took their chairs and sat on the lawn watching the bands in gay uniform, the soldiers carrying beautiful banners, and the horses proudly prancing as if they enjoyed the music. There were over a thousand horses, each bearing a soldier, and many, many thousands of men on foot.

Robbie could not understand why the crowds of people on the sidewalks and in front of the houses cheered so when some torn and smoky flags were carried by.

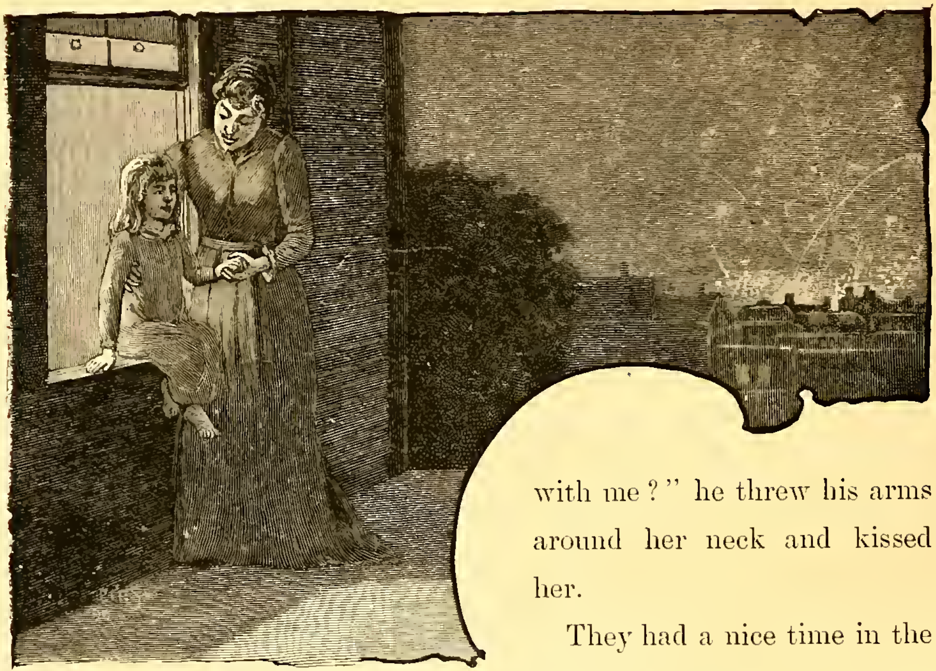
What pleased him most was the umbrella brigade, all carrying umbrellas, either white, or red, or blue, arranged in rows to represent the stars and stripes. When one looked down on them a great flag seemed to be moving along the street.

At dinner Robbie heard them talking about the grand illumination of the bay, and the fine display of fireworks which would close the naval battle.

They said some ships would attempt to take the city, and troops on shore would repulse them with cannon, shells, and guns, and at last the pretended enemy would give up and go off in small boats;

and then one of the ships would be set on fire and burned, and the other would be blown up.

He wanted very much to go with the older people. But he was a loving little boy, and when mamma said: "Who will stay at home with me?" he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her.



They had a nice time in the parlor, though the cannon boomed, until at last she took him upstairs to bed.

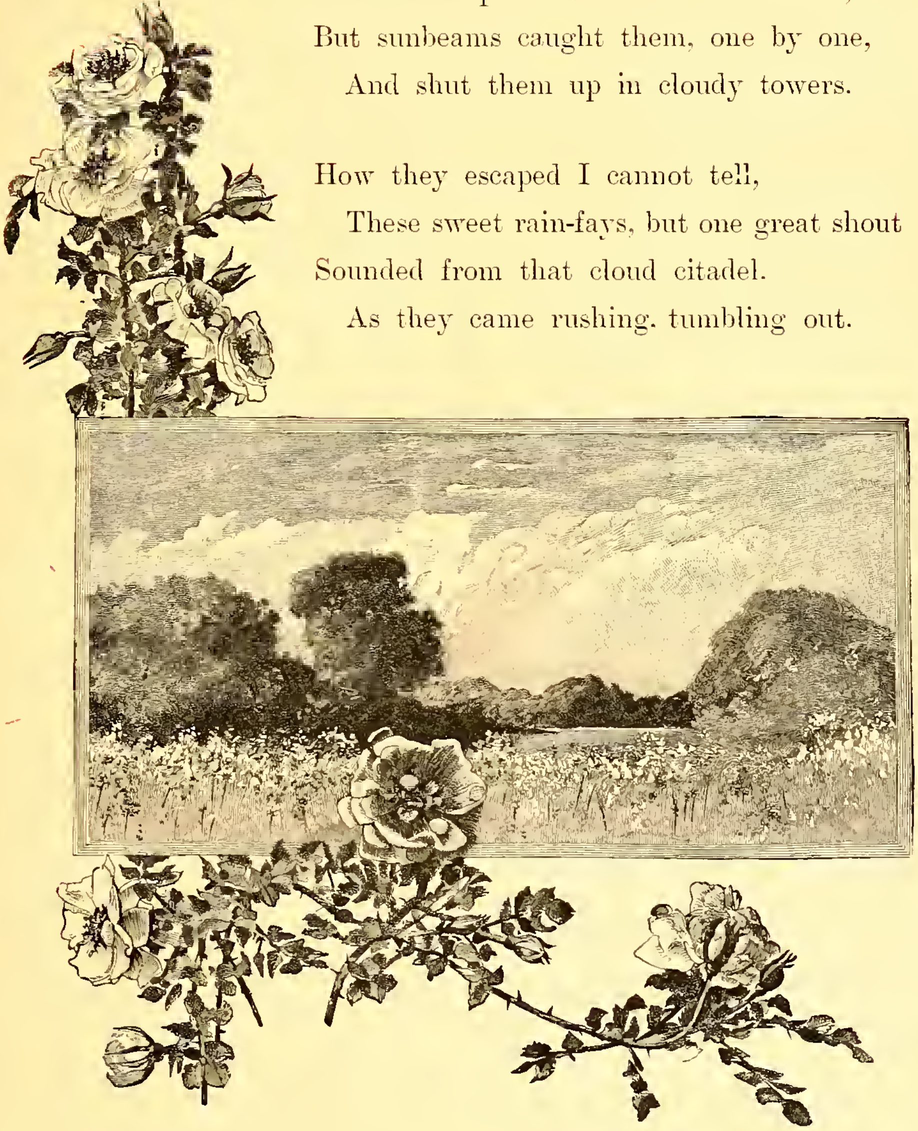
Just as she was ready to come down again she saw from a back window the rockets in the sky, and heard the whistles of all the tugs and boats giving tokens of victory. The kitchen roof was under the bath-room window. Calling him, his mamma helped him through the window. There in his little white nighty and bare feet, this warm August night, with the sky full of stars above him, Robbie watched the fireworks and illumination to his heart's content.

MRS. WM. MILLARD

THE RAIN-FAYS.

Midsummer's day was scarce begun,
  When I spied fairies in the flowers ;
But sunbeams caught them, one by one,
  And shut them up in cloudy towers.

How they escaped I cannot tell,
  These sweet rain-fays, but one great shout
Sounded from that cloud citadel.
  As they came rushing, tumbling out.



All merrily they skipped and danced
  Along the road from heaven to earth,
And on my window-sill they pranced,
  With tinkling laughter. full of mirth.

Then swift they vanished, silently;
But from the arch that spanned the sky
These sweet rain-fays smiled back at me,
In robes of gold and crimson dye.

EMMA C. DOWD.

Tiptoo's Newspaper

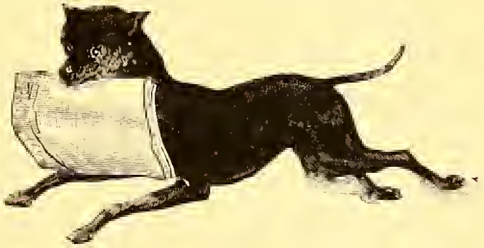
Tramp and Tiptoo were friends. Tramp was a black-and-tan dog; Tiptoo, a gray parrot.

Tiptoo talked almost all day; Tramp barked almost all day.

At four o'clock, every afternoon, Tramp came into the house, walked up to his mistress, looked into her face, and waited patiently until she gave him a piece of money.

Tiptoo always watched Tramp as he took the money into his mouth. Then, with a shrill shriek, she would call, "Halloa, Tramp! Four o'clock, Tramp! Buy a paper, Tramp! Herald, Globe, Rekkid! Oh, my! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are coming!"

This was a long sentence for Tiptoo, but Tramp always waited for the word "coming;" then he would spring through the open window, bound down the path, across the street, and into a small store.



And Tiptoo, watching intently, would cry, as he returned, bearing a paper in his mouth, "Tramp's bought a paper! Oh my! Oh my! What a funny dog!"

One day, at four o'clock. Tramp was away with his master. As the moments passed, Tiptoo became restless and excited. She hopped from one window to another, and looked in all directions for her friend Tramp.

By and by the clock struck. "One! two! three! four! five!" counted Tiptoo, in a loud voice.

She waited a few minutes longer, and then she sprang upon her mistress's shoulder.

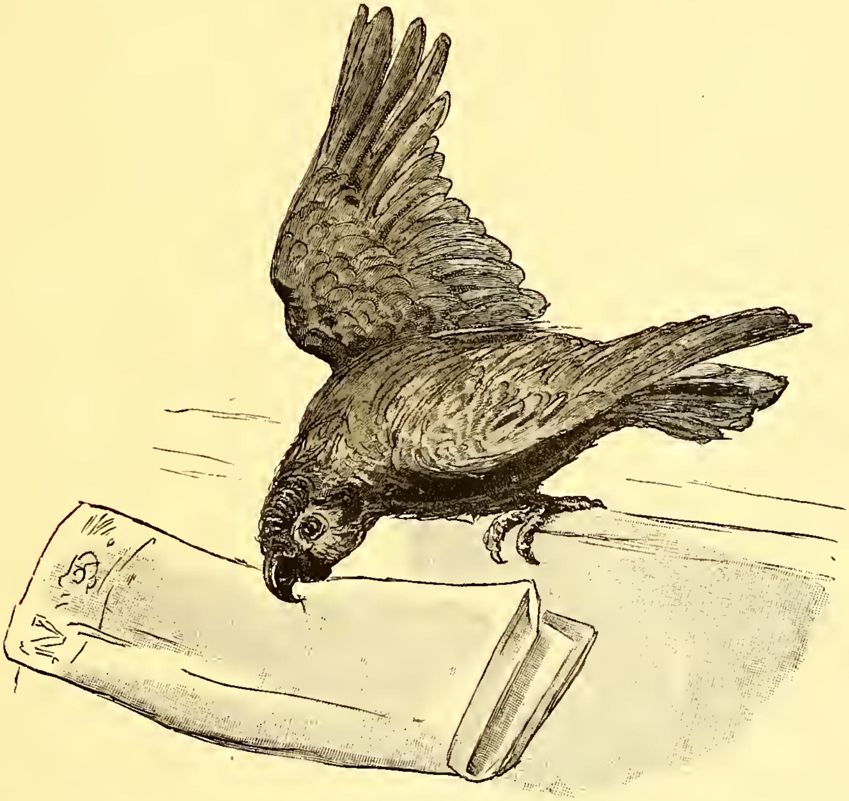
"Herald, Globe, Rekkid!" she said; "Herald, Globe, Rekkid!" Once, twice, three times.

And then her mistress understood her meaning.

"Oh," she said, "so you'll buy a paper if I give you money."

"Herald, Globe, Rekkid!" screamed Tiptoo, in evident delight.

"Well, take it. Don't swallow it."



Out through the window hopped Tiptoo, down the path, across the street, and into the store.

Her mistress watched her anxiously. "I wish I hadn't let her go," she said. "Something may frighten her."

Into the store hopped Tiptoo, and sprang upon the counter. Then, dropping the money, she called, imperatively, "Herald, Globe, Rekkid!"

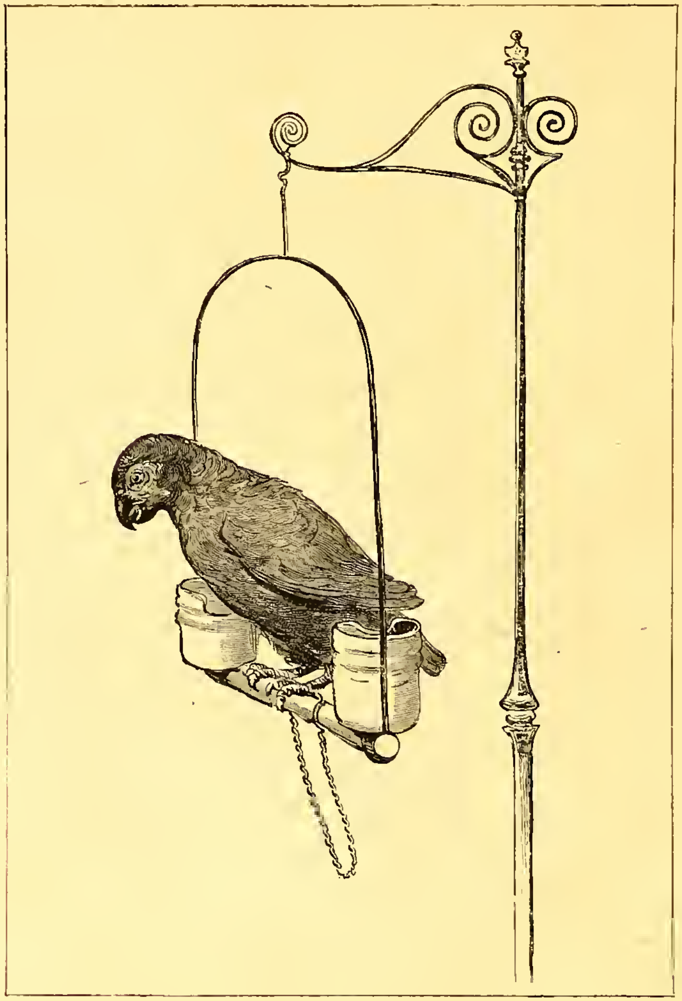
TIPTOO'S NEWSPAPER.

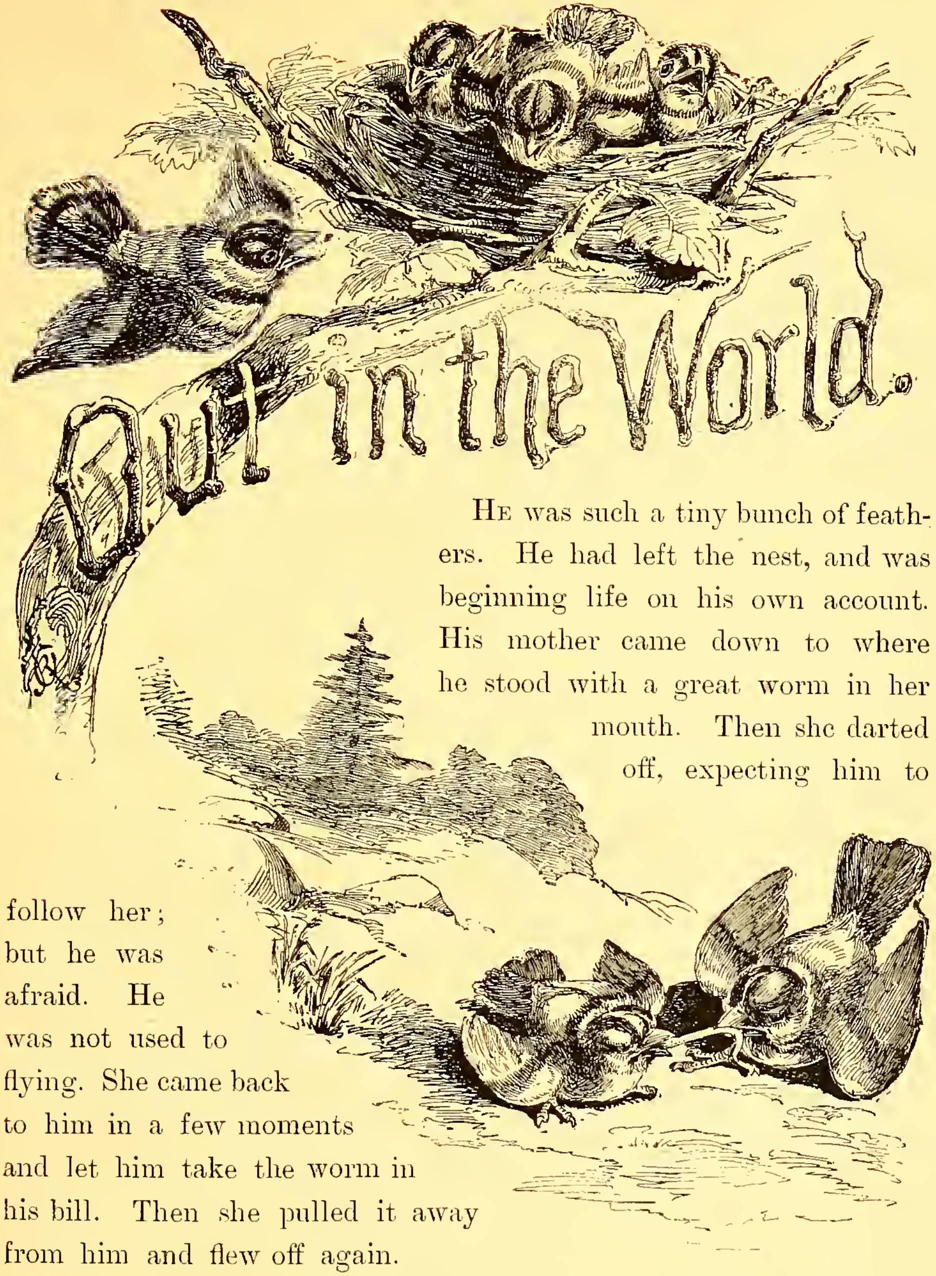
Laughing, wondering, praising her cleverness, the shopman gave her a paper.

Clutching it firmly in her beak, Tiptoo flew down, hopped out into the street, up the path, into the parlor.

Then she flew to her perch, and, rocking herself back and forth, back and forth, she cried, "Oh my! Oh my! Tiptoo bought a paper! Oh my! Oh my stars! Herald, Globe, Rekkid!"

MARY A. SAWYER.





Out in the World.

He was such a tiny bunch of feathers. He had left the nest, and was beginning life on his own account. His mother came down to where he stood with a great worm in her mouth. Then she darted off, expecting him to follow her; but he was afraid. He was not used to flying. She came back to him in a few moments and let him take the worm in his bill. Then she pulled it away from him and flew off again.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS. — X.

TO SANTA CLAUS' LAND.

How shall we go to Santa's land?
Why, here the harnessed reindeer stand,
With sledge and bells inviting.
And in we jump, and off we dash,
And at our goal are, in a flash,
With eager feet alighting.

Oh, sweet the air with Christmas chimes,
And carols quaint, and merry rhymes
Upon the breezes ringing!
For little workmen everywhere
Their labors ply with busy care,
And sweeten toil with singing.

They gather from the bending trees
Strange fruit. Were never nuts like these
Down-dropped for all *our* knockings!
They heap their baskets high with toys,
Untold delights for girls and boys,
To stuff the Christmas stockings.

Here cakes and candies grow galore;
On every side a noble store
Of dainty things enticing.
The very pebbles at our feet
Are sugared almonds, smooth and sweet;
The fences, cake with icing!

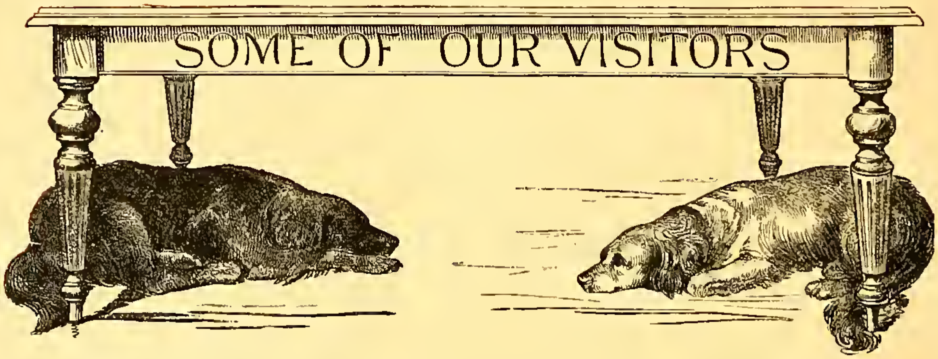
And where the pine-trees thickest grow,
With ruddy cheek and beard of snow
He sits, the Saint so jolly.
He claps his round and chubby hands,
And, laughing, gives his gay commands,
And sticks his coat with holly.

"With ruddy cheek & beard of snow,
He sits, the Saint so jolly."

TO SANTA CLAUS' LAND

Oh, you would stay forever here,
I know, if they would let you, dear!
But hark! the bells are tinkling!
The reindeer wait, we must not stay.
"Good-by, dear Santa!" and away
They bear us in a twinkling.

MARGARET JOHNSON.



In our school-room there is a low table, and under it usually lie two dogs.

One is a curly-haired setter. He is trying to get an education. But it is not easy for him. A certain chain and padlock often make him late, and some days keep him at home altogether.

Then he doesn't understand how it is that people learn, or just what it is that they are trying to do. When he sees his little mistress come up to write, he comes too, and sits down by her side, listening carefully to everything that is said.

He studies the blackboard, and always eats any chalk he finds on the floor. When she goes back to her seat, he crawls under the table again, to think over, doubtless, what he has learned.

He never goes to sleep in school, unlike the old Gordon setter, Jack, who lies at the other end of the table. Jack cares nothing for school. He only comes that he may be near a little white-haired boy on whom he wishes always to keep one eye.

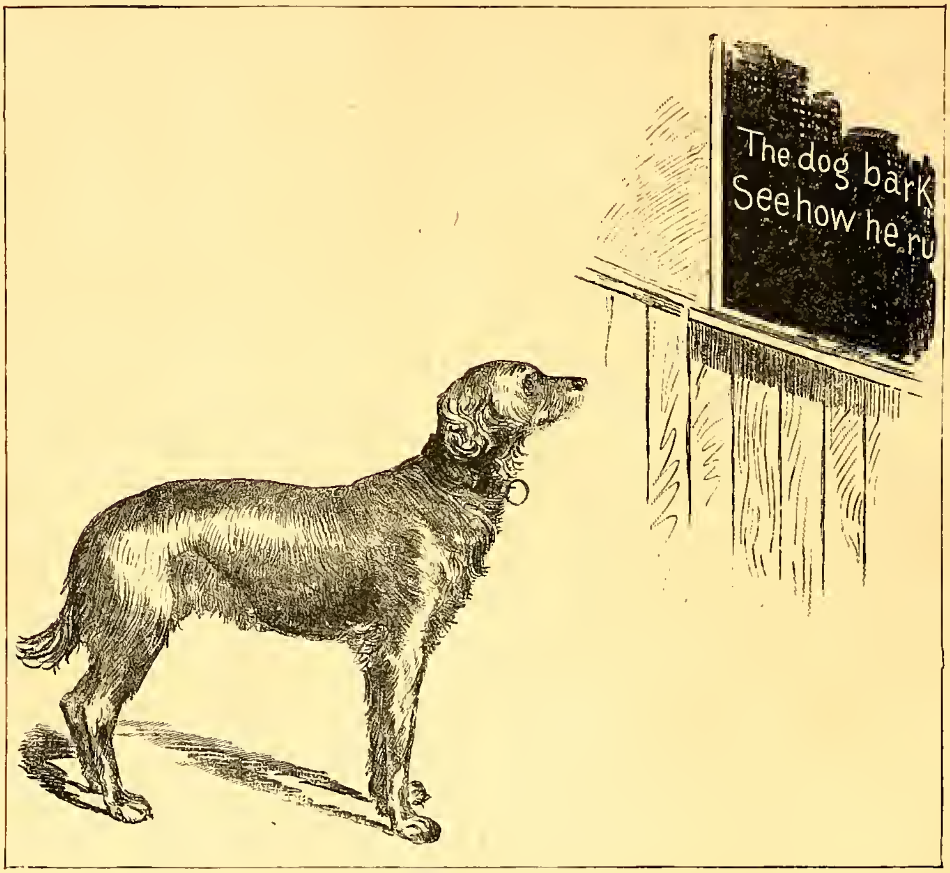
Jack saved his life long ago. The boy was skating, when suddenly the ice gave way. George screamed as he went down, and Jack heard him, though he was in a house across the street.

The lady who opened the door for Jack thought he must have suddenly gone mad. He was just in time. A few moments longer in that icy water and all would have been over for little George.

He is always gentle and kind to Jack, especially now he is getting so old and stiff.

But he sometimes wishes the dog was not quite so anxious about him. He was telling me about him the other day.

“He is a good dog. I know he saved my life. But oh, he is awful when you want to go in swimming! If I forget to shut him up at home he always gets there — and he thinks I'm being drowned, and drags me out. It hurts, too, for when boys go in swimming they don't wear many clothes, and they don't have long hair like girls.”



EMILY T. RODMAN.

The Lady Bear

One day Lena's Uncle Charlie took her to a menagerie, where there were several well-trained animals.

Lena was most pleased with a bear dressed as a lady.

Two bears harnessed to a small wagon trotted briskly into the ring.

In the wagon sat the lady bear, holding the reins in one paw, and in the other a small parasol.

She looked very stylish indeed. Her dress was all ruffles and puffs, and a gay scarf was wound about her shoulders. Her bonnet was quite a flower-garden.

The clown stepped forward and politely gave her his hand, as the wagon stopped. She sprang out with more grace than one could expect of a bear. Taking the clown's arm she promenaded with him, holding her parasol over her head in a very comical manner.

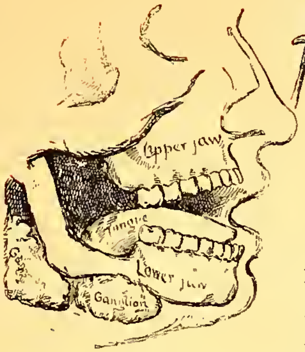
After this she danced, fanned herself with the fan that hung by her side, and played several little games with the clown.

When the performance was over, she made a profound bow to the spectators, and was assisted into her wagon by the clown.

She gave the reins a shake, and rode out of the tent amidst such applause from the audience that it was a wonder the bear team did not run away and spill Madame Bear out of her wagon.

MRS. C. O. HARRINGTON.

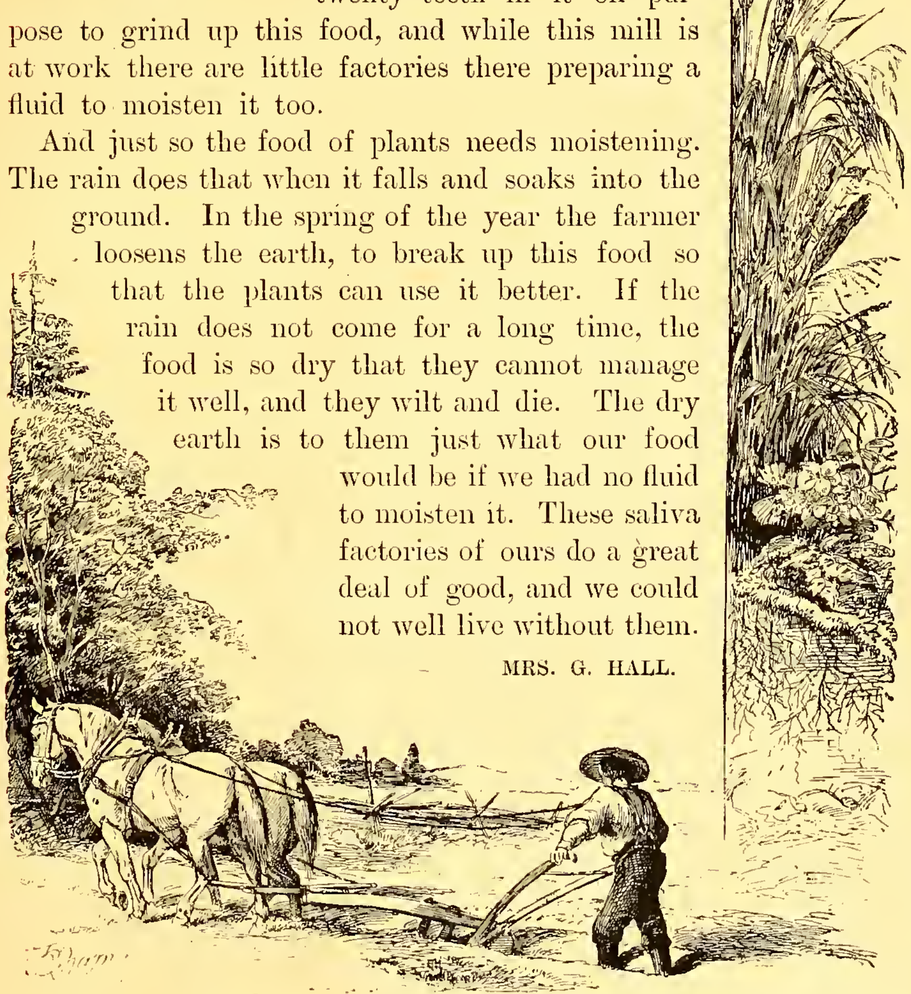
A Curious Mill for Grinding



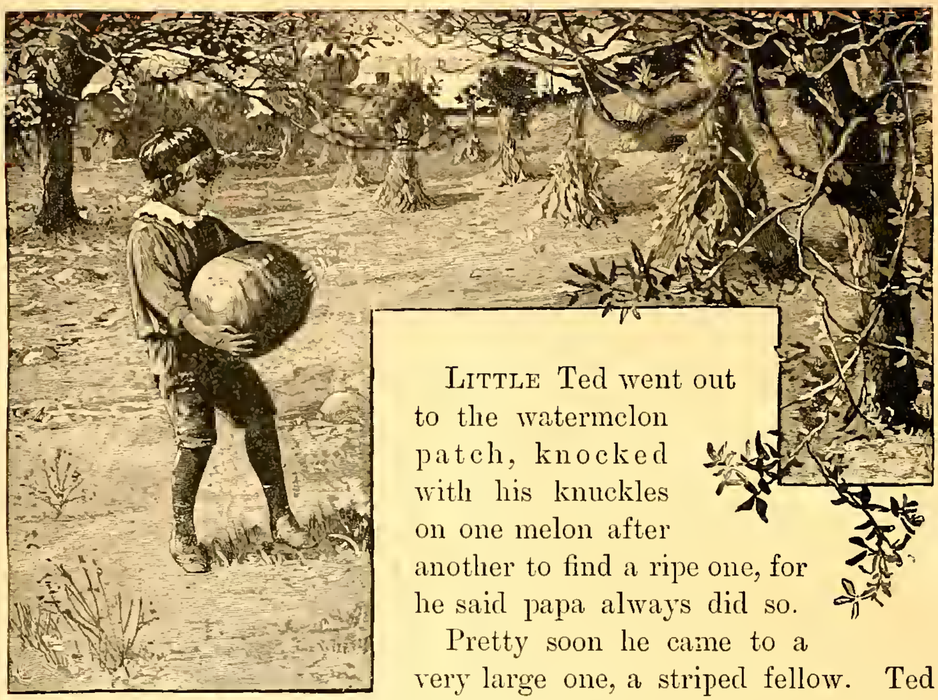
You have a mill in your mouth for grinding food, and a good one it is. It has twenty teeth in it on purpose to grind up this food, and while this mill is at work there are little factories there preparing a fluid to moisten it too.

And just so the food of plants needs moistening. The rain does that when it falls and soaks into the ground. In the spring of the year the farmer loosens the earth, to break up this food so that the plants can use it better. If the rain does not come for a long time, the food is so dry that they cannot manage it well, and they wilt and die. The dry earth is to them just what our food would be if we had no fluid to moisten it. These saliva factories of ours do a great deal of good, and we could not well live without them.

MRS. G. HALL.



THE WATERMELON FAIRIES.



Little Ted went out to the watermelon patch, knocked with his knuckles on one melon after another to find a ripe one, for he said papa always did so.

Pretty soon he came to a very large one, a striped fellow. Ted said, "You are so fat you must be ripe." He knocked on the melon very hard, when a voice, a tiny voice like a bell, said, "Yes, Ted, I am ripe, open me, and see for yourself."

So Ted carried it to a large stump on which melons were laid and sliced. It had been shaved smooth, and was the height of a table. Around this the young folks often gathered for a melon party.

When Ted laid the melon on this stump, it moved and wiggled as though alive. Ted called sister May to cut the melon, which she had no sooner done than each seed popped out and changed into a little fairy.

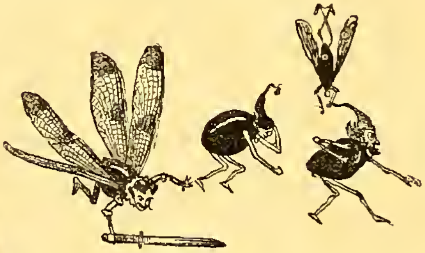
"We are seed fairies," said a little fellow in a tasselled cap, who seemed to be the leader; "we live in watermelons, and are useful

THE WATERMELON FAIRIES.

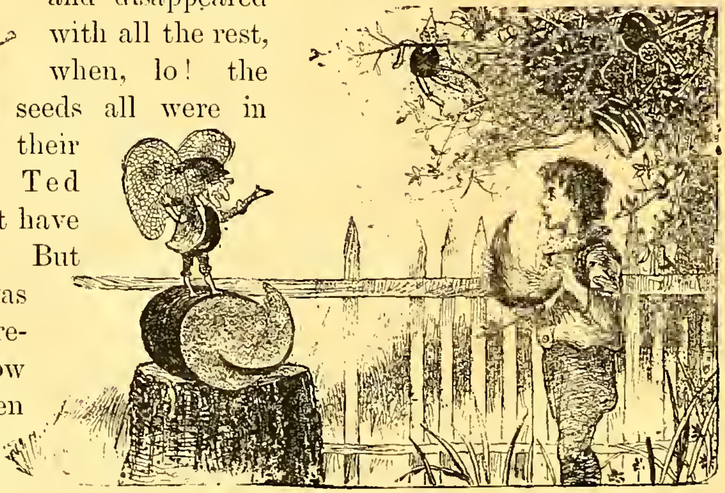
to mortals in many ways. Plant us and we yield luscious, cooling fruit; doctors use us often to make sick people well. But there is one way in which we do a great deal of harm.

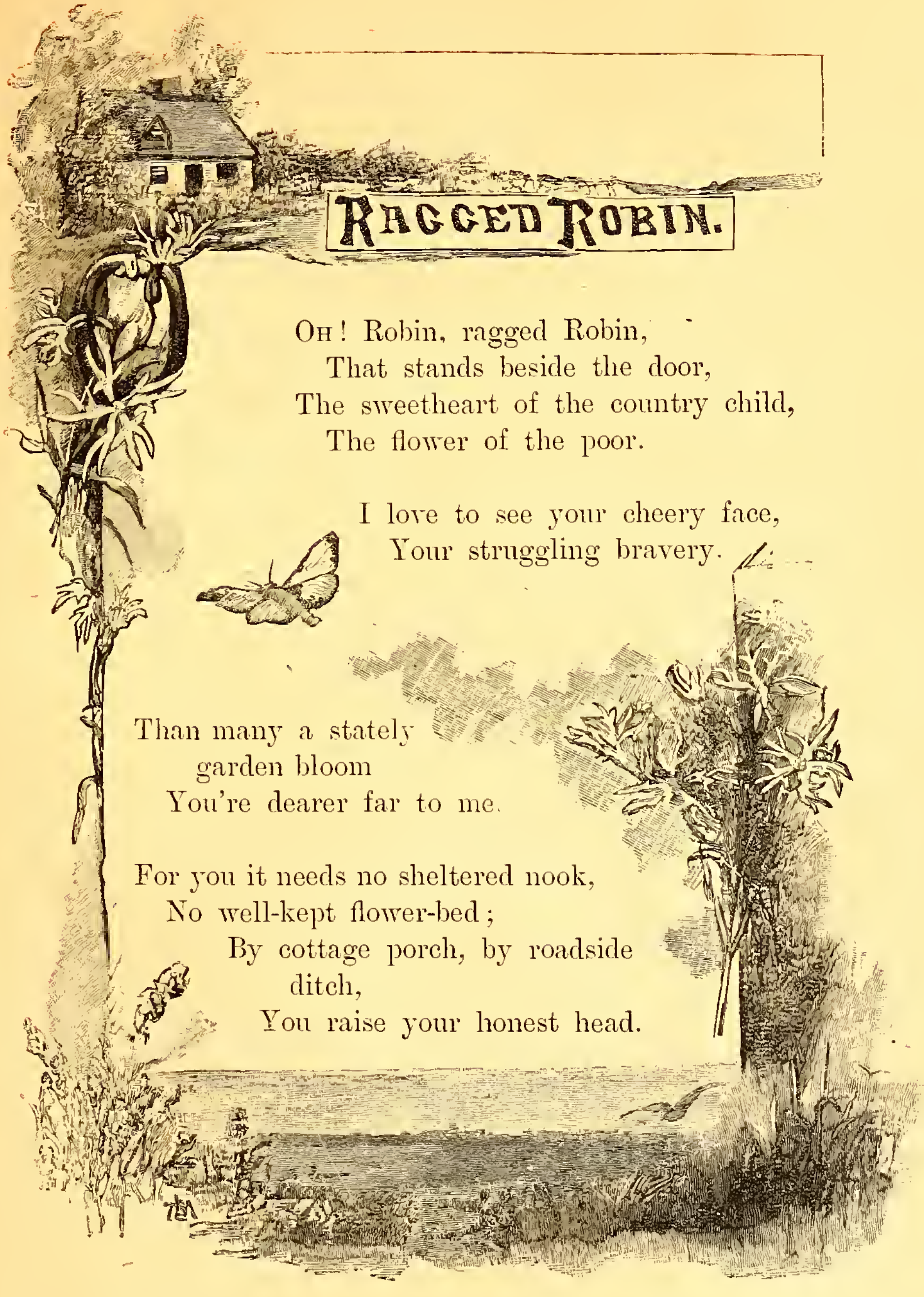
"Sometimes little boys and girls swallow us. Then we get very spiteful, and do much mischief in their stomachs. Sometimes, if very many of us are swallowed, we cause death to the little one.

"We are peaceful and kind if used as we were intended to be used, but when swallowed, we do much harm.



"Now, Ted, remember never to swallow a watermelon seed if you want to keep out of trouble. Eat your melon," said the little fellow, saucily, as he turned a somersault and disappeared with all the rest, when, lo! the seeds all were in their places, and Ted thought he must have been dreaming. But after that he was always very careful not to swallow any seeds when he ate watermelon.





RAGGED ROBIN.

Oh! Robin, ragged Robin,
  That stands beside the door,
The sweetheart of the country child,
  The flower of the poor.

I love to see your cheery face,
  Your struggling bravery.

Than many a stately
  garden bloom
    You're dearer far to me.

For you it needs no sheltered nook,
  No well-kept flower-bed;
    By cottage porch, by roadside
      ditch,
        You raise your honest head.

RAGGED ROBIN.

The small hedge sparrow knows you well;
  The blackbird is your friend.
With clustering bees and butterflies
  Your pink-fringed blossoms bend.

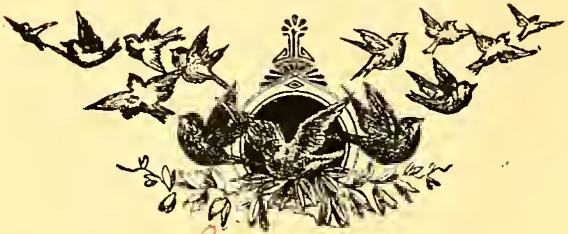
Oh! Robin, ragged Robin,
  The dearest flower that grows,
Why don't you patch your tattered cloak?
  Why don't you mend your hose?

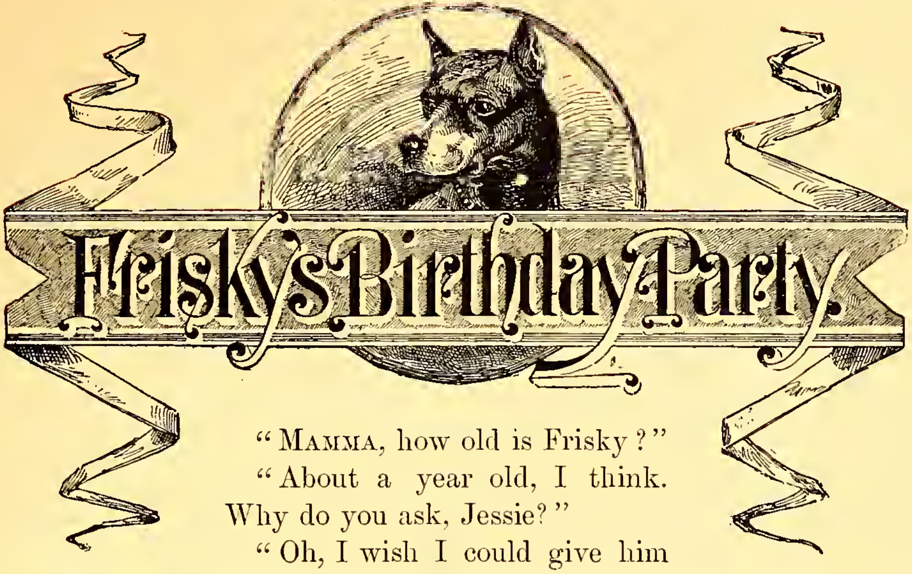
Would you not like to prank it there
  Within the border bright,
Among the roses and the pinks,
  A courtly dame's delight?

"Ah, no!" says jolly Robin;
  "'Twould never do for me.
The friend of bird and butterfly,
  Like them I must be free.

"The garden is for stately folk,
  The lily and the rose.
They'd scorn my coat of ragged pink,
  Would flout my broken hose.

"Then let me bloom in wayside ditch,
  And by the cottage door,
The sweetheart of the country child,
  The flower of the poor."





Frisky's Birthday Party.

"Mamma, how old is Frisky?"

"About a year old, I think. Why do you ask, Jessie?"

"Oh, I wish I could give him a birthday party!"

"A dog's birthday party! That would be very funny. Whom would you invite?"

"I could ask Josie Albro and his little dog Prim; then Mamie and Gussie Howard have a lovely spaniel; Willy Gray and his dog Birch — and — well, I guess that would be enough."

"But suppose the dogs would not agree?"

"I don't see why they couldn't, they all play together."

"Perhaps if the dogs could not agree, the children might be able to," said mamma.

"May I have it on Saturday?" asked Jessie.

"Yes; but you must have your table out under the trees, then if your guests are not very polite they can be sent away."

Jessie invited her little friends to come, and bring their pets.

At first the dogs were as shy of each other as children often are at a party. But after a little while they rolled on the soft grass, and chased each other round in a merry fashion. Then Birch was put through his tricks, and the children laughed with glee.

Soon they began to play games, and the dogs frolicked around as if it was all meant for their entertainment. Jessie's mamma had provided something for the dogs' feast, as well as for the children. When the table was set, each little dog had a plate of his own.

They behaved very well until it was time for the cake. Then each dog wanted to help himself, and the whines and yelps, united with the children's shouts, made quite a hubbub.

Mamma came out and laughed heartily to see them trying to keep their guests quiet.

Frisky was a grave-looking black-and-tan. His sober and judge-like appearance and his quick, sharp bark seemed to call them to order.

In the midst of their feast Jessie's pet cat came out. She and Frisky were great friends, as they had been brought up together.

But the sight of the other dogs was too much for her temper. She raised her back and spit at them in the most spiteful way. Then she ran up the tree, and seated herself on a limb. She glared at them with her green eyes, and every little while gave a heart-rending m-i-o-u-w.

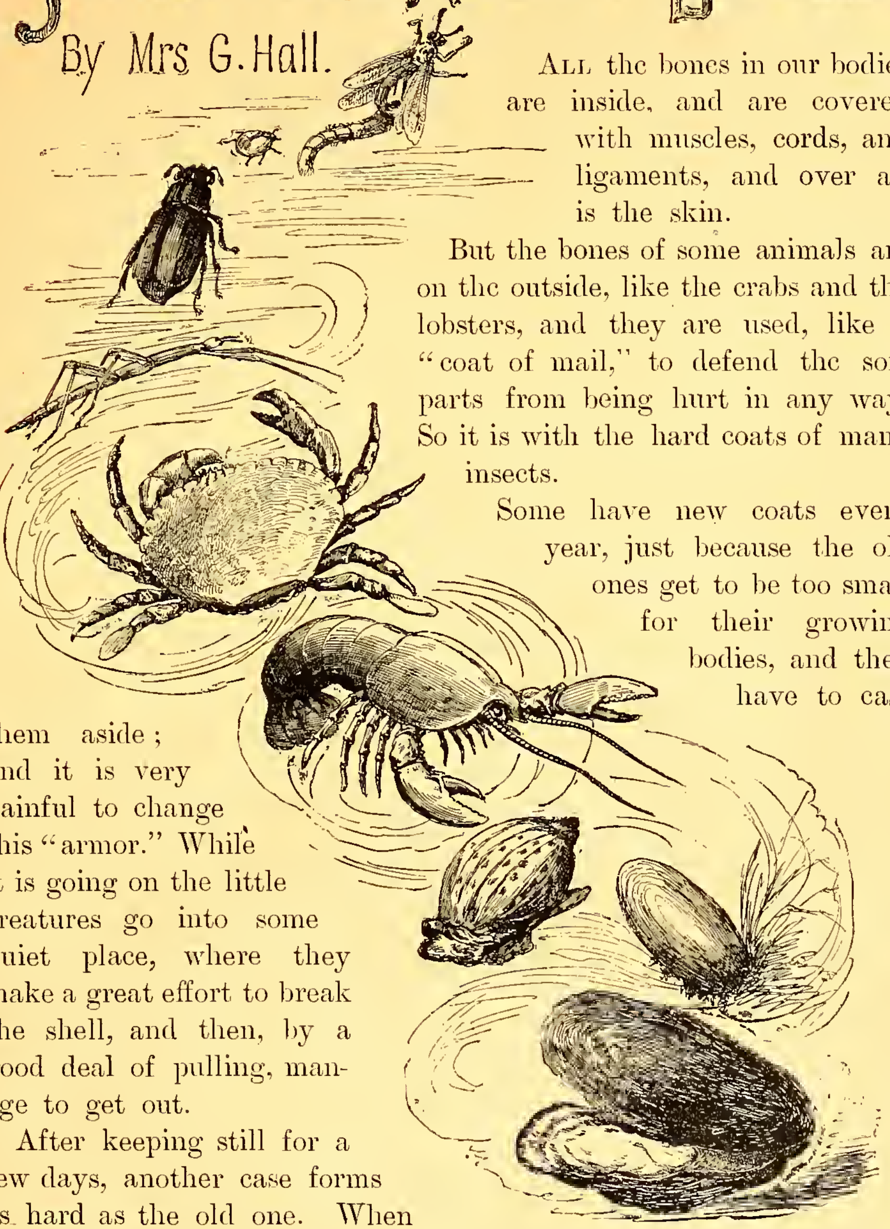
The children danced around the tree, and all declared it "the very nicest party that ever was."

Willy Gray said Birch must have the next party, if his mamma was willing. And as all the dogs were so well behaved I do not think she will object.

MRS. ANNIE D. BELL.

SOMETHING ABOUT BONES.

By Mrs G. Hall.



All the bones in our bodies are inside, and are covered with muscles, cords, and ligaments, and over all is the skin.

But the bones of some animals are on the outside, like the crabs and the lobsters, and they are used, like a "coat of mail," to defend the soft parts from being hurt in any way. So it is with the hard coats of many insects.

Some have new coats every year, just because the old ones get to be too small for their growing bodies, and they have to cast them aside; and it is very painful to change this "armor." While it is going on the little creatures go into some quiet place, where they make a great effort to break the shell, and then, by a good deal of pulling, manage to get out.

After keeping still for a few days, another case forms as hard as the old one. When they come out with their new "coat of mail" on they are as brave as ever, and as ready for fight.

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS. — XI.

TO LESSON-LAND.

A LITTLE path, much worn by little feet,
With stones and briars beset on either hand,
That climbing, climbing still,
Winds upward round the hill, —
This sunny path we take with eager will,
To Lesson-Land.

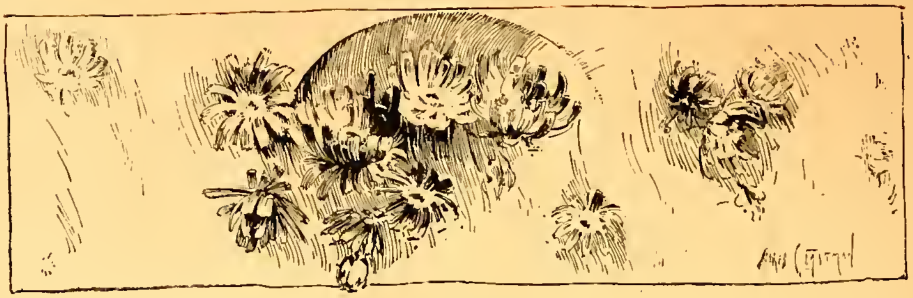
A chanting chorus loud of little tongues
That scarce the lisping syllables command;
A hum of A B C's,
Like orchards full of bees, —
Such busy, buzzing sounds we hear as these,
In Lesson-Land.

Books full of puzzling sums or pictures gay,
Or tales that tiniest tots can understand;
Great globes and painted maps
We see, and then, perhaps,
Cracked slates and inky blots and dunces' caps,
In Lesson-Land.

Bright heads that nod at noontide's sultry hour,
Bright eyes that slumber sows with teasing sand;
Small frowns and little fears
There are, and sometimes tears
And smiles like sunbeams when the weather clears,
In Lesson-Land.

Loud ticks the clock, and slow the minutes pass
Till swings a glad bell in a sturdy hand;
Then with a rush, a glow,
A joyous overflow,
Out pours the throng, and down the hill we go
From Lesson-Land.

TO LESSON-LAND.



THAT FLY PAPER.

LOTTIE is a little girl who sometimes disobeys her mamma. She is only four years old, and her papa always says, when she gets into trouble, that when she is older she will do better.

On entering the kitchen, one morning, she saw a large piece of white paper spread out on the table. Her mamma explained to her that it was covered with something sweet and sticky, and had been placed there to catch the flies. Lottie promised not to touch it, and her mamma went out and left her trying to count the flies that had been caught.

She soon became tired of this, and made up her mind to see what made the poor flies stay on the paper.

She spread one dimpled little hand out flat on the paper, but when she tried to take it off, up came the great sheet of paper with it. She tried to remove it with her other hand, but it caught that hand, and held it fast, too. At last she put her face against it, and tried to push it off with that, but it only stuck hard and fast to her poor little nose and cheeks.

Thoroughly frightened by this time, she called loudly for her mamma, who hurried to her, but had to stop and laugh at such a funny-looking little girl.

Her papa came in just then and felt very sorry to see his little daughter in such a sad plight.

He removed the paper from her face and hands, while she gladly promised to try very hard never again to disobey her mamma.

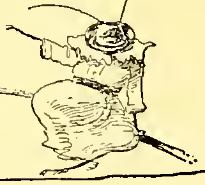
LAURA LEE.

CRICKET,

The Little Black Fiddler.

Out in the grass here, Baby Belle,
Look with your two bright eyes and tell,
Can you see the boy who fiddles so well?
"Creak! creak! creak! creak!"
Only this with an endless squeak!

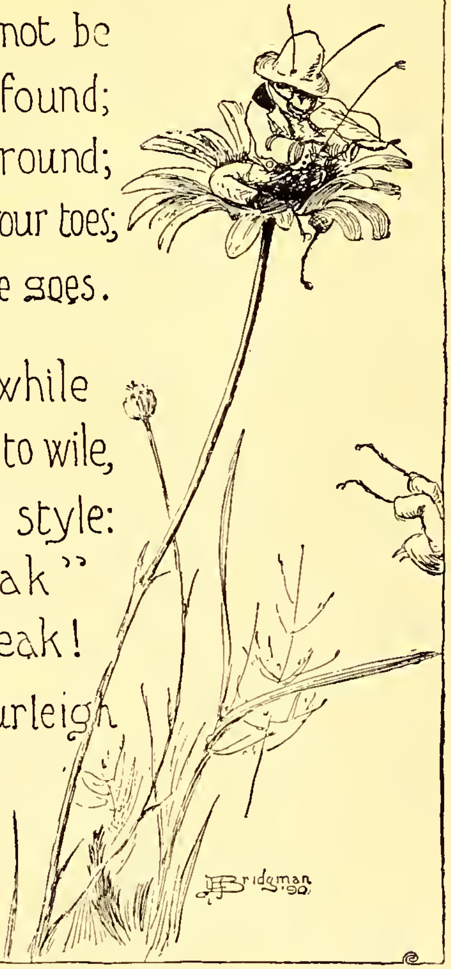
He's a funny boy, so little and black,
With six good limbs to carry his pack,
His sharp knees thrust up over his back,
And his eyes—a hundred or two, it's said—
Bigger than all the rest of his head!



Find him? Ha, if you follow the sound
Of his creaking fiddle he'll not be found;
'Twill lead and mislead you all around;
He's here, he's yonder, he's under your toes;
You go and he comes, you come and he goes.

But sharp as a file, and all the while
He scrapes his fiddle, his cares to wile,
In this comical, dreary, cheery style:
"Creak! creak! creak! creak"
Only this in an endless squeak!

George S. Burleigh



ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS. — XII.

TO SLUMBERLAND.

The lights burn dimly where we sit,
The dancing shadows round us flit;
The stars that wink with sleepy eyes,
The winds that breathe but drowsy sighs,
The frog-songs hoarse and hollow,—
They call to Slumber's island bright,
And you must go alone to-night.
I may not follow.

What will you find in Slumberland?
Fair sights, if I can understand
The smile that curls your lip sometimes,
When I have lulled you with my rhymes,
And you are softly sleeping.
But what those happy sights may be,
My waking eyes can never see,
Their vigil keeping.

I only know that something sweet
Awaits the coming of your feet;
That somewhere in the warm moon-beams
A flock of little fairy Dreams
Reach joyous hands of greeting;
And somewhere, somewhere, far away,
You with the little Dreams shall play,
Till night is fleeting.

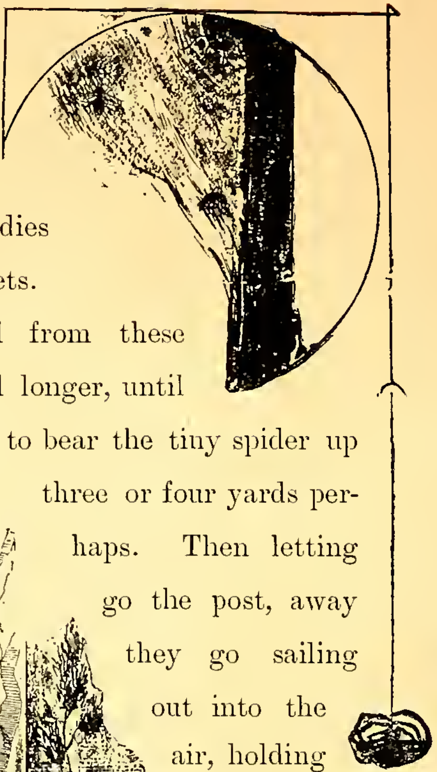
Your head grows heavy on my breast.
Go, then, and find out all the rest!
Soft from my clasp I let you slip
That dawning smile upon your lip,
And, patient, wait your waking;
All night through Slumber's island roam,
And to my happy arms come home,
When day is breaking!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

"Soft from my clasp
I let you slip,
That dawning smile
upon your lip."

TO SLUMBERLAND.

BABY SPIDERS AT PLAY.

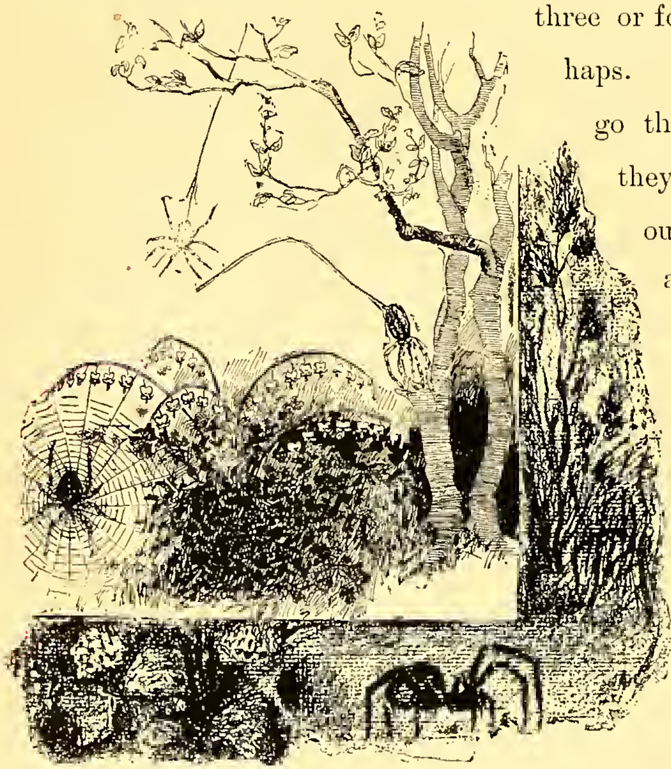


THESE little creatures know how to play as well as girls and boys. They climb up a fence post, and stand on tip-toes, while they turn up their bodies in the air and open their spinnerets.

Then the wind takes a thread from these spinnerets, and makes it longer and longer, until it is long enough and strong enough to bear the tiny spider up three or four yards perhaps. Then letting go the post, away they go sailing out into the air, holding on to the thread for dear life.

This is better to them than going up in a balloon, and there is not a bit of danger in it.

MRS. G. HALL.



CRIMSON CANOES.

"PRETTY crimson canoes,
All a-rocking in the air,
Pray tell me now the reason
That you don't go anywhere?"

"We are anchored, every one,
Tied as fast as fast can be;
If you want a little sail
Cut the ropes and set us free."

JULIA P. BALLARD.

THE ORANGE. — I.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

Pepite picked the orange. It grew on her own little tree, which her father had planted for her. Such a fine orange! perfectly round, perfectly golden, perfectly beautiful! What should she do with it?

"Eat it," said Juanita, "and give me half."

"No," said Pepite, "it is too pretty to eat. I shall send it to America, to those poor children who have no oranges. Just think, Nita! No oranges except those we send them!"

"What is the matter with them?" asked Juanita, opening her brown eyes wide: "are they always naughty?"

"No!" said Pepite. "It is too cold where they live for oranges to grow. Such a dreadful place, Nita! A sailor told me it was all ice and snow, with white bears sitting all about on icebergs, and dreadful red savages singing 'Whoop!' and cutting off the tops of people's heads. But there are children there, he said, and they live and grow up somehow. It is terrible to think of those children."

"Why do they stay there?" asked Juanita. "They are stupid. There is plenty of room for them here. They could sleep in the big barn, and we would give them all the oranges we did not want. Did the sailor tell them to come?"

"That I do not know," said Pepite; "but I will send them my orange, and when they see how beautiful it is, perhaps they will leave their dreadful country and come here. But come! Father will be packing the boxes, and I must ask mother for a piece of silver paper to wrap up my golden beauty."

And away ran the two little Spaniards, under the gray olive-trees, — the olive-trees of Valencia.

THE ORANGE.

THE ORANGE. — II.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

NEDDY ate the orange. It was the finest one in the dish, placed at the tip-top of the pyramid, — the golden pyramid which formed the central ornament of the Thanksgiving dinner-table. Neddy had had his eye on that orange ever since he first sat down at the long table.

Oyster soup, turkey and cranberry sauce, plum-pudding and mince-pie, all were enjoyed, as only a hungry boy can enjoy them; but still Neddy thought of the orange, and resolved to keep a little edge of appetite for it.

So he was only helped twice to turkey, and grandmamma was almost frightened when her boy refused a third helping of pudding. The time came for dessert, and Neddy felt a pang of disappointment, and of shame for being disappointed, when grandpapa took the golden beauty from its perch and rolled it across the table to grandmamma.

"This is a remarkably fine orange, my dear," he said, "and I hope you will enjoy it."

But grandmamma, dear grandmamma, who always did just the right thing, took the orange and slipped it quietly into Neddy's pocket, as he sat beside her.

"I could not eat another morsel, dear!" she whispered. "You shall eat this to-morrow, just in remembrance of Thanksgiving and grandmamma."

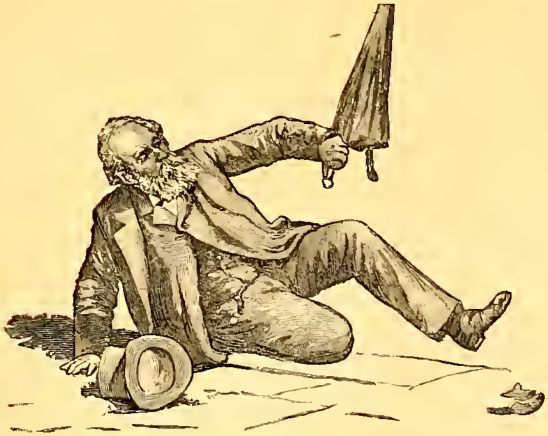
But Neddy could not wait till the morrow. He ate the beautiful orange in the street, on his way home, and threw the skin and the seeds about, just like any other naughty boy.

AN APRIL HAPPENING.

Sunny days and April weather,
Two small burglars out together.
Two bright blue-birds stealing into camp,
Each a saucy robber tramp.

Halting where the sweet sap runs,
Glancing round when some one comes,
Bending o'er to filch a drink,
What care they for what you think ?
Sugar-water from the tree
Is fine plunder, you can see ;
What they take they don't return.
Wait and listen ; you'll discern
The life and sweetness of the tree
The blue-bird's song returns to thee.

IRENE E. JEROME.



THE ORANGE. — III.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

The orange-peel fell on the sidewalk, and an old gentleman slipped on one piece, and fell and broke his leg. Remember that, will you, boys ? And one seed fell in the gutter, and one here, and one there ; I have not time to tell you about them all. But one seed fell in a little sheltered corner of a wall, where nobody disturbed it. It was such a very mild Thanksgiving day that the ground was muddy, and gradually the orange-seed sank into the mud, and there was an end of it.

Winter passed, and spring came, and one day Jenny was running home from school, when her shoestring became untied, and she stooped by the corner of the wall to tie it up.

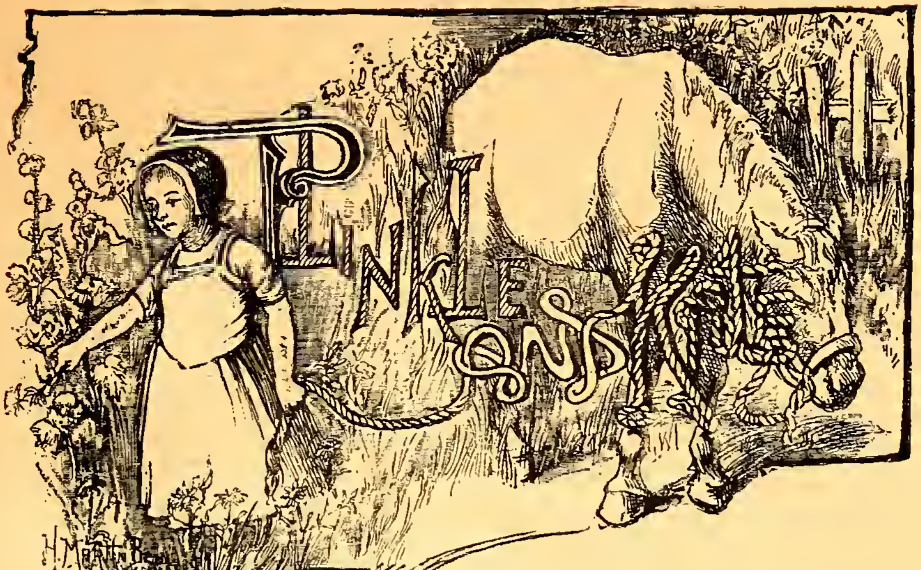
"Oh!" she cried, "the dear little plant! See the pretty thing, Marion, growing all alone here in the corner of the wall. I shall dig it up and carry it home to Helena."

So Jenny ran for a trowel, and dug up the little plant, and carried it home to poor sick Helena, who could not run about or go to school, — could not do anything but lie on the sofa.

"It is for you!" said Jenny. "It has grown up all alone in the street, with nobody to help it. See how strong it is, and how thick and glossy the leaves are! Now you will grow strong too, Helena; I am sure of it, for you have all of us to help you, and Uncle Doctor beside. You must look at the plant, and that will help you too, and you will soon be strong and well."

Helena kissed the shining leaves of the orange plant, and said, "I will try." Sure enough, she did try, and the plant tried, and they all tried; and before summer Helena was strong and well again. But Pepite and Juanito never knew anything about it.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



PLINKLE was a little German girl, whose father, having recently moved with his family to this country, had bought out a bakery in a country village. Kate was the old white horse driven in the baker's cart. Afternoons, when Herr Thieler drove about the village to deliver his wares, he took Plinkle with him to do the trotting up to the doors of his customers; for, being a short, fleshy man, it tired him greatly getting on and off the cart.

Plinkle wore the dress of her country, — a tight, straight waist and very full skirt. Her face, smiling out from the frill of a close little bonnet, was curiously scanned by the village children, as she sat perched on the high seat of the baker's wagon, or skipped nimbly to the doors, basket in hand, delivering bread and cakes.

At night the baker put the wagon in a shed near the bakery, and Plinkle led Kate by a rope to the stable at home. Once she stopped on the way to talk to a little girl who had her baby sister out for an airing in a new style baby-carriage. As Plinkle stooped to caress the baby, her friend, by a swift movement, swung its sunshade top round to one side.

This was too much for Kate. She was a staid old horse, and had seen baby-carriages all her life. But the tops didn't swing off and have white lace flying right in her face. So away she scampered, leaving Plinkle, whose hold on the rope had been loose, in great dismay. She ran back to the bakery, crying: —

"O papa! Kate has got away from me! Kate has run off!"

"Never mind," said Herr Thieler, "I guess she'll go straight home."

And sure enough, when they reached the stable Kate was in her stall eating her supper, which Frau Thieler had given her. She had gone out to learn the cause of the clattering of hoofs which had startled her as she was preparing the evening meal. Kate has become acquainted now with sunshade-top carriages, and would scorn to fear them.

VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.